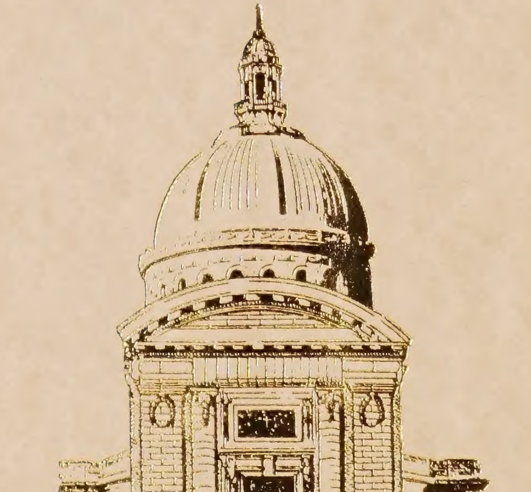
United States Naval Academy

Lucky Bag

1989



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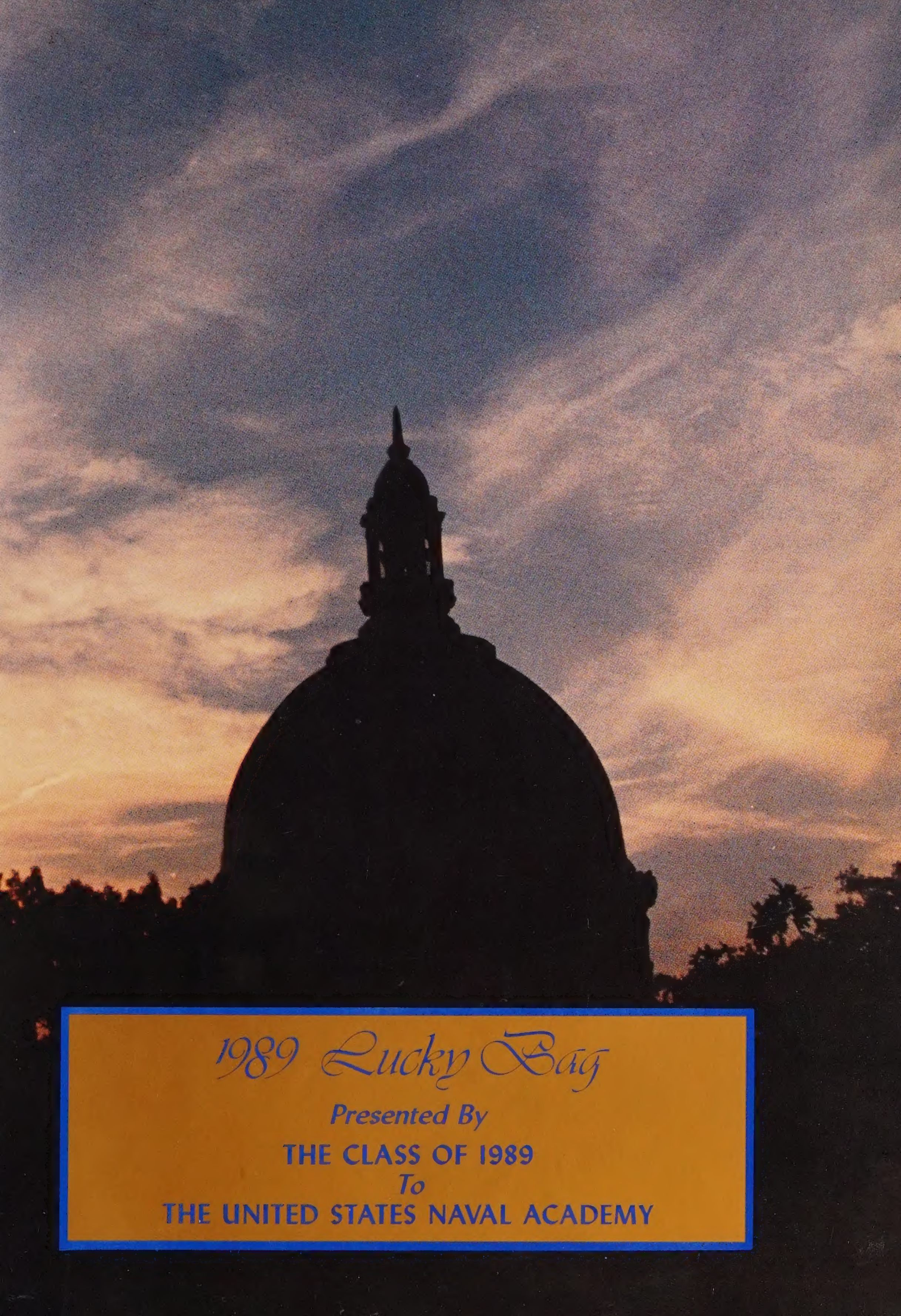


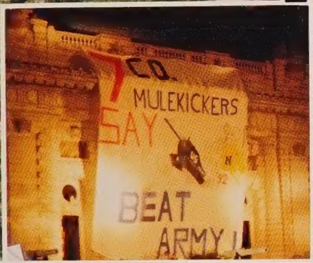
1989 Lucky Bag

Presented By

THE CLASS OF 1989

To

THE UNITED STATES NAVAL ACADEMY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MULEKICKERS
SAY
BEAT
ARMY!!

THE YEAR

Editor: ***John M. Maxwell***

The Navy Year In Review

On 3 July 1988 while the class of '90 grunted in Virginia, soared in Florida, sank in the Bahamas, or slept in class until 2200 every night . . . while the future class of '93 drank their last beer and combed their hair for the last time . . . and while the classes of '89 and '91 cruised the high seas . . . the crew of the U.S.S. Vincennes had far more grave worries. The captain of the Vincennes, Captain Will Rogers III, received a report of two Iranian "gun-boats" harassing neutral ships in the Gulf.

When Captain Rogers sent a helicopter to investigate the report, the Iranian gun-boats fired upon the helicopter. So when the Aegis aboard the Vincennes picked up a plane leaving Bandar Abbas, an Iranian air base, the tensions aboard the cruiser were already high. The operators of the Aegis sent a total of seven warnings on both military and civilian channels. The Vincennes never received a reply.

When querried by IFF, one of the returns was similar to that of the unmodified F-14's that the U.S. sold the Iranians in the early '70's leading the crew aboard the Vincennes to believe that an F-14 could possibly be planning an attack on a U.S. ships. Given the fact that just the year before the U.S.S. Stark was hit by two Iraqi missles and nearly destroyed because it was not prepared for an attack, Captain Roger's actions seemed reasonable. The Iranians posed a hostile threat. The crew expected an attack but did not know what form it would take. And even if the plane had been identified as a civilian aircraft how could the crew be certain that it still would not attack. After all, it was a civilian truck that exploded and killed the Marines in Lebanon in '84.

When the aircraft supposedly dropped in altitude and increased in speed, Captain Rogers ordered the launch of two Standard SM2 missles that struck Iran Air Flight 655 seven minutes later.

In December of 1988, news of a Libyan chemical factory that had the capability of producing poison gas disturbed many of the NATO members, but none more than President Reagan. American ships began a watchful patrol off Libya and President Reagan did not rule out a strike against the chemical plant, possibly using a Tomahawk cruise missile. In early January, 1989, two U.S. F-14's protecting the carried U.S.S. John F. Kennedy were intercepted by two Libyan piloted MiG-23 "Floggers". The F-14's tried evasive maneuvers five times and all five times the Libyans persistently pursued. The F-14's launched two Sparrow missiles. Both missed their target. However when the Lybians continued to close, the F-14's fired two Sidewinders that splashed the MiG's.

Tragedy struck on 19 April 1989 when turret No. 2 exploded on the U.S.S. Iowa killing 47 of her crew. The 46 year old vessel was engaged in gunnery exercises 330 miles off the coast of Puerto Rico. Many unanswered questions still remain as to the cause and the reason for the explosion—Was it a deliberate attempt or just an accident? The ship is old and the loading procedure is arcane considering the automatic loaders of the newer ships. But rumors still exist whispering of murder and suicide. Did a shipmate try to kill another shipmate to collect a $100,000 insurance policy or did the dead shipmate commit suicide for the beneficiary?

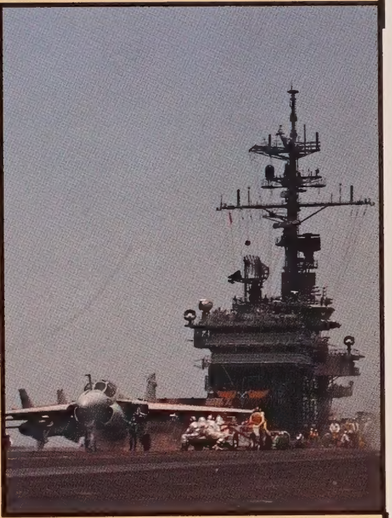
On a more obscure Naval development, in April the Navy released information concerning their new protection scheme for the Trident Nuclear-Submarine program based in Bangor, Washington. The water around the base will be guarded by real dolphins. The Navy said the dolphins, unlike the sonar operators, are not confused by the noise of the cold, murky waters of the Puget Sound.

The Navy has not met without opposition, however. The use of the dolphins has aroused a furor among fifteen organizations for animal welfare. They protest that the environment is too cold. Some believe that the national security should not be trusted to an animal whose allegiance belongs to no country while others feel that using the dolphins for security may entice other nations to kill dolphins that stray too close to their shores for fear of espionage.

But the Navy insists that the dolphins are not performing any operations different from those they performed for the Navy in Cam Ranh Bay during the Viet Nam conflict and that the dolphins performed well in those operations. Those operations, among others, included "tagging" intruders with hooks connected to "lines" so that they may be captured and pulled in for questioning.

And so the Navy year, has come to an end.

MARINE CORPS
TES NAVY



Four Years In Review

So tell me Navy, what about '89? What has made us a different class from the 138 graduating classes before us. With a review of the last four years, the word that comes to mind is change. Changes that were made to the yard are the more noticeable ones but our class has had to withstand changes made in the administration and in the regulations since the day we entered on 2 July 1985. Let's review our history.

Our plebe summer was definitely harder than the summer of any of the classes succeeding. After all we did have a full six days of pep with no breaks on Wednesdays, and water bottles were not a part of our issue items. When we were told that we would receive a whole year of carry on if we placed the dixie cup on top of the Chapel dome, one brave classmate (Rob Waters) took on the task. An accomplishment such as this should not have gone unrewarded but it did and plebe summer continued. Psych! This, however, did not stop us from earning those precious days of carry on. We finally earned it with the spirit we showed at the last Army-Navy game that saw Navy victorious. Of course, most of us were probably cheering for the overnighter we were all looking forward to after the game. Can you recall the evening? Plebe year ended with an exciting finish when we placed a dixie cup on top of Herndon in record time. It seemed like record time to the upperclass who had to wait around until '88 placed their cap on top in over three hours time.

Youngster year, as we all came back with twenty of our favorite t-shirts to wear during study hour, we were informed of the new regulations. Reg p.e. gear will be worn during study hour. In some cases, battalions were made to wear their shirts tucked in their shorts—not just plebes but upperclass as well. Midshipman Regulations had been revamped. Do you remember the MHP? A card catalog was necessary to find any regulations in that book but the new book made regulations too clear. There was no getting around them now. This was also the year MacDonough Hall was reopened and we were granted two more swimming pools, racquetball and basketball courts, fencing loft, volleyball courts, and a new weight room. We enjoyed the remodeled and freshly painted interior only to see it ruined once again by the numerous leaks in the roof. Then the varsity sports took over, and it was back to Halsey for the average mid.

Second class year started off with groans and complaints as '89 was told if we wanted to enter the Marine Corps we would have to suffer through Bulldog. Either that or graduate late. What an option? Of course, who else could have issued that order but former Secretary of the Navy James Webb. His influence, however, could not have been too strong. How long was his term in office anyways? While female midshipmen were questioned on their feelings about the often quoted former graduate, they were subjected to the frequent attacks of the tickler, as well. What do you mean we can't ride our bikes on the yard? And no running outside the yard? Oh well, suck it up, '89. At least we didn't have to run the o-course this year. First class year was just around the corner.

First class year did arrive but our cars weren't with us. Most of them were out on hospital point. Some firsties weren't even issued stickers until the end of September. Just say so long to eighth wing tennis and basketball courts. When are they going to decide a parking garage is the most logical solution? It doesn't matter anymore. We'll soon be graduating. This year did see some small changes. Steerage had a new face and the Brigade had spirit. Thanks to the Supe. How many afternoon classes did we miss? We certainly weren't going to miss any due to snow. "The Naval Academy will be closed today. However, all essential personnel, professors, and midshipmen must report to work and classes." Hmmm. Explain that one. Have they found the remaining issues of the Log? The Brigade will never know. The Log was not the only story in the spotlight this year. Think of Easter.

The Class of '89 is simply relieved. We take with us good and bad memories, hopefully more of the former. We have been challenged by all these changes and events some of which are noted here but be assured, there have been plenty more. It has not discouraged us or kept us from achieving the final goal — to graduate! The Academy is afterall a mini-fleet and if we have done well here, we can be assured success in the real fleet. Congratulations, '89!

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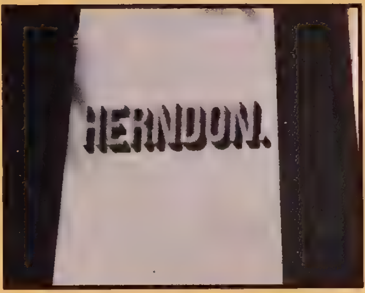
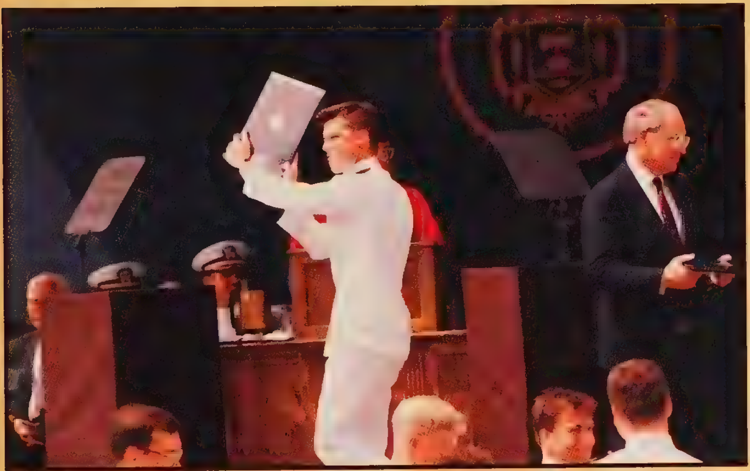
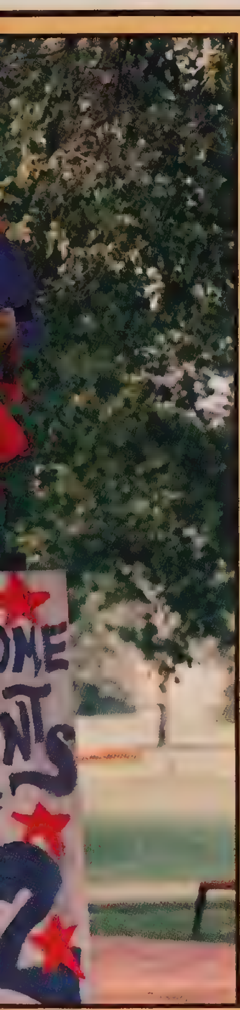

HERNDON.

US NAVAL ACADEMY



BLOOD, SWEAT, AND TEARS

This year it began on 6 July with that dreaded day known as Induction Day. For the civilians-turned-plebes, I-day became a whirl of ''hurry up and wait'' and a multitude of uniform issues. Finally, after the swearing-in ceremony, it was time for the new members of the United States Navy to say goodbye to loved ones and say hello to their first purge. The next three weeks of PEP, lectures, drill, and SIP sessions whizzed by for the plebes and suddenly the dreaded second set had arrived. Soon the plebes got used to their new leaders and began looking forward to Parent's Weekend. When it finally arrived, the plebes enjoyed as many minutes of leave with their parents and friends as possible. Again they had to say goodbye to family on ''Black Sunday'' as their loved ones watched them march into Bancroft Hall. Before they knew it, the six long weeks known as Plebe Summer were complete and it was time to move into new company areas to await the return of the brigade.



A Test In Leadership

Every upperclassmen knows the many feelings that a plebe experiences over the summer, but plebes know little of what the detailers are thinking. During that indoctrination period, the fire in the detailers hearts was quickly cooled by the uncertainty of their leadership skills. Of course, once they were placed in the leadership position, their confidence grew, only to be countered by frustration caused by personal mistakes as well as plebe mishaps. By referring to every leadership example and quote known, the detailers maintained a high level of professionalism at all times. The summer did wear down those upperclassman in charge of the indoctrination, but they always kept pushing forward to avoid letting their ''charges'' down. Finally, when turnover came for the first set and the brigade returned at the conclusion of the second set's duty, all felt they had put forth their best effort and the class of '92 was ready for its new challenges.

Around The World

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Around the world in eight weeks can best describe the experience of firstie and youngster cruise. Exotic ports of call included Palma, Rota, Israel, Tijuana, Subic Bay, Pearl Harbor, Norfolk, and Istanbul. Above and below the water took on different meanings this summer as many upperclassmen went to SERE, airborne, and scuba schools. This was done in addition to journeying the ocean wide and blue in everything from cruisers and aircraft carriers to YPs and sailboats. The midshipmen applied their resourcefulness as well as many newfound skills to qualify for different warfare specialties. In addition to spending their time becoming professionally competent, they also spent more of their money than they ever thought possible in such a short time. Of course, it was a major event when the 3rd classmen sighted the Chapel dome, thus becoming youngsters. In the end, besides learning to balance their checkbooks, the firsties and youngsters learned to apply old and new professional skills to become better officers.

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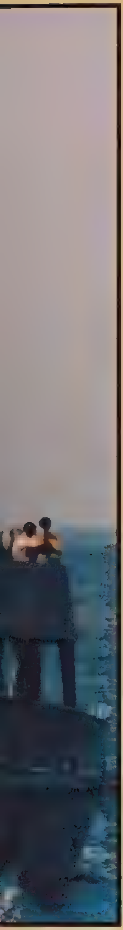
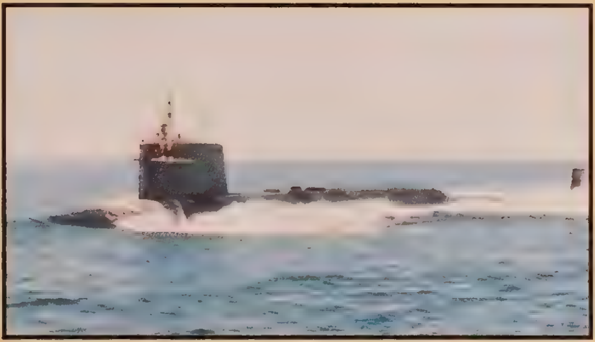
Second Class Summer

The three weeks of leave went by much too quickly. Our frolicking youngster year seems ages ago. I'm finishing the eight weeks of training with a two week long YP cruise up and down the east coast. I never thought it was possible to like being on a YP and actually enjoy the ride. Compared to the past six weeks, the home stretch is much too mild. I started out with Quantico. In one week, we managed to cram in running the endurance course, the obstacle course, and the confidence course between grueling hours of repelling, firing the M-16's and cleaning them afterwards for 6 hours. That's combat town for you. Who could forget the M-60's?!? Those six-to-eight round bursts that would just not work after the first guy took fire. Land navigation wasn't that bad, and neither was the bivouac. Looking back, sleeping in the rain was kind of fun. P-Cola was probably the wildest week. By the way, youngsters, don't forget the Yak Bag in your greens. It might come in handy after the uncontrolled dive. AUTEC for the guys came next: a whole week of sun and beach in the Bahamas. The equivalent for the gals is Navy Women's Week in Norfolk, Virginia. Then the three weeks of HENL, fondly known as Hell weeks, hit us like a brick wall: three weeks of english, leadership and law starting from 0700 and ending at 2200, no liberty. Oh well, just one more summer. Go Navy!





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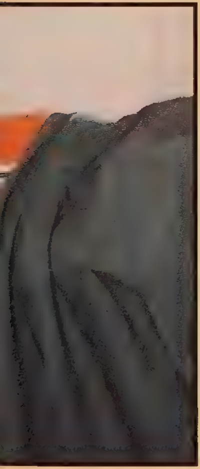
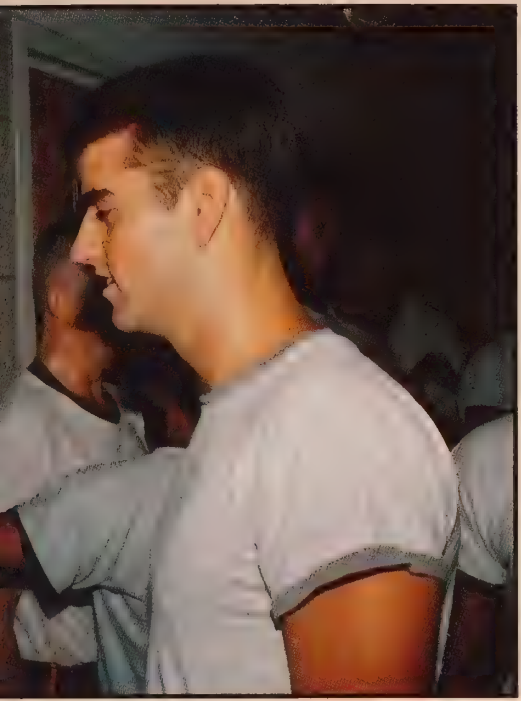


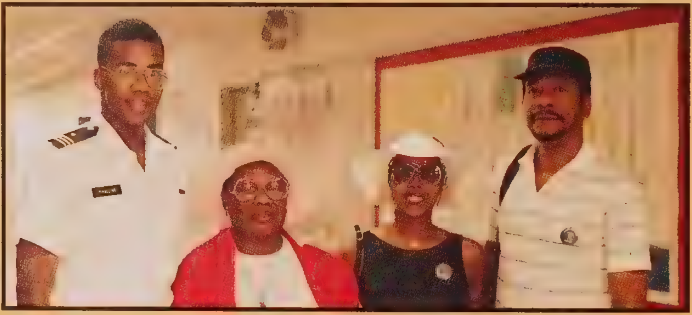
Ma . . . I'm Home

Just as they do every year, the Brigade of Midshipmen returned in August, much to the chagrin of the barbers, wardroom workers, and most of all the plebes. The "Return of the Brigade, '88" went smoothly. The youngsters moved into their new companies and set about meeting their new company - mates. While doing so, it didn't take them long to assume their new roles as "sirs" and "ma'ams." The second class shared ACTRAMID/ PROTAMID stories— each comparing NASP fries to see whose was more ridiculous while also finding out who had too much to drink in Pensacola. The first class discovered that parking in the Yard is not all it's cracked up to be. Despite the parking problem though, most of them walked around smiling complacently, for the final countdown had begun. Finally, the plebes suddenly found themselves in the minority, but still managed to take their place among the brigade.



First Class Parents

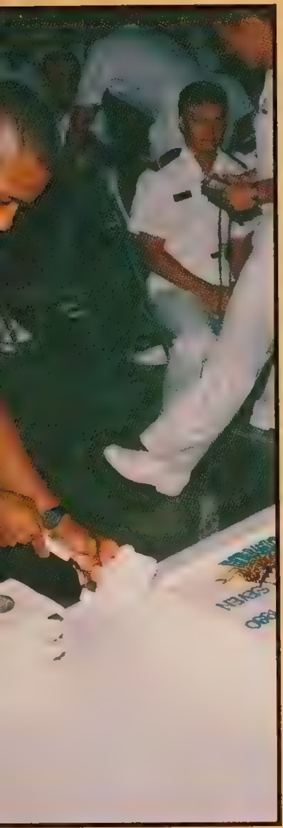
The class of 1989 had their second Parent's Weekend of their USNA careers over Labor Day, 1988. The second time around was much more enjoyable for the firsties as their parents came to see them begin their last year as midshipmen. The weekend included many special events. The Glee Club performed for the Class of 1989 and their parents. Many went sailing or went for a short trip with the Y.P. Squadron. Dining in King Hall was a memorable part of the weekend for most. Other activities included trips to Washington, D.C., local tours and for some parents, their first look at the Academy. All in all, it proved to be quite a weekend for everyone involved.



NAVY
SURFACE
WARFARE

It All Starts Here

It came too soon for some, but for most of the class of 1990, ''Two for Seven Night'' was a welcome reminder that they had reached the midpoint of their four year career at USNA. Bud Light was the drink of the night and toasts of ''two down - two to go!'' could be heard everywhere in Dahlgren Hall. But even amidst all the noisy socializing, the importance of this traditional celebration was not forgotten. Commitment - that is what it was all about, and even those who are seldom prone to introspection had to stop and think about what it meant. The decision made by the members of '90 entailed not only a seven year obligation to the military, but also a personal commitment to themselves and to the country. As the last speaker emphasized this point, the audience of second classmen became uncharacteristically subdued. Seated in metal chairs and holding their commemorative pewter mugs, perhaps they were contemplating the gravity of this commitment, or maybe they were trying to picture where they would be in seven years.



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CLASS
OF 1990
TWO FOR
SEVEN
VENIMUS
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UTLEY 90

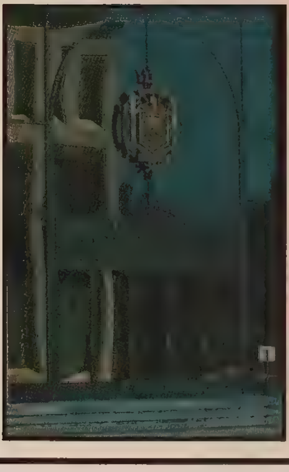
New And Improved

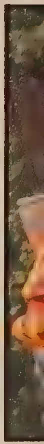
While waiting in line at Steerage, one can see the extensive remodeling that has taken place in the nocturnal gathering place of the brigade's upperclass. The modificiations to the menu include a new improved pizza with new improved equipment to better serve the needs of the brigade. Other modifications include a face lift in the form of a new facade and shiny brass rails to complement the chain fence. Besides fulfilling the study hour munchies, it also serves as the meeting place for study groups and various organizations. Although ''Rage'' is open only to upperclassmen, Steerage runs are often made for lucky plebes. The new, improved Steerage is trying to cater to the needs of a growing brigade while continuing the high level of quality service the brigade has become accustomed to expect.

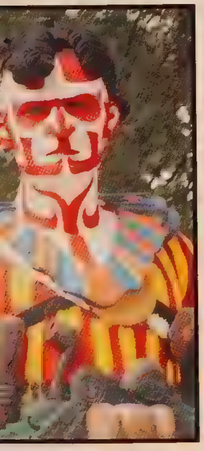
STEERAGE

Shades Of Autumn

When thinking of Fall, ideas of leaves turning colors, cooler weather, and sweaters come to mind. To midshipmen, Fall has different meanings. Classes, especially six week exams; drill, the Administration's method of instilling ‘‘discipline, professionalism, and teamwork’’ into every midshipman; football games and the tailgaters that follow them; and the much prized weekends all become images of Fall to the members of the brigade. Also, by the time the season arrives, the brigade has settled into its daily routine: the plebes have discovered what it means to study; the youngsters have found out the power of the ‘‘great blue magnet’’; the 2nd Class have learned they must spend less time on plebes and more time on school if they expect to graduate; and the firsties graduation thoughts begin to wreak havoc with their grades. True, the seasons may change, but the brigade will never break tradition.





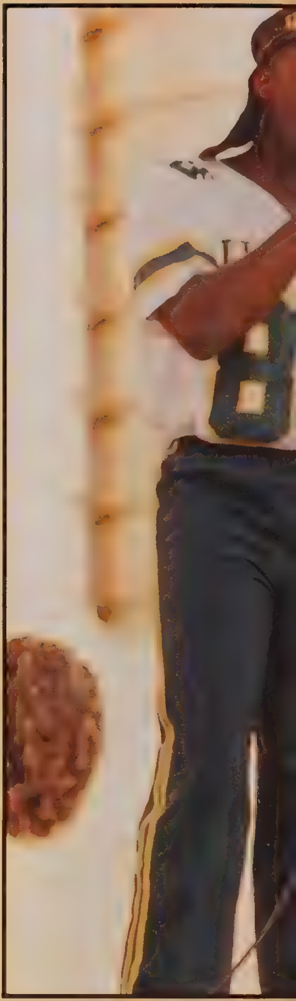


Left, Right, Left

The cry of the snare drum pierces the crisp morning air as the Brigade Commander takes his first step towards leading the brigade to another Navy victory. The beginning of yet another Navy football weekend is about to begin with the traditional marchover. Curious bystanders line the streets as the brigade begins its weekly march to Navy-Marine Corp Stadium. Marchover provides a perfect opportunity for the plebes to get back at upperclassmen with cadences. After the procession, the brigade impresses the spectators with the "hat trick" and the famous spellout. These fond memories of the marchover will stay with us for many years to come.

The Team, The Team ...

There are a lot of things that midshipmen lack - liberty and sleep come to mind for example - but one thing the brigade is never short of is spirit. Home football games provide a perfect opportunity for midshipmen to blow off a little steam by screaming and cheering for their team. Their antics, both humorous and outrageous, make football games come alive. The Tenth Company players entertain the brigade during the pregame warm-up, Bill the Goat squares off with the other team's mascot, and the plebes keep the opposing cheerleaders on their toes (sometimes they even manage to catch one!). Football is an institution at the Naval Academy; football spirit is a tradition that will never die.



After The Game

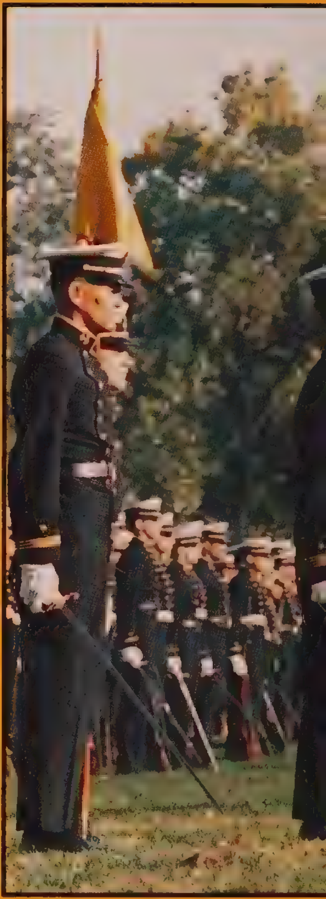
Tailgaters are perhaps as much a part of football game day traditions as are pep rallies and team send-offs. This is especially true at USNA, where midshipmen are usually confined to studying and working out Monday through Friday. ''Gators'' as they are commonly called, provide a means for midshipmen to unwind after a long week. Most tailgaters are outfitted with an ample amount of good food and ''beverages'' with which midshipmen and their guests can celebrate a Navy victory. Tailgaters are held all over the stadium parking lot by companies, sponsors, parents, alumni, clubs, and midshipmen. Even if one doesn't have a gator to go to, there is a good chance of getting picked up by one. Most of all, tailgaters allow a little extra time to prepare for a fun Saturday evening outside of USNA.

NAVY FOOTBALL
AND "THE TEAM"

Tradition Marches On

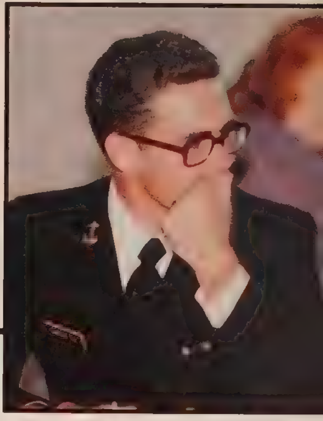
One of the longest standing traditions at the Naval Academy is the fall drill season. The Friday dress parades on Worden Field have been present for seemingly forever, and have probably been despised for that long. Drill, however, did give midshipmen a chance to display their ''professionalism and discipline'', whether it was for practice or a distinguished guest such as the Secretary of the Navy or the Chief of Naval Operations. When the air began to get progressively colder though, it meant the end of another season and much celebration, except for those sword-bearing midshipmen who found themselves crawling out of a very cold, and wet, Severn River. In all of its evilness in the minds of midshipmen, drill is still another way the brigade shows the public that USNA still produces the fine quality officers it did 100 years ago.

WORDEN FIELD



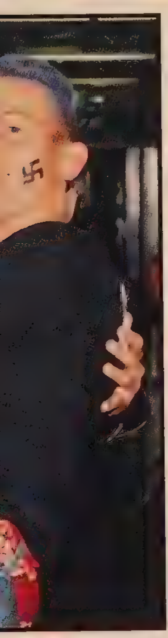
For Plebes Only

The 1988, ''Fourth class mandatory informal hop,'' was a raging success. Most of the plebes had a good time dancing with their dates, and the rest found other ways to enjoy the afternoon out of the hall. The band was given high ratings, and most people spent a good deal of time out on the dance floor. Even the shyest of the mids could be found trying to talk someone into dancing with them. Some of the other activities of the day included reading, or judging the dates of classmates. Some just sat and watched the time go by. Very few failed to have a good time. Of course, after months of isolation they almost had to have fun.



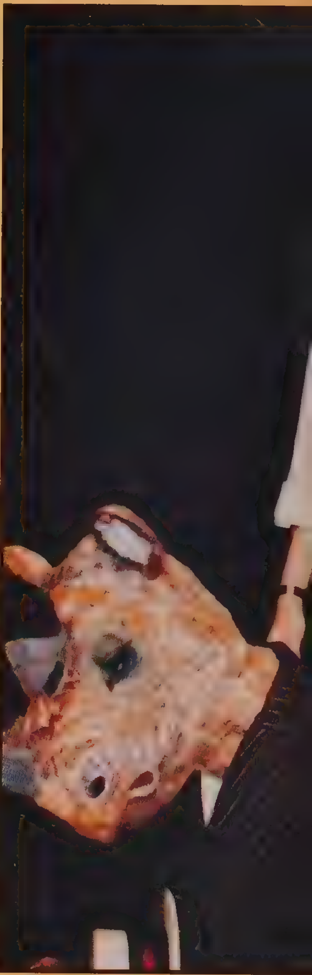
Trick Or Treating, Navy Style

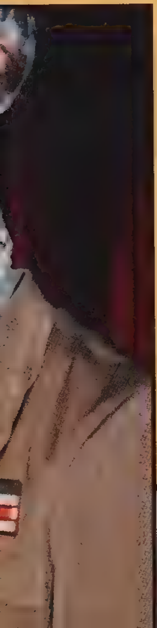
''Attention to announcements, CAPT Habermeyer has talked to God and Halloween has been changed to tomorrow night.'' Thus it was announced at evening meal that the night for ghosts, goblins, gooks and ghouls would be 26 October instead of the traditional 31st of October. This was the night when the brigade could show off its creativity; and it did in the form of flashers, slashers, Russian sailors and ladies of the evening. Plebes treasured the night because it was a night when carry-on was the rule, not the exception. For the most part and due to the outstanding efforts of CAPT Shupp, the traditional food fight was contained to the sports tables and several captains found themselves discussing their activities in Smoke Hall on Veteran's Day weekend. After the King Hall festivities, the brigade turned their sights to trick or treating in Mother B or to the pep rally in T - Court, and then on to another endless study hour.



Rhinoceros Receives Rave Reviews

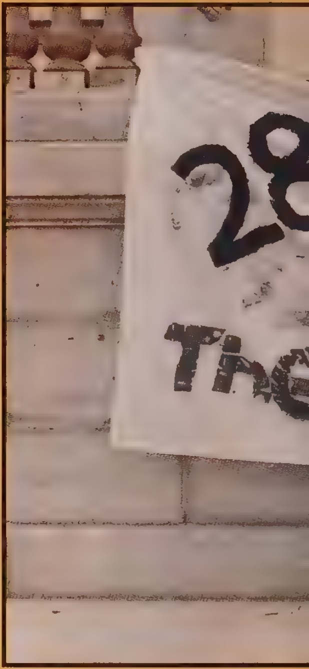
Just as they have every Fall since the 1800's, the Masqueraders presented a very fine play to the brigade, its alumni, and its guests. This time the play was ''Rhinoceros'', a critical satirization of Nazi Germany. Doubling as a comedy, ''Rhinoceros'' was a success thanks to the talents of Wesley Guinn (Guinn) playing the leading role. Also notable was Ben Koenig, who played his despicable character with mastery. Despite such problems as theft of costumes, the show was received well, allowing the 1988 Masqueraders production to be one more in a long line of successes.

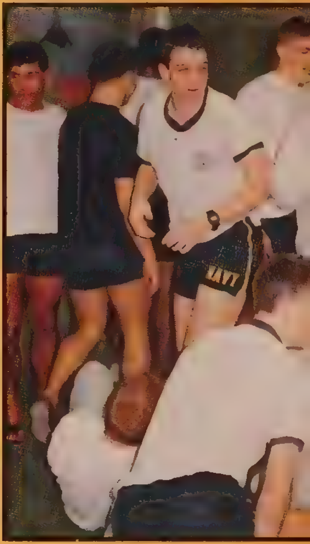


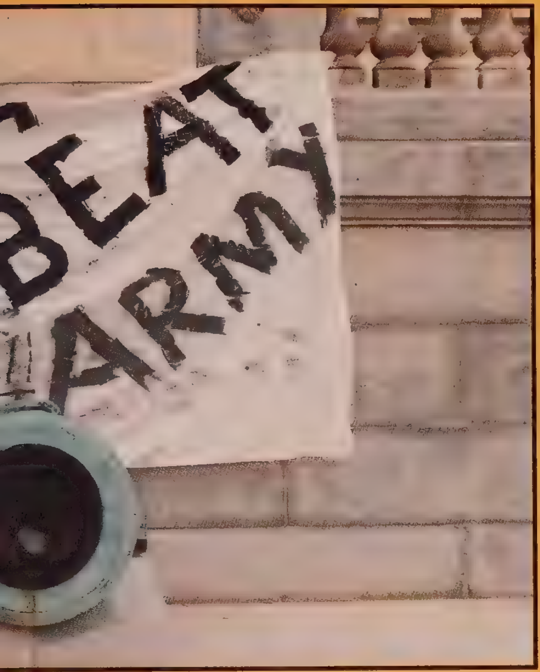


Who's Afraid Of Those Woops?

This year's Army week consisted of a lot of hype, and a lot of hoopla. The Brigade was ready for anything. The plebes got their first taste of just how spirited things can get at Navy. From beat Army chow calls to the pep-rallies the beat Army spirit could be found everywhere. The highlight of this year's festivities was the bon-fire on Farragut field. Woops were burned in effigy, and everyone cheered until they were hoarse. The 'Dant made his speech, and the Supe finished up by lighting the fire. Later that night the Admiral took a ride in a laundry cart through Bancroft getting the whole brigade fired up. Every person who experienced Army week in Annapolis was rooting for Navy on Saturday, even some of the Cadets.






BEAT
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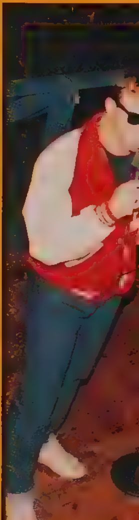
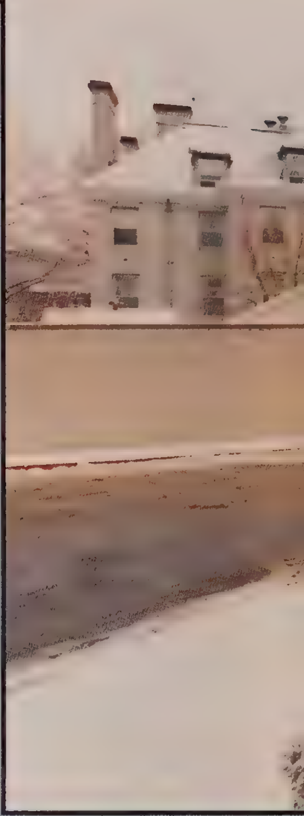


KICK MULE
BILL RULES

Winter Blues . . .

It's characterized by reefer madness, brisk winds, gloomy skies, and unmotivated midshipmen. At times it seems to wrap around your throat to choke all of the hope of better times right out of your body. Most of all, it brings on the worst case of depression ever known upon every person associated with this "fine" institution. This evil character can only be winter; more affectionately referred to as the "Dark Ages." This is the time of year when we all unhappily drag our rejuvenated bodies and minds from home and family in order to continue our long and arduous trek to become naval officers. While it is not the favored time of year by most of us, we manage to find a way through it. Ski trips, an unexpected day of class cancelled, formal dances and that most eagerly anticipated Spring Break trip enable us to push through it all. While the fight is never easy, the Brigade always manages to crush the beast just when it becomes its worst.

STRIBLING WALK



UNITED STATES
NAVAL ACADEMY
FOUNDED 1845

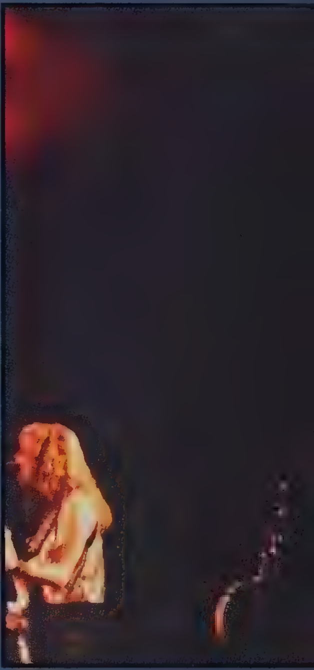
Forrestal Lectures

About once a semester, the Brigade is gathered in Halsey Field House for a mind opening, educational lecture given by leaders of our society. They are graduates of the Naval Academy, prominent members of our military and government, or National Heroes. This year we heard lectures given by General Alfred Gray, Commandant of the United States Marine Corps, and Astronaut Wally Schirra. The lectures can often time center around the person's occupation but mostly they focus their speech on the most important topic of leadership. It reminds the midshipmen of the importance of good leadership whether it be in the fleet, the corps, or in the civilian world. The Brigade is then given the opportunity to ask questions of the lecturers.

STATES

The Bangels

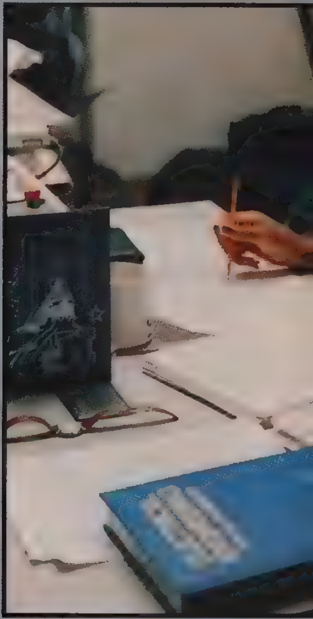
On the evening of 18 March, the Naval Academy was rocking. The Bangels were in town, and Halsey Field House was the place to be. The crowd, consisting of midshipmen and civilians, cheered when the Bangels took the stage wearing SDB blouses and covers. From the opening number to the final encore performance, the Bangels entertained all who were in attendence with a mix of their early hits and future ones. The three-hour concert had the House of Freaks as the opening act. This two-man band performed for about forty-five minutes before yielding the stage to the Bangels.



Finishing Out The Day

At 2000 daily a bell signals the beginning of study hour. Bancroft Hall becomes relatively silent as, during this sacred time, the members of the brigade attempt to complete most of their studies. The halls of ''Mother B'' become deserted except for a few mids found roaming in search of that elusive gouge . . . or some food. Study hour can prove to be one of the most frustrating times of the day as the members of the brigade duel with engineering and struggle to comprehend the day's lesson in thermodynamics.

The plebes become immune from their daily harassment. The firsties huddle in the wardroom to catch the new episode of ''Moonlighting,'' while the second class curse about their EE professor to their girlfriend on the company officer's phone. Of course, many just use this time to simply escape from the bustle and pressure of Academy life.



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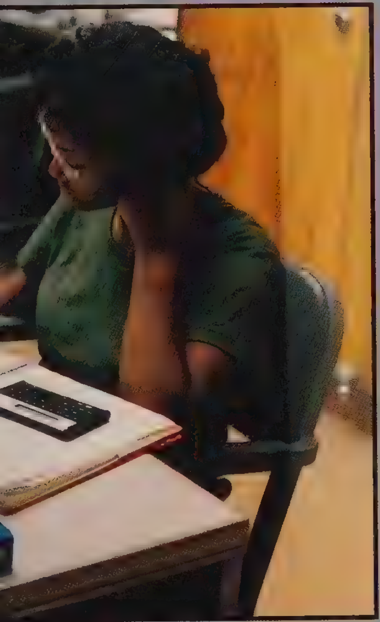
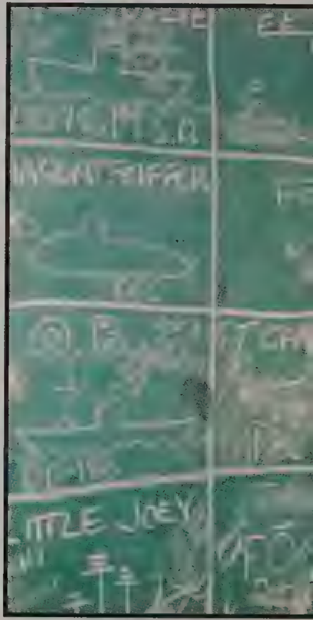


The Night It All Became Worthwhile

After three and a half years, the moment of truth finally arrived. The night that would decide the futures of over a thousand lives — Service Selection Night. All the firsties had their radios tuned to WRNV waiting to hear their order of merit, in order to go to the commandant's conference room, hoping their choice for service selection was not yet closed out. This year the first to choose was Scott Pappano, picking Nuclear Power, after four years of crew and going for his masters in Nuclear Physics. After service selection there were the parties . . . like those small involuntary ones in company area with the plebes and the prospective Marines. Good luck '89! May you always have fair winds and following seas.

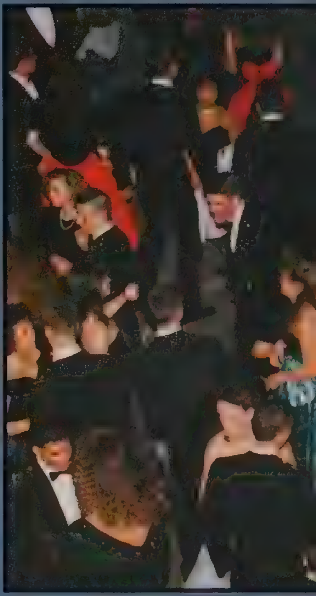


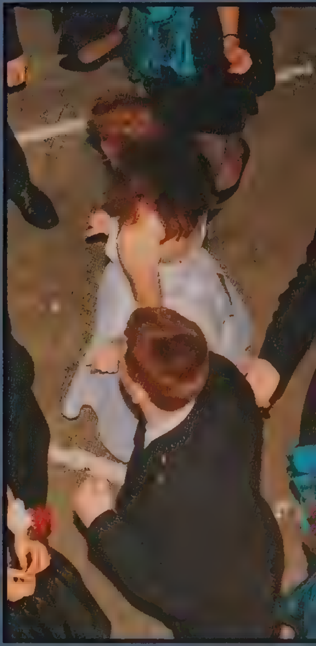
Bring The Old West To USNA

Each winter, the USNA Glee Club stages a musical, nearly always to a packed house. This winter, the Glee Club performed Irving Berlin's ''Annie Get Your Gun.'' This story of Annie Oakley starred Lisa Skaggs as Annie. While she did justice to the tradition of excellence in the Glee Club, the show was stolen by Wesley Guinn as a snake dancing Indian medicine man, and Stephen Amiaga as Chief Sitting Bull. The show centered around Annie's trials and tribulations going from a woman of the back woods to a show girl. This was a delightful comedy that was thoroughly enjoyed by all.

Valentines At USNA

Just as the Brigade was beginning to feel the full effects and depression of those trying Dark Ages, the 1989 Valentine's Day Ball came along and temporarily rescued us from sure destruction. Dahlgren Hall was in its full glory, decorated with valentine's paraphernalia and enhanced with the wide variety of extravagant dresses. Even though the night air was cold, midshipmen and their escorts braved the unfavorable temperatures for a romantic evening in Annapolis. For most, the event began with an elegant dinner at a favorite Crabtown restaurant. Once the couples reached Dahlgren Hall and had their pictures taken to save the romantic evening, they began dancing the evening away. Though the evening soon came to an end, it was an event that would remain in each midshipman's memory and hopefully in their date's hearts as well.





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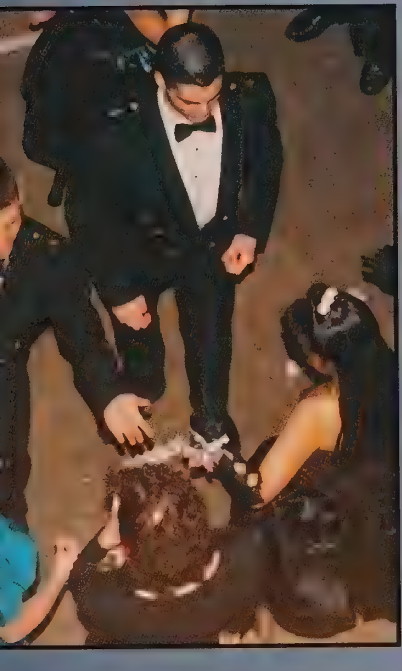
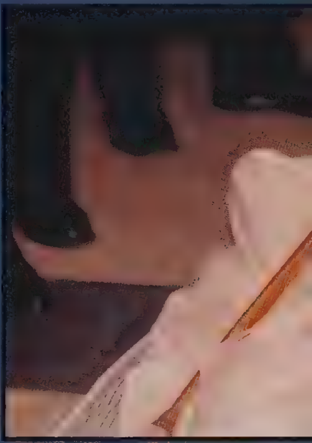


Only 100 Days Left . . .

"Pleeebe Hooo! The sound was familiar to their ears and now it was their turn. But was it really? Commands went unheeded as firsties, who realized that the end of their four year mission was almost at hand, continued to chop down halls, followed by screaming plebers on their only power trip of the year. Plebes-for-a-night came in all assorted colors and uniforms as they tried to epitimize the plebe of your nightmares . . . infantry dress batman was common as were droopping zippers with shirts hanging out, and geekers. Evening meal was a nightmare for the wardroom workers as food fights erupted. The substitute brigade commander tried to give the announcements, but was drowned out by the loudest class cheer in memory. "89!!" rang through the hall as the "firsties" tried to control them, but to no avail. Planned stupidity ran rampid and all classes enjoyed the night that marked 100 days left until graduation.



BEAT NAVY

91 In The Spotlight

The Class of 1991 finally did something right. The spring talent show was quite an entertaining evening of song and dance. Juan Spencer and cohort not only hosted the night's events, but participated in the festivities, including Juan parading as a Dallas Cowboy cheerleader. The Supe, the Dant, and the class presidents judged the contestants who dared to perform in front of a scrutinizing audience. No one could forget the "Lovely Dianna" Manzoni whom Juan chose as honorary judge. "Strictly Business" (originally the '90 spirit band) got the show off to a rocking start and many other musical acts followed. Jeff Haggot had the crowd on their feet with his impersonation of Michael Jackson. Wooh! But even with other great acts doing popular hits like U2's "Running to Stand Still," the Supe awarded first place to Scott Parvin. Scott had the audience in tears with his stirring presentation of "Watch the Lamb." The Supe was impressed with Scott as well as with the rest of the show. BZ '91, but don't let it go to your head.

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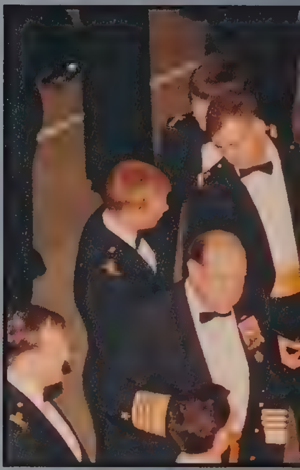
ACADEMY

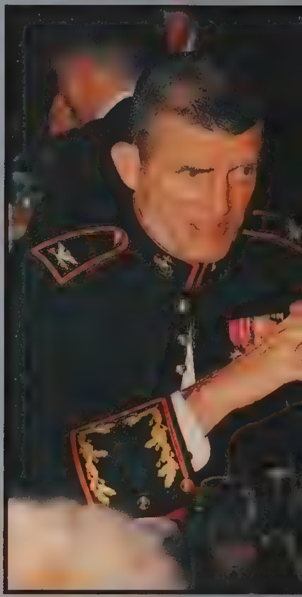
A New Face At USNA

On Saturday, 11 February 1989, CAPT Joseph W. Prueher of Nashville, TN became the 73rd Commandant of Midshipman. He replaced CAPT Howard W. Habermeyer who has been Commandant since January, 1987. The ceremony was held in Dahlgren Hall and was attended by family, friends, and Sixth Battalion. CAPT Prueher was a 1964 graduate of this fine institution (as was CAPT Habermeyer—rumor has it that they were plebe summer roommates). CAPT Prueher has served with attack squadrons aboard the USS Independence, USS Kitty Hawk, and USS John F. Kennedy. He was also a flight instructor and test pilot at Test Pilot School. CAPT Prueher's commands included VA-65, Carrier Air Wing Seven on the USS Dwight D. Eisenhower, Carrier Air Wing Eight on board the USS Theodore Roosevelt, and the Naval Strike Warfare Center in Fallon, NV. Some of his awards include Legions of Merit, the Distinguished Flying Cross, and the Defense Meritorious Service Medal, among many others. CAPT Prueher is married to the former Suzanne Pettit Pearce of Petersburg, VA, and has a daughter Brooks, and a son Joshua. He has been selected for Rear Admiral, Lower Half. Welcome Aboard CAPT Prueher, and we bid farewell to CAPT Habermeyer. May he always have fair winds and following seas!

Dining In Style

One night of the each semester this year, the Rotunda resounded with the harmonious notes of bagpipes. As underclass watched from the balconies above, the Class of 1990 marched in as part of the NL303 Mess Night procession. This evening is designed to educate midshipmen in the area of etiquette in formal situations and allows midshipmen to gain valuable leadership pointers from the officers present at the mess. Prior to the dinner in King Hall, selected midshipmen were assigned as escorts to high ranking officers in the Marine Corps and the Navy. A reception in Dahlgren allowed them to mingle and benefit from the many years of service these officers have devoted to the military. Midshipmen were also encouraged to invite parents or relatives who may be in the service as well. At the formal mess, the head table initiated all activities. This included the tasting of the meat to ensure it was fit for consumption. After a dinner of delicious King Hall food a lecture was given by the guest speaker. Toasts were then made to the President of the United States and to all the services of the military. The food, formality, bagpipes, and the company present made dressing up for this occasion worthwhile and educational as well.





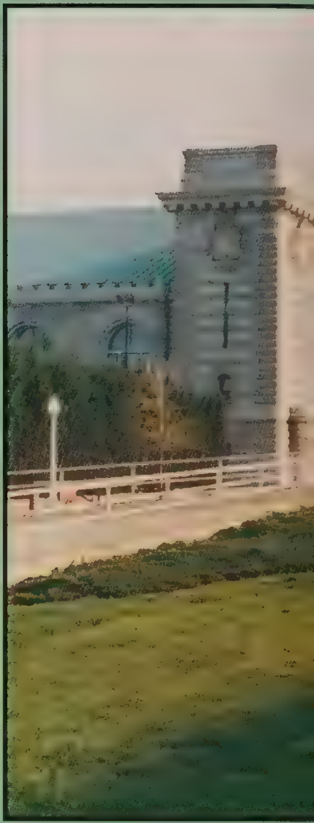
An Evening Of Elegance

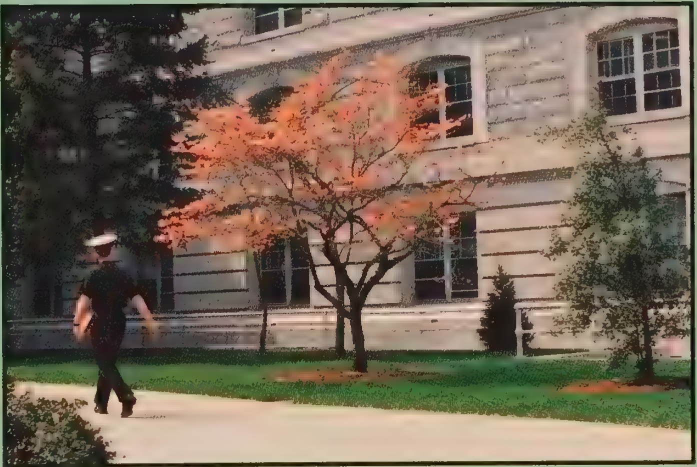
This year's International Ball should go down as a rousing success. Dignitaries and their families came to Annapolis from every corner of the world for this occasion. The ball stands as a tribute to the United States' continuing good relations with the countries of the world. Ambassadors, attaches and other assorted diplomats all brought wives and children to mingle with the midshipmen. The emphasis of the ball was on the youthful generation, but all involved had a good time. Many of the mids made friendships that will last forever. This annual event has proved to be a major social event on the Academy calendar. And should be successful for many years to come.

BRIGADE MIDSHIPMEN

Spring Is Here!

It seems like we were in reefers and grey gloves just yesterday and today, people are fighting for a space on red beach. Yes folks, spring is here. It took me twelve weeks to kick my rear end in gear to study, and now I can't: spring fever is quickly spreading, and I am a victim. Today I couldn't find an empty spot on the beach to bake my belly so I decided to go for a game of tennis. Horror of all horrors, the courts were filled and there was a waiting line, just like the breakfast line in King Hall on Saturdays, except that we were all in P.E. gear, and it's a Friday afternoon.





Drill Goes . . .

There are many things to which the midshipmen look with great anticipation as the cold dreariness of winter is gradually consumed by the heat of the bright spring sun—trips to the beach, Summer Whites, and, of course, spring drill. Perhaps the latter is a slight exaggeration. Despite the impression that Brigade Training would like to give to the rest of the world, drill does not appear on the "Top Ten Favorites" lists of most midshipmen. Nevertheless, drill is an important and age-old part of Naval Academy tradition. It promotes teamwork and instills self-discipline. Furthermore, it serves as a valuable instrument of public relations that, hopefully, demonstrates the military bearing and prowess of the Navy's future leaders. The season starts out with the intense and often heated competition of platoon drill. After that, there's more to come. Company drill saves the midshipmen from afternoon boredom. There is one good thing about drill: like four years at the Academy, it can't last forever. Can it?

Dining - In Style

Quarter 'til six. The cars pulled into the lot in front of Hubbard Hall. The firsties and their dates and some fortunate underclass with driving guests got out while the less fortunate and carless came by shoe-leather-express over the bridge. Inside Hubbard, the company officer and his wife form the receiving line. Cocktails of punch are served and everyone is ushered into the N-room. Tables are set so that the one where the company officer, the president of the mess, the guest speaker and their guests sit is placed agains the front wall of the room facing rows of tables perpendicular to it and extending toward the back of the room. The meal, hastily declared fit for human consumption by the president, is served. A plebe was conveniently made Mr. Vice. He walked around and arduously scribbled on his notepad the misdemeanors of those couthless individuals who shall later be punished. Punishment came after the guest of honor's lecture and the offering of toasts. It consists of drinking grog, a delightful concoction prepared impromptu by the plebes with spices and liquid condiments they found in the kitchen. It is guaranteed to upset the strongest stomachs, hopefully long enough to put off come-arounds for at least a day. But alas, the night must end and everyone leaves, some disappointed that they weren't luck enough to try the grog.

A Home In Crabtowne

Every year at a dinner in King Hall the Academy takes the time to recognize the midshipmen's parents away from home — the sponsors. At the beginning of plebe year each plebe is given a sponsor. They are local area residents who open their homes and refrigerators to homeless and staring midshipmen. Midshipmen establish a great relationship with their sponsors which often times lasts longer than their four years at the Academy. Sponsors give midshipmen a place to get away from the yard, a place to store their belongings and park their cars, but more importantly, it gives them a home away from home. Once again, we want to thank all the sponsors who have given up their homes and their time to support us through our four years here in Annapolis.

Sink The Army Grey

Beat Army! It seems as though those two words are the second mission of the Naval Academy. Every time one of our teams, whether it is football or debate, crushes the woops in some competition, we celebrate as though the Commandant has just abolished Form 2's. None the less, defeating Army is an accomplishment for the whole Brigade and it boosts the spirits of all of us (even for just that moment the victory is announced at the anchor). At the end of every season, the entire Brigade masses together (not always voluntarily) in T-court for a simple ceremony to recognize those teams that beat up on the Black (and Blue) Knights of the Hudson. This year the Midshipmen won 12 of the competitions while Army only claimed 10 wins. Men's Soccer tied with the Cadets. Navy claimed wins in the following sports: lightweight football, men's cross country, women's cross scountry, water polo, women's volleyball, men's basketball, women's basketball, men's gymnastics, rifle, wrestling, lacrosse, and tennis. Navy has not lost this yearly competition since 1977-78. This year makes it the eleventh year the Naval Academy has prevailed in this arch rival competition. The ceremony, known only as the Bell ringing ceremony, allows each player and coach of a team victorious over Army to ring the Enterprise bell. The ceremony actually becomes a mini pep rally allowing many of us a chance to release the frustrations acquired from morning classes. More importantly, it celebrates the teamwork and camaraderie needed to face and defeat our largest rival.

Ooh Rah, Sir!

Around 150 second class participated in this years Pre Bulldog program. The purpose of Pre Bulldog was to prepare midshipmen for some of the experiences they will face at Bulldog in the summer. Bulldog is a necessary step for those midshipmen who wish to be commissioned as second lieutenants in the Marine Corps.

The Pre Bulldog midshipmen met after school every Tuesday, Thursday, and Friday. They practiced drill, and followed a program of physical conditioning. Besides running the obstacle course, they also ran an endurance course and a cross-country course. On Saturday mornings they went on humps ranging from five to thirteen miles. The program concluded with a three day, two night, twenty-five mile hump at Fort Meade during Dead Week.

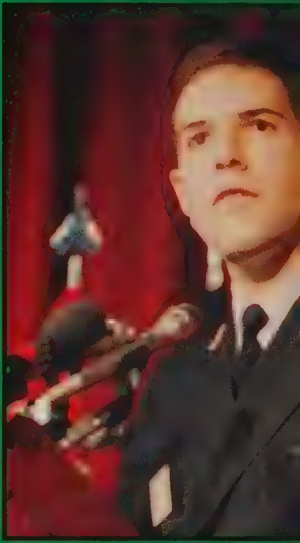
USNA
BULLDOG

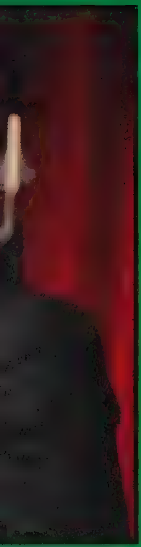
A Special Day On The Severn

This year, once again, the Naval Academy hosted the Special Olympics of Anne Arundel County. The Olympians came from all over the county to compete in swimming, running, and team events. What makes this so special is that midshipmen are involved in every aspect from organizing the events to congratulating the players at the finish line, more commonly known as the huggers. Throughout the day, the midshipmen escorted their Olympian to their events, and also ensured that they enjoyed themselves. Balloons, food, facepainting, and fun were available at any time. The best feeling, however, came from hugging the contestants as they crossed the finish line. Seeing their smiles made all the work for this event worthwhile. The large turnout of midshipmen this year allowed for a better than one to one ratio. Thanks to the Brigade for making this special day possible. Next year should be just as fun.

Gathering Of The Minds

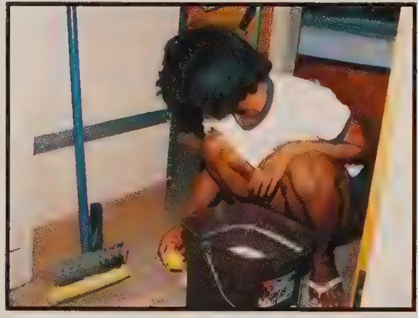
The Naval Academy Foreign Affairs Conference is a three day event filled with discussions of modern social and political issues. The round table discussions dominate the conference. A group of students led by a midshipman moderator discuss a topic on which they have all written papers. Morning and afternoon sessions often lead to heated discussions. The participants of this conference come from around the country. Several international students and foreign dignitaries were present as well to lend their expertise to the discussions. The students attended lectures given by the soviet and german ambassadors as well as by Robert McNamera, and Vice Admiral Larson. Their messages were then applied by the students to their particular topic. Conclusions of their discussions and any resolutions each group may have reached are documented at the end of the week. NAFAC allows students and midshipmen to discuss and understand contemporary world events and allows them the opportunity to socialize with fellow college age students.

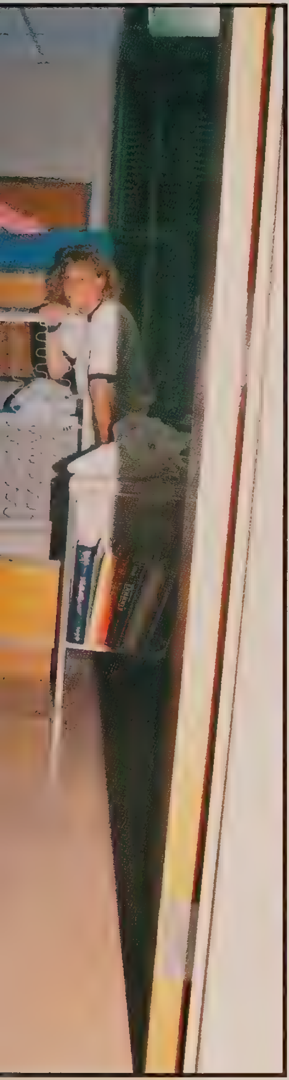




One Last Time

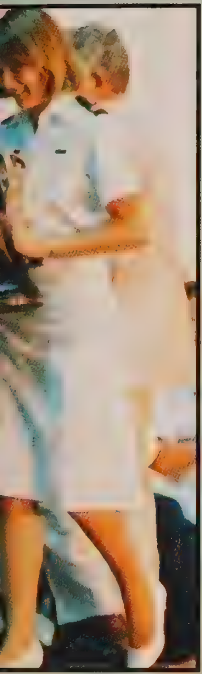
"Brigade, attention to announcements. Room formals go on Wednesday at 1930." Groans could be heard throughout King Hall. Whether we like it or not room inspections are a part of a midshipman's life. Rooms are inspected daily by the Officers of the Watch to ensure that room standards are being kept. Formal room inspections, however, allow us to clean all the cobwebs that may have accumulated since the last inspection. The room is torn apart, and every horizontal and vertical surface is waxed, pledged, or windexed. Some even venture a look in their coffins (the space beneath the racks) and attempt to sweep up the dust balls that have multiplied. The key phrase we have all been taught is "Attention to detail". Midshipmen line the hallways waiting for their floors to dry, and fifteen minutes before inspection one more dusting is performed. Inspection sheet, pen, black sock, and white glove are laid out. While plebes wait in nervousness as firsties begin the inspection, we all smile knowing this is the last one for the year.

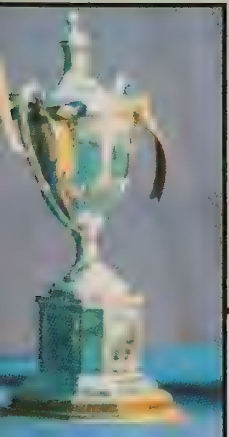




Outstanding Individuals

One of the last events of the Comissioning Week is the Prizes and Awards ceremony. This ceremony marks the accomplishments of many outstanding midshipmen in both academics and athletics. The awards come from many different groups and a wide range of prizes are presented; the gifts were anything from cash to dress swords. Also, the Trident Scholars were recognized for their great deal of effort in their stay at USNA. Members of the class of '89 involved in the Voluntary Graduate Education Program received their scholarships as did other firsties deserving graduate school scholarships. Of course, Scott Pappano, the number one ranking member of '89 was officially recognized. In addition to the academic awards, athletic awards were presented as were "N" letters, blankets and watches for those achievements outside the classroom and the Hall.



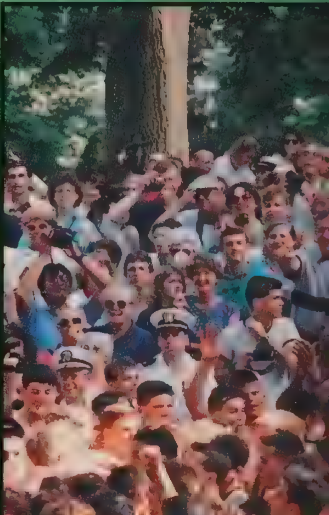


To Those Who Showed Us The Way . . .

The first event of graduation week is the traditional Dedication Parade, honoring the retiring members of the staff and faculty who have dedicated more than twenty years of service to the Academy. This is the second to the last parade of the year, and next to the last parade for the graduating first class. It brings back many memories, good or bad, for the participants and created memories of a demonstration of discipline, precision, and teamwork for parents and many other relatives. The Varsity Sailing Team provided an impressive and picturesque background for the brigade. Sailing past with their boat's spinnakers billowing, the audience watched as the brigade dressed in full dress blues fixed bayonets, executed manual-of-arms, and finally passed (out)in-review. These sights and sounds from the Academy band and the Drum and Bugle Corps stirred feelings of pride and patriotism in everyone present.

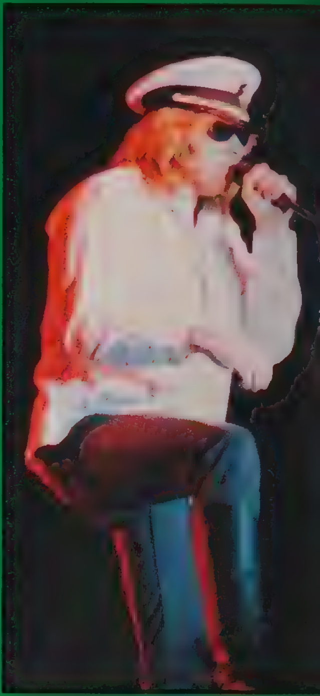
Rising To The Challenge

The anticipation grows as the last few moments of their "freshman" come to an end. Suddenly, a thousand so-called adults race towards a greased replica of the Washington Monument. The first ones to reach the rock toss their shoes at the hat on top of it, while more of their classmates attempt to wipe off the towering piece of stone with blue-rimmed t-shirts. The unusual ceremony is known simply as climbing Herndon, but its traditions and effects are much more important. The event marks the end of the infamous plebe year, but not until the dixie cup on top of Herndon is replaced by a combination cover. Family and friends cheer as the plebes make their way to highest point on the monument in anticipation of a new beginning for the "mistreated" young men and women. Upperclassmen cheer too; for when they reach the top, liberty begins. This year, '92 rose to the challenge and finished the climb in one hour and 42 minutes, ending the chopping, chow calls, and rate recitals that made their "freshman" year at "college" more difficult than their civilian counterparts.



Money In Concert

A roar of anticipation builds as the lights in Halsey dim. "Eddie. Eddie. Eddie." The annual spring concert would be rocking the Naval Academy. This year's second concert featured rocker Eddie Money with Danny Gatton as his opening act. This chance was the only one the Brigade had to attend a concert. Liberty time does not allow a midshipman enough time to attend a concert in Washington, D.C. or nearby Baltimore and fight the traffice back. So the Academy brings the concerts to the Brigade. The concert which is open to the public as well gives the midshipmen a chance to escort girlfriends, boyfriends, family, and sponsors. This is an excellent opportunity for plebes to enjoy music since they are supposedly deprived of the use of a stereo all year. With an excellent stage show and a great performance of his most popular songs, Eddie Money left the mids ears ringing and wanting more. Encore Eddie!



Come Dance With Me The Best Is Yet To Be.

Commissioning Week festivities and dances only just begin with the Ring Dance on Saturday Night. The week is filled with various entertainment and many chances to dance the night away. The dock at Hubbard Hall lights up on Sunday night and the athletes who received a varsity letter during their respective sports season attend. On Monday night, Dahlgren Hall is solely for the graduating class and their guests. The Graduation Ball does not just allow first class midshipmen to spend the evening with their sweetheart, but it also gives parents and relatives the opportunity to share in the celebration. On Tuesday night, all are invited to the Farewell Ball. With the weeks best entertainment, all classes and guests can celebrate the end of another year. More importantly, the graduating class can celebrate their last evening as midshipmen.

Ninety's Night!

Once again, Dahlgren Hall was filled with the glamour and excitement of the Ring Dance. Girlfriends in beautiful dresses and boyfriends in sharp tuxedos were guided through the many lines and traditions by their midshipman escorts. Couples filed through the giant ring replicas to have dates surrender the precious rings from around their necks. Others danced to the music of "The Great Train Robbery" and the "Centuries". Preluding the dancing extravaganza, most midshipmen attended a splendid dinner in King Hall, complete with fine wine and background music. The Class of '90 gives many thanks to Glenn Young and Mrs. Baysinger for their efforts in bringing this affair to reality. It was truly a night of elegance that will not soon be forgotten.

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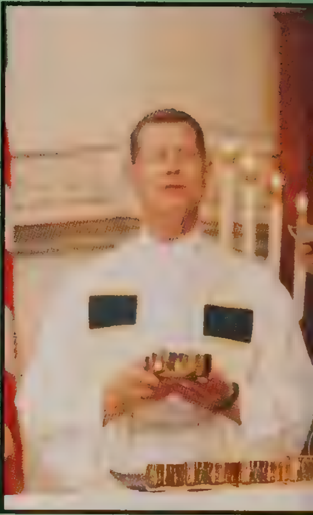
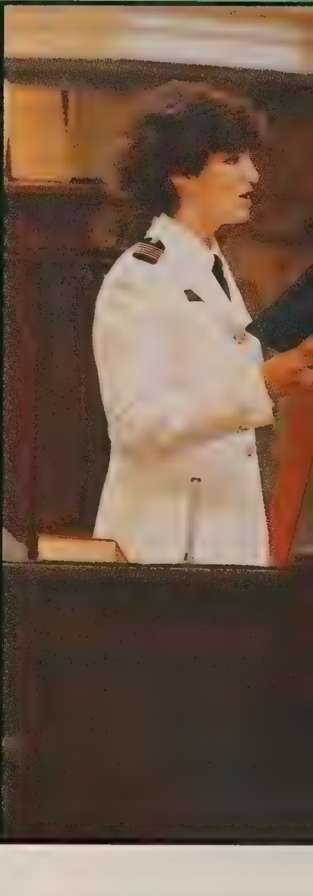
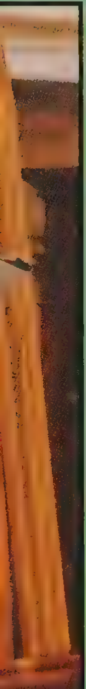
One Last Glance

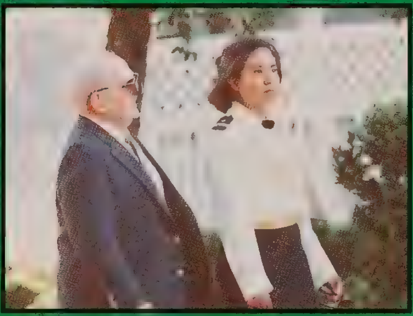
On a beautiful Sunday morning, the Class of '89 attended the traditional Baccalaureate services at the Naval Academy Chapel. Midshipmen escorted their families, friends, and relatives in their Service Dress Whites. The services given by the U.S. Navy Chaplains included first class midshipmen who participated in all parts of the mass and sermons while 1/c members of the catholic and protestant choirs occupied the back rows and filled the Chapel with their song for the last time. Baccalaureate services allowed midshipmen to reflect on their past four years but more importantly they are reminded once more of the commitment to God and to our country.







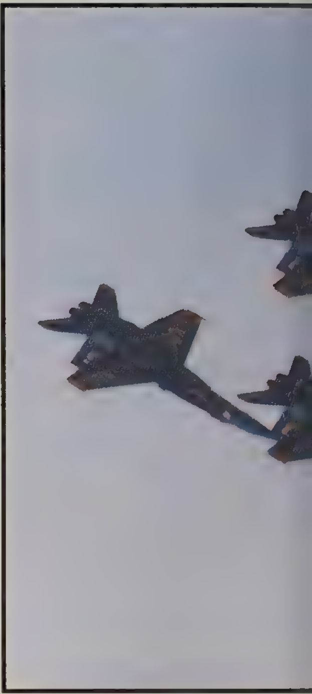
Open House At The Supe's

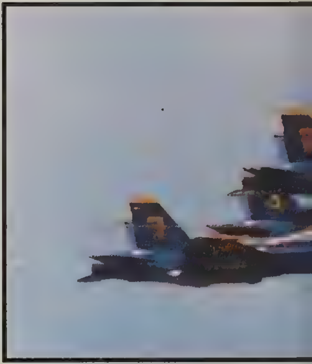


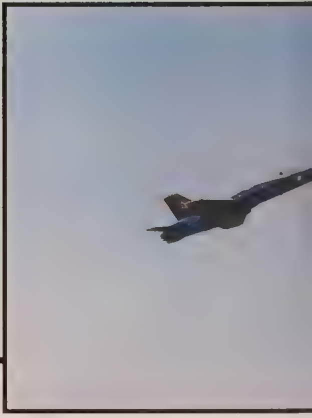
Commissioning week is traditionally a week full of celebration and parties. Not one to miss out on the fun, the Superintendent Admiral Hill opens his backyard to more than five hundred midshipmen and guests for two nights in a row. This gave the first class midshipmen a chance to practice their etiquette as they introduced their parents and relatives to the Supe in the reception line. Decorated with beautiful flowers and numerous tents holding delicious hors d'oeuvres and punch, midshipmen, family, and friends ate, drank, and mingled. Firsties listened to the band, met more relatives of friends, and of course posed for more pictures with mom and dad. The occassion was joyous and the week was half over. With a couple of graduation practices to attend (early the next morning), the Class of 1989 would be on their way.

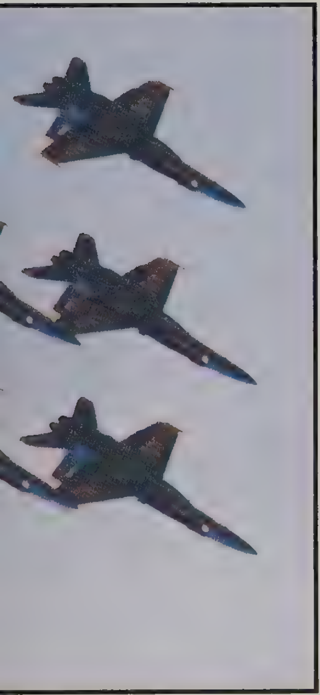
Angels In The Sky

Memorial Day 1989 the Blue Angels once again dazzled spectators of all ages with their stunts and high speed flight manuevers. Known officially as the U.S. Navy Flight Demonstration Squadron, the Blue Angels have performed their precision flying demonstrations for more than 186 million spectators. The team was first organized in 1946, and has been performing during Commissioning Week for more than thirty years. Their maneuvers included numerous precision rolls, eight point turns, and breath-taking passes at "maximum speed and minimum separation". This year the athletic fields and the seawall held the largest turnout of spectators ever. The Academy roads were so congested that hours after the show traffic was still at a standstill. Nevertheless, the inconvenience was worth the wait if only to catch a glimpse of the blue diamond formation as it sped by at over 400 knots.



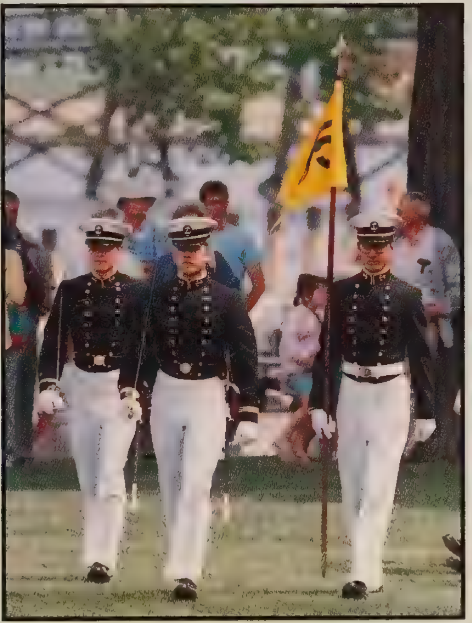






Best In The Brigade

The final parade of the year is the traditional Color Parade. This celebrates the end of year of hard work for a company who will win the title of Color Company. The competition is based on academics, athletics, professional competitions, and other activities. The company who is the most successful in all the areas is the winner. This year sixteenth company relinquished its title to the deserving members of twenty-fourth company. A color girl selected by the company commander of the winning company is present to help in the ceremony. Afterwards spirits were high as firsties think of graduation and their commissions and underclass "dream" of summer leave and training.

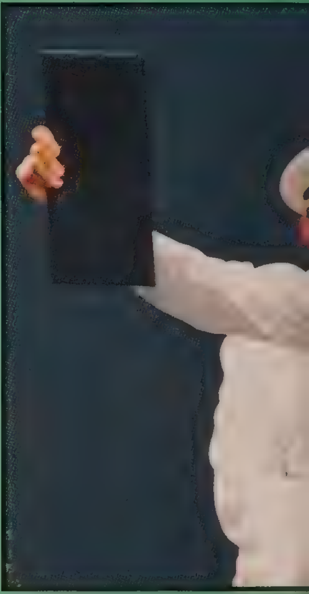


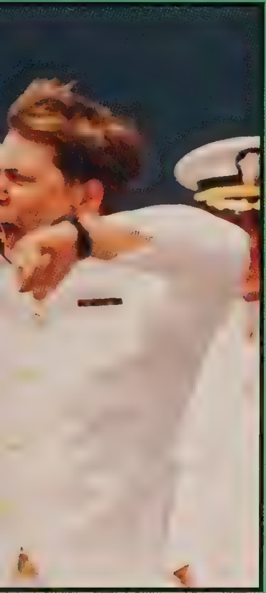
Cooling Off . . .

Whoops and hollers could be heard as each company approached Tecumseh. Firsties were breaking ranks, frantically ridding themselves of their pieces and racing to the water. They had just marched their last formal parade. Tradition calls for the self-dunking ceremony in complete drill uniform which usually occurs in one of three places: the fountain on Radford Terrace, Lejeune Hall, or Fitch Bridge. Those who muster enough courage take their leap from the dreaded 10 meter tower. As each midshipman approached the edge, a final wave to their parents signaled the beginning of their jump. Arms were flailing, legs were kicking, and 1.7 seconds later it was over. The Class of 1989 was now one step closer to every midshipman's dream.

The Best Of Luck To '89

On a beautiful sunny Wednesday, 24 May 1989, the Class of 1989 saw their dreams come true. One thousand and sixty-four members of the original one thousand three hundred and seventy-five took their oath of office to serve in the United States Navy or the United States Marine Corps. The joyous occasion began at 0945 with graduates [illegible] one dollar to the [illegible] man in each company to be [illegible] into the Stadium. The Naval Academy Band desperately tried to be heard above the cheers and praises from the crowd, but to no avail, the parents won the contest. This year's guest speaker was Secretary of Defense Cheney, who with careful research drew laughs from the [illegible] with a mention of [illegible] Carl [illegible] Jr. After a short speech [illegible] to the [illegible] love and humility, reminding the graduates of their mission to serve their country to the best of their abilities, the long awaited diplomas were awarded. Cheers and high fives were performed by the company members as the first of each company was announced. An emotionally filled tossing of the hats soon ended the midshipmen careers of the Class of 1989 and sent them on their way to the fleet and the corps. The many left in search of a cooler spot out of the sun. Just remember '89 the four years by the Bay where Severn joins the tide, then by the service called away, we're scattered far and wide, but still when two or three shall meet and old tales be retold, from low to highest in the fleet, we'll pledge the Blue and Gold.





GO ♥
CHRISTINE

PIMPO'S NAVY
LT STEVE '85
#61 LT. DAVID '86
#37 ENS MARK '89
M/C JOHN '91

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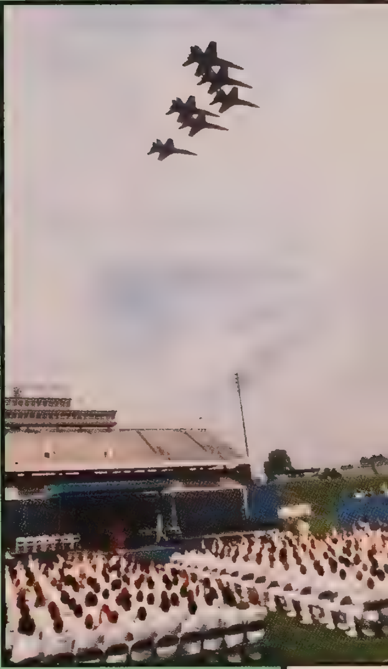

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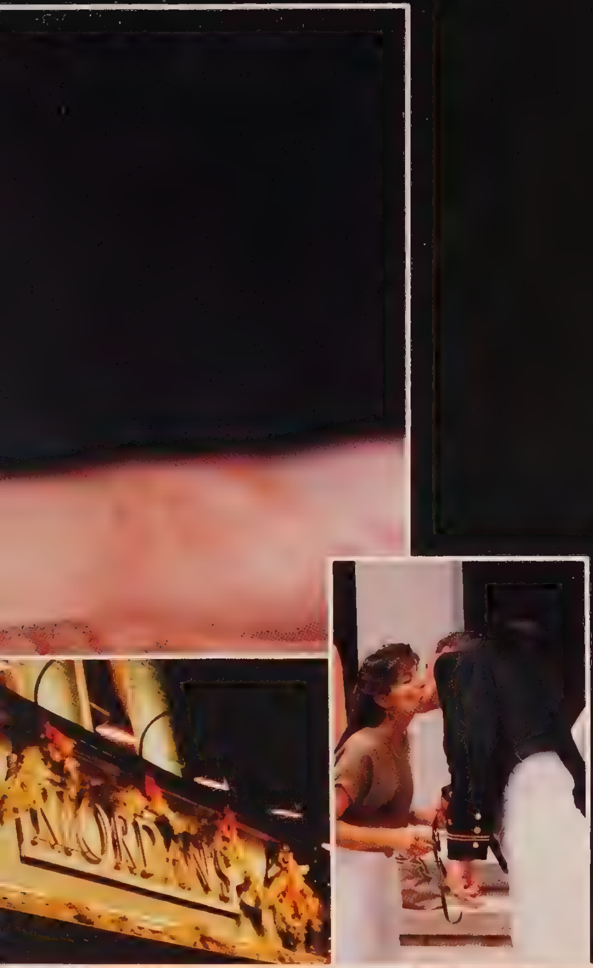
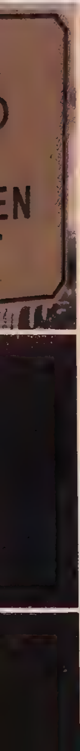


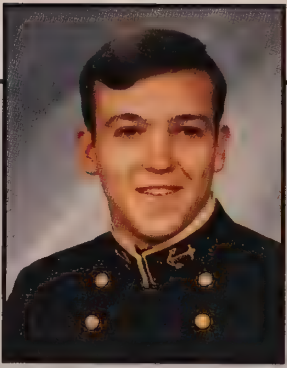


CLASS OF '89

Editor: ***Edward J. Gray***

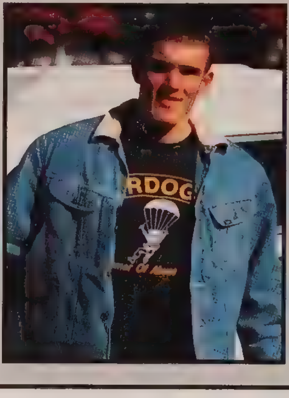
1st COMPANY

David Manning Bergman
Seattle, Washington
Mathematics
Marine Air



Bryan Alan Brauns
Atlanta, Georgia
Oceanography
Surface Warfare

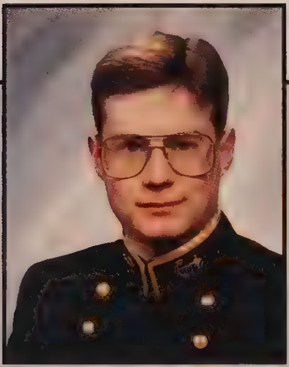
Frank John Cardello
York, Pennsylvania
Economics
Supply Corps



Dave is an "All-American" kid. That's right, he came from all over America. He was a Marine Corps brat, but no one would ever have guessed it. Dave was known as the peacemaker of One Bravo, or was he? No one really knows, however, if something concerned One Bravo, Dave was there. You could always count on him for sound advice. He was there whenever you needed him. He would drive halfway across the country for a friend, and he did, or fetch two rejected drunks in Baltimore at three in the morning. Wait a minute...this is getting to mushy...Bergie was an animal! He fought for the little things: the five minute chow call, who rode shotgun, and his Star Wars pillow. Back to Dave, to sum things up, Bergie was a totally righteous dude, and our friend. Have a most excellent adventure in the Corps and party on!(2 of 3)

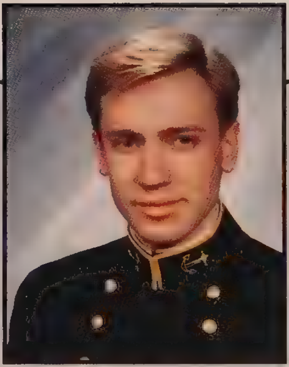
Bryan (with a "Y") came to us from the land of cotton and R.E.M. after a year at the "other" Carolina. Deceptively quiet, he proceeded to careen his way through four years at USNA with a mixture of steadfast seriousness (at school) and energetic mischief (everywhere else). The seriousness being far to serious, we prefer to remember the four years of mischief: Plebe year...D&B, BD, Gitmo...Third class... Fun One with Harry and Brent, bobbing for garbage "Help Me!," "Bryan, the Cops!,"...Second Class...Greg and Brent, Double B, Double E, Double D, "Screwdrive? Sure," "Who puked on me?" Heath's "Not in my car!" UNC - headbutts! OOPs Black eye, emphatic "NO" from the backroom, St. Pete Sandtrap, Easyrider out west with Wes, Plebe Detail "$200 for beer?" (Ramshead)...Firsty...The MONKHOOD, Air Force "Help us find Bryan's ring" - "Where'd he leave it" - "In the street," Deadman's Carry, Heath's "Not on my carpet!" Goldfinger, 2.0 go SWO...Never could find a finer roommate, including the coauthor. GOOD LUCK! GJH BS

Frank came to Navy from the home of Peppermint Patty and brought with him an All-American volleyball billing, a forty-inch vertical leap, and a strong sense of family and friendship. The volleyball team kept him out of trouble after he moved in with the wrong type 2/c year and his mom's chow packages kept his roommates eagerly awaiting the end of each leave period. The impromptu 1-0 concerts kept alive hope for something more and he got it first class year with a career move to 3-0 and consequent command of the company. He handled the rigors of that job, schoolwork, and the rocky road of romance and managed to keep the chimes of freedom ringing(JLB). Fon-Fon spent his longest night in the wardroom cursing a dirty knife but recovered quickly to drill and stardom in co. lightweights and slopitch softball. We will never forget the pre-Christmass Nerf throw or the MacDonough Marine comearound first class year. The supply corps is Frank's only corps and we know that they have found a good man. Be excellent to others, be excellent to yourself. God Bless.JGW



James Harris Darrell
Maryville, Tennessee
Naval Architecture
Nuclear Power - Submarines

Jay arrived at this fine institution at the ripe age of 17. Proud of his Southern heritage, he didn't quite live up to the 'rebel' image. Three long years in First Company eventually brought out the supressed wild side however. Affectionately known as Jaybone Bubblehead (or just Pud), he never grew tired of criticizing this man's Navy (or the world for that matter). Jay will always be remembered for his quiet demeanor, insatiable appetite for work and his 'unique' fashion statements. Some of Jay's more memorable experiences include: The Dreaded Bleachers, The Who + Rush (his CD collection), A ride with the Rocket, Poopy suits, SWATH, Brigade Ass't Ops - "Great Seating Plans", 2300 or Bust, Coin World, 'Dant Jr., Tailgater '89, Puick, '76 White Chevy Vega, Lab Tech (1), VHC of E, Robert "the Plant", Presidential Yacht, Wall of Feine, Vampirish tendencies (afraid of the Light). All in all, a more loyal and trustworthy roommate cannot be found in the Brigade. We wish you the best of luck and will visit you when you become 'Dant. RED TCR

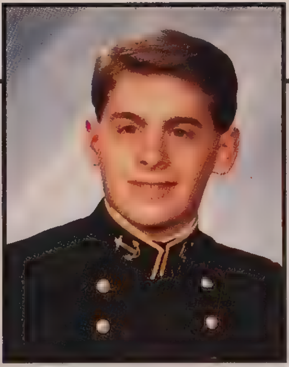


Ronald Ernest Draker
Boise, Idaho
History
Surface Warfare

Ron hails from the potato capital of the world. Ronbo (as he's affectionately called) spent a year in the Fleet, then another one at NAPS before coming to Canoe U. to be an aerospace engineer. However, grades changed his mind; now he's a history stud. Along the convoluted path to graduation, Ron partook in innumerable experiences. An exhaustive list would kill reams of paper. However, here is a brief attempt: Georgetown taxi and sidewalk, magnetism to guardrails, EE, tow trucks, Utah, Excaliburs, global reorganizations, "I've still got twelve hours to write my paper!", Maury head, fear of Rickover, road trips - grease - The Beast, "Ron, do you smell smoke?", Holiday Inn, rental cars, deisel fumes, Hotel Bancroft. Bars (too numerable to list), diamond to MG, 1829:58, T-Court relief, "The left lane is open.", fountain fun, wardroom tackles, Governor's shrubs,and taps chats. Ron, you've tried our patience but we still love you. The gator navy isn't what you had planned on when you entered but you'll do as well in that as you have here at the Academy. SRB JHD TCR

Christopher Dean Fischahs
Tempe, Arizona
Marine Engineering
Nuclear Power - Submarines

FISH-GHOM: A TALE OF THE WILD WEST. Four years ago there came from Arizona a man called Fish(Chris). With cigarette in hand, cowboy boots, a hat, and a BIG belt buckle, Fish was ready for action! Known to LT. as "A strange breed", Fish transcended the striper realm. - First out of 33 in a highly competative company! SAVAGE 16, "We chop out of company", made him a true flamer! Fish could NEVER spoon a plebe. HA!HA! Los Alamos, Atlantic City, Pete's Place, "Most Savory", and a ring dance date were USNA highlights for the Marlboro Man. Being an honorary 6th CO member, Fish expanded his horizons. This expansion, fueled by a hate of dingy city chicks and an association with E.D., turned him to the dark side. The convenient proximity of his desires was also helpful. "Why is the door open, Fish?" The quest for $5 and C.H. dominated his first class year. (An infinite quest, indeed!!) He will always be a great roomie and a best friend. Good luck with subs. P.S. The $5 is MINE! CAK



Brian David Frack
Portland, Oregon
Computer Science
Nuclear Power - Submarines

Brian checked into the Hotel del Navy from Portland, Oregon (pronounced "Orygun") and was immediately given a luxury suite in E.Z. Two-five. Rack proved he could adapt and overcome, and made it to youngster year and the Fun Company. 3/c year he found his niche in life in the rack, hence the nickname, and yes, Brian finally found something he was better at than losing roommates. Only half of the people Rack lived with survived their four year stint at USNA. It's no wonder Brian was so high up in our class when he kept eliminating the competition. 2/c year Rack worked on all the key Comp. Sci catch phrases like "Work you @#%*&" and "&%?!!# it anyway". Firstie year Brian answered the question of what you get when you cross a red sports car and a pine tree: a blue mini truck and a small profit. At SDI he proved that his education hadn't been a total loss by working a Pentagon copy machine for an entire hour without assistance. It was only a tanning index of 6 that day. It's no wonder the nukes grabbed him up so quickly. Anyway, best of luck, Rack! Good Times a comin'. Yep! JDM

Michael James Good
Wakefield, Massachussetts
General Engineering
Surface Warfare

Michael arrived here via Naps, his accent and sense of humor fully intact. The Lombardi of Naps intermurals got by with a little help from Gree, Cone, Frat, and Bob who taught him the importance of giving back what he had consumed. Goody arrived at Navy with a smile and a pair of skates and left with a hard earned engineering degree, a lot of friends, and the same smile. Along the way, this illustrious member of John Vorndick's fold skated his way to the position of "Best Ever" Navy Defenseman (sorry Gonzo and Buddha) and while eluding leg checks for 3 and 3/4 seasons the master biscuit dangler made Dahlgren a pretty damned glorious place to be. Goody tamed his Mustang the hard way junior year but bounced back quickly. Engineering was a hobby, the rack was a business (and the only thing that could distract him from thoughts of Fitchburg's Finest). The funniest person I've ever met, your parents have given you a heart the size of Massachusetts. I'm proud to call you "SWO buddy". "Someday we'll look back and this will all seem funny". God Bless, Be happy.JGW

David Greenheck
Kirkland, Washington
Political Science
Special Warfare

David X wandered to the Naval Academy from the Great Northwest via KU - Rock, Chalk, Jayhawk!! Freshman year in Skate Eight was a breeze for this polar bear who holds both the Navy pentathalon record and the memory of Mongo's hockey gear - "We were never Plebes." A real charmer, Dave learned how to pick up women(and their kids) and even appeared in the May 1989 issue of GQ. Once in Fun One Dave validated drill and any PE test he took. However in slowpitch Snooze took a day off and let Digger play ball. X created excitement where ever he went: the triplets in Georgetown, Rock's BMW, six hours of late night workouts in Germany, Nagshead in Landcruiser, Black Velvet... "Hey Dave! How's track?....Your computer ALMOST works." This ex-marine, ex-SWO, HUGE navy seal will kick @#$! in Coronado on the best Coast. "They call him the X... he's a gamer!" ROCK

Gregory James Hall
Cary, North Carolina
Aerospace Engineering
Special Warfare

Greg arrived at Fun 1, via 36, hell bent on abusing his body. We watched, stupefied, while he developed one of the best physical conditions here, fueled only by corn chips, chocolate, pizza, Pepsi, and the desire to row. Success has never been a stranger to Greg. If he does it, he does it to the extreme and he does it well, just ask him. 2/c year, he proved the administration quite correct in their assumption that mids and motorcycles are incompatible (results later confirmed in Aero Lab). Greg took love where he could find it, in the Hall or elsewhere. The final semester kept him on the road back home to North Carolina to see that someone special. Its okay Greg, love and Daoism don't go together anyway. Service Selection - SEALS - what a big surprise. Hit BUDS running and don't look back, Greg, we'll catch up on the stories at the Rams Head later. Thanks and Good Luck! BB BS.

William Slater Hall
Baldwin, Maryland
Oceanography
Navy Air

DANGER KEEP OFF

Bill Hall, the one who jumped into head hunters folklore forever, comes to us from Baldwin, MD. His plebe year roommates, Mac & Pops, thought he had died one morning until they realized that he sleeps with eyes open and arms crossed. Youngster year, Bill continued his cradle robbing days, and changed majors because he refused to speak Spanish. Second class year, Bill upgraded the age of his girlfriends. Taking advantage of one of the many loopholes at the Academy earned him four WEEKS of summer leave in exchange for five DAYS of restriction in the fall. BZ! Bill was known to the boys of Fun 01 as a guy who changed girlfriends and service selection as often as he changed underwear. He's a man who's dancing would put John Travolta to shame. To Bill-...diapers. From the 'Dant, with love. Good luck in P-cola with Suzie. (The Navy has already placed a special helmet on order.) DM BQ.

Edwin Manning Henderson
Marvell, Arkansas
Political Science
Naval Flight Officer

Don't call him dude! Call him Edwin, Ed, Eddie, Fastedi, or a host of other terms of endearment. Everyone loves this Arkansas native. But you would never know that he's from Arkansas unless you listen real carefully. Edwin picked the major of poli-sci because he didn't want to sweat. Too bad it didn't work. But this sweating made him a perfect candidate for Vice-President of the Glee Club, even if he never carried risers. Dr. Talley didn't think he was good enough to make the group plebe year, but by second class year he became a Skiv, but not a transphibian. Edwin had a girl everywhere we went on M.O. But as much as he was hounded by women, Edwin always disappointed them by remaining faithful to his fiancee - Sheri. Of course he got juked once in Florida - but she was only 6. And then Las Vegas when Dave McCord slummed both of us. Maybe someday we'll recover all we lost. You are my best friend, Edwin, and I will remain so as long as you don't send me chocolates. It added a new dimension to your relationship. I pray that the three of us will be friends the rest of our lives. CAM

Charles Anthony Kimberlin
Tullahoma, Tennessee
Aerospace Engineering
Naval Flight Officer

KIMBY came to Navy from the back hills of Tennessee with the need for a piece of the action. Already knowing how to fly, Kimby revealed during our Closed Door Sessions that he had not yet taken the $5.00 soaring training course. And we talked about this, developing Kimby's Corollary: "Man is here for only one thing, a piece of slice, and nothing else matters." While no one seemed to understand his simple desires, we stuck together through two roomies and three years: guitars, keyboards, compact disks, radio time, a 300ZX, Darkside stories and rumors ("Of course it's true, I heard it from ..."). Despite being unsat, the SLOTH preferred his cave and blue monster, and the old adage--well rested, well tested. Aero wasn't too bad to Kimby--first it beat him below a C-level a few tones, then it took his eyes. The two combined almost drove him to sea, but a stroke of luck booted him back into the aviation community as an NFO. Overall, KIMBY-GHOM ranks #1 of 33 in a highly competative company. CDF

Cary James Krause
Quakertown, Pennsylvania
Mathematics
Surface Warfare

This laid back country bum charged to USNA with a tin of dip in one hand and a football helmet in the other. Cary was a natural leader due to NAPS. After a party freshmen year with Al Lewis and Jim Glynn, the mailman was hand delivered to Fun One where he anchored the Rock and Roll room(tree-zero-fife-fife) and NEVER went out with Denise. Cary was the smoothest talker as he and Big-Neck formed an unstoppable duo that toured G'town(What was her name?), UVA(Where's your shoe?), and Jersey City(Roll up the window...it's cold!). When he wasn't punishing wide receivers, defending his center shaft ping pong title from Grats(who hangs over the net), or punching stone bridges, he was either sleeping, selling CD's, watching t.v. or stuck in the sleeper. "Youngsters aren't allowed in the wardroom!" Cary was a master of learning 6 weeks of math in one night and teaching it to others. A gamer, he taught me three PCR's, dapped me in the back of the neck a couple of times, and carried me through my hell year. Nillaphobia!! I'll wrestle you for 20 bones. Twenty-one Bun Salute! Good luck Babe. The ROCK

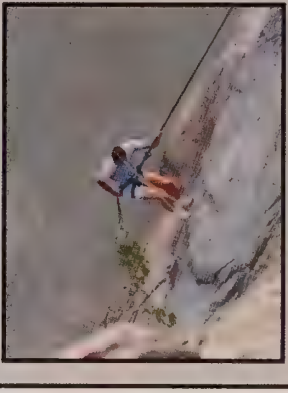
Kevin Michael Lynne
Redlands, California
Political Science
Navy Air

"You grew up where?" Indonesia? How'd you do that?" Yes, Sentani, Irian Jaya, Indonesia to be precise, and high school in the Philippines to boot. Kevin came to USNA to fly, always wanted to, always will. Unforgettably there was Cooker at OCF on the night of turnover, "... you guys got any gouge on food?", capturing and exiling the mice to the parking lot, "Do you guys break your sheets at night?", and the occasional bayonet-brandishing chase to liven up study hour. Bounced to Fun One, he took up sailing with the boys every weekend and lettered in it. Meanwhile there was a little Datsun F-10, "you're not nice boys!", lost keys at Round Top and paying for iniquities, dances, weekends (sometimes), "Kevin, Paul, have a beer", 2/c Summer cruise, Bozo, fish treats, Bermuda - "how'd she look?", too many White Russians. He did all this and leaves here a Poli-Sci major and Naval Aviator coming up next. Pensacola-bound, he'll finally get to fly. PWC

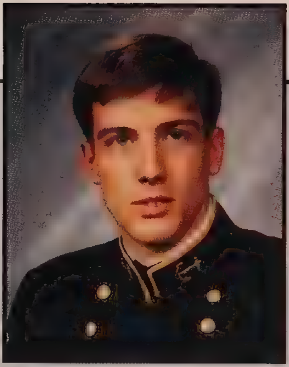
Brian Patrick McGoldrick
Valparaiso, Florida
General Engineering
U.S. Air Force

Brian's athletic prowess in his hometown of Valparaiso, Fla. earned him various football scholarships from such renowned schools as Notre Dame, Alabama, and U. of Fla., to mention a few. Yet Brian's love for keeping his room clean, and his father's 30 dedicated years to the Air Force, made Navy his top choice. When the "Big Man" arrived here, he believed that as long as one worked hard anything was possible, therefore he chose Systems Engineering as a major. Oops! As "Pigpen" strived on the football field, earning his letter sweater freshman year and being touted as one of Navy's best lineman ever, he slept through most of his first 2 years. This dubious trait earned Bri, not one, but two meetings with the 'Dant. Bri made drastic changes in his second class year; "He became a regular midshipman!" General Engineering, combined with his new love, Company Fieldball, provided Bri with more of a chance to destroy the room. This new life provided everyone with some memorable weekends. Bri, thanks for everything, and I hope to see you in the sky. GO AIR FORCE! JCS

Christopher Gerard Mokris
Greensboro, North Carolina
History
U. S. Marine Corps



Chris came to the "Navy" Academy by way of New Jersey. He liked alot of people and well, let's just say his friends liked him. In dealing with others, Moke was never known for great speeches or flowery words; he got right to the point! He may have offended some, but he didn't care. What he said, had to be said. Over the wall, Moke had some awesome times: eating fine cuisine (goldfish by the dozen), playing pool with his jeep on I-95 (hang on! 20 days with the "Breakfast Club" in Smoke Hall, bare feet and rainy nights, "Rattle and Hum" with new found friends, late night races back to Mother B. and pizza and beer with Bach! More importantly, he came out four years later with a close group of friends that he would have for the rest of his life. Have a most excellent adventure in the Corp!!!



James David Myers
Cherry Hill, New Jersey
Electrical Engineering
Nuclear Power - Submarines

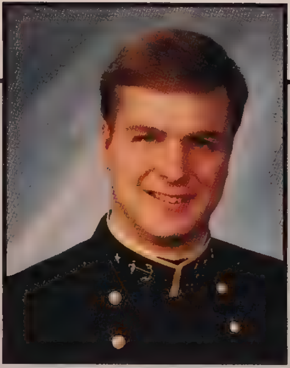
It was a long and hard four years, but J.D. established from the beginnng that he would make the best of whatever he faced. J.D., or "Dog" as he was also known, discovered quickly what academy life was about as a plebe in 25th. Although rarely getting caught rocking the boat, he survived that year to go on to bigger and better things. As a youngster in Fun One, he found the rack and carry-out chinese food to be one of his beloved items. Throughout the year he also proved that a EE major could still have fun in life. The tradition continued into 2/c and 1/c year by the phrase spoken to him so many times, "J.D., get up, it's the five minute." But what J.D. will be remembered for most from the Academy was his dedication to helping others and for his notable contribution to the Log. For J.D., the "Dog", was the one and only Salty Sam '89. Take care and good luck to both you and your fiancee - BDF

William Stuart Padgett
Richardson, Texas
Chemistry
Medical Corps

Stewie, Stewie, Oh, oh we gotta go. Admit it Padge, you love this place. It's guys like Mort you hate. After a stressful ploobe year in Stalag Seventeen, and summer sailing with Slater and the hungry Lt., Billy found his way to the Fun Company and the leisurely life of a youngster. Bill spent the year rebuilding his CQPR, sleeping ALOT and discovering the various places where the Dirty Rottens hid. Tactful, truthful girls from Pa. Youngster year's first road trip: Smooooth! "The trash can was right there, why my leg?" After Navy/N.D. '86, Bill could only relate to girls who ended every sentence with "Hon." 2/c and 1/c years were very Rosey for Bill. An 'A' in EE, a 4.0 semester, a quieter, more sincere thumper, a flowering romance and new wheels, all made these years happy for Bill. Bill is one of the very few USNA grads to go right on to med school. Bill's easy going nature, his extreme intelligence and industry, along with his general concern will make Bill an outstanding doctor. You've been a great friend and loyal classmate. Good Luck! Biff

Scott William Pappano
Bethlehem, Pennsylvania
Marine Engineering
Nuclear Power - Submarines

Hailing from the steel capital of America, Scooter showed up on I-day an innocent lad with rosy cheeks and wondering eyes. Having found a new home, he quickly demonstrated his potential by rising to #1 in the class and earning a seat in the #1 plebe crew shell. What woman could possibly help but notice this shining star of American youth, with his rugged jaw line, hardened body. How could they, or he for that matter, control their runaway impulses? This wild Italian bronco was easily broken late in his youngster year despite the efforts of his more odious drinking buddies. Just as forewarned, the domesticated Piezan lost his 4.0 and fell to a reproachful 3.98. Laying down his oar senior year, he was forced to draw his sword and assume command of the First Battalion. After a year at MIT, the Silent Service will undoubtedly have a reborn stallion within their ranks. For having always been there for us, we'll always be there for you. The times we shared can only be bettered by the times we will share. Best of luck and thanks. RUSS & THE GUNNY



Harry John Pelto
Poughkeepsie, New York
Mathematics
Nuclear Power - Submarines

Harry planned everything. Without his notepad and little yellow notes, he'd never graduate. Appointed from Poughkeepsie, New York, he joined the Brigade with plans of rowing crew and hopes of going Nuke Power. Little did he know what rowing four years for Navy would entail...practice still goes! Plebe year was spent in Dirty Thirty on 4-2 under seige from the dynamic duo, Lay and DeWalt. The following year, he joined the Fun Company. 2/c year would not have been complete without Drink One-Wear One, the Midori Massacre, and the Blitzkrieg Bash. Who can forget firstie cruise in Scotland: Band Night on Thursdays at the Clansman, playing darts at the pub, the old sweater-lady, Pernot with Black Currant, and Tennant's Lager. Patrol highlights included spades, "Chuckster From Hell" and "I want this cribbage board polished", the Weps "spin, spin, spin", EBA face marks, Kreuger in the torpedo room, and the "Wings of Gold". With graduation upon him, this math major has had enough. Got nuke, got subs, got a ticket out. With USNA behind him, the Silent Service awaits. KML GBM

Benjamin DeLeon Quinto
San Diego, California
Mechanical Engineering
Nuclear Power - Submarines

Gentle Ben came to USNA from San Diego, CA. Since Ben was a Navy brat, he had little trouble adjusting to Academy life. However his social prowess was in question. He soon became known as "Two-beer" Quinto and had a nasty habit of sleeping at Georgetown bars and Dahlgren hall bathrooms (His only conduct offense!). Bach was there in the early days to wake him up. Get up Ben! His approach to women, using the French method of course, led him to various weekend road trips to Rutgers. "Go after the redhead!" Ben was easily influenced at times--"Buy a Turbo Van!!...alright, maybe a yellow Prelude!" Ben did make one decision on his own--Subs.--"Why not surface nuc.?" Our association with him brought out the true animal "Incredible Hulk" in him. It might have also been all those Police albums?@?! Anyway his academic excellence will surely carry him through nuc power. He will always be a great (but sometimes quiet) friend. P.S. Don't break too many light bulbs! CAK CDF

Thomas Christopher Reale
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania
Computer Science
Surface Warfare

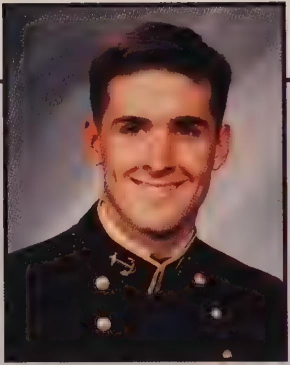
Tom "The Mooch" Reale came from Filthydelphia in the summer of 1985 with one goal in mind: to become a naval officer. During plebe year, Tom decided he wanted to be a computer science data dink. This was a very appropriate choice for Tom, because he has shown his love for computer games. Congratulations are extended to Tom for spending more than half of his time at the Boat School unconscious. The bulk of the remainder he has spent in the wardroom, thus deserving the moniker "Spuds" for his outstanding impersonation of a couch potato. Never to be forgotten: comic books, Sentinel Worlds, Bard's Tale, SSN-688, the rattletrap almost-car, a voracious appetite for fiction, the applied struggle, father figure, vanishing pictures, ruined blotters, foot odor, life in a laundry bag, and chocoholic cravings. But all in all, the only thing that truly may be said is "Tom ...". He has been a loyal, ever-suffering roommate. Thanks for putting up with us for three years together by the bay; you have been a true friend. JHD RED

William Michael Redman
Bremerton, Washington
Systems Engineering
U. S. Marine Corps

A Navy brat gone genetically wild, Bill (I'm a lampshade) Redman came to USNA after having spent his misguided youth in the untamed northwest territories. After never really achieving the peace of mind he so desperately sought in the field of systems engineering, his wayward conscience led him to a host of other adventures, including 4 years of bending oars on the crew team. While conducting extensive field research into the interaction of smoke-filled watering holes. The Gunny broke hearts of girls the world over, including such places as his hometown, the PI, Snipe's Castle, Sicily, Pensacola, and darkened corners of every ribald crew gathering. Service Selection left Bill with a shaved head, scarred psyche, and a bright future in the USMC (despite the aspirations of the Captain). Always a good friend, good roommate, and polite (if not voracious) dinner guest, Gunny's casual outlook made the Academy a little easier for everyone to endure. PAPPY

Clifford Chet Salonga
Martinez, California
Economics
Navy Air

This Golden Boy came to the Naval Academy with the typical Northern California attitude and without a worry in the world. Freshman year was painless as he, Garsk and Tranqs cruised through Skate Eight. His next stop was Fun One where he lived in the Rock & Roll room with Snooze, Jake, and the Mailman. The Rock always scored big with minimal effort.(13-14 Wolfy) "Commitment Makes the Difference--along with a 17 inch neck and 8 percent bodyfat." Both of his cruises were out of Cali-on Sunset Blvd. This King of Hearts lived up to Raider legend by intimidating his way to whatever he desired. However, his "bad boy" attitude finally caught up with him & cost him 89 days of 1st class restriction. His Porsche, wallet and wardrobe useless, the Rock made one final comeback. Three years of heaven and one year of hell. His 1st Rock award goes to Nic 91 and his luck to Colleen & Chris T. Deuteronony 32:4 "He is the Rock, his work is perfect." X CJK

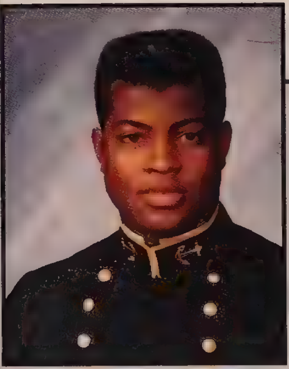


Robert Brent Samuels
Southern Pines, North Carolina
Political Science
Nuclear Power - Submarines

Brent Samuels - What should one say about one of the most intelligent midshipmen in Annapolis? No. No. We shouldn't say that. They might censor us. Brent came to the Academy from Southern Pines, North Carolina bent on improving the Navy to meet his high standards of excellence, as indicated by his plebe summer opinions: "You're wrong, Sir!" He proceeded to breeze his way through academics and athletics breaking curves and teeth. The ultimate romantic, his favorite scenic spots included the middle of Hospital Point, the Jersey Turnpike, the roof of Dahlgren Hall, and the head in the Michelson basement. As a "Bull" major, he excelled in the use of the English language: "Heads, I win - Tails, you lose." Being a Poli Sci major and Bulldog graduate, he naturally chose Nuc at service selection. We know he'll make the best sub driver in the fleet. Good luck! GJH BAB

Jeffrey Charles Scott
Rydal, Pennsylvania
Political Science
Navy Air

Jeff came to the Naval Academy as a "Poor boy" from Philadelphia. I don't know which benefitted more. I'm sure Philly needed a rest. He went to NAPS and earned his alias name "Rocket" for doing everything at high speed (Except writing papers, of course!). Despite the unique ability to make his presence felt (i.e., to his lacrosse coach, company officer, or anyone else that might get in his way), Jake has done well at the Academy. Whether it was making cameo appearances on the varsity lax field, hitting homers for company softball, or keeping himself off Worden field, Jake (Another earned nickname - as in the "Snake") has always excelled. He is, with out a doubt, a Flyers fan and a gamer all the way. His phone bill and the ability to find people that could type never stopped amazing me! He finally decided to fly Navy Air, so that everyone else could rest easy! On the more serious side, Jeff takes after his father so I'm sure he'll rule the world some day. It's been fun. BPM

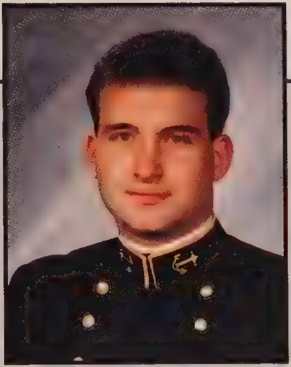


William Ellis Simmons
Pinebluff, North Carolina
General Science
U. S. Marine Corps

Bill typifies the story of the down-home southern man who is thrust into the limelight. After a quick power injection at BOOST, Bill was ready to begin his climb toward success. Moms and Pops must be proud of the examples that this motivated Marine has set for Simmons II. Ahh the nights in the graveyard with the spiritual healers. He treasured those quiet times, curled up with his physics book; or did he? Second class summer brought forth a new Bill, whose interests included golfing attire, studies on the uses of alcohol, and wild rides with the S-15 posse. Bill found that rain doesn't always come from clouds and that riding with Kamikazes isn't really safe. Bill was confused. Just how many times could he say goodbye to Muffy and Slick? "Cal, I love you man...what time is it anyway?...come here Muffy, no Slick, no Slick's cousin." Bill matured immensely for first class year. "I have to stay out of Dodge City shootouts, alcohol is a cleanser, and Notre Dame is free." Oh Corky. Even with a limp, the Wolves will ride on. CFS MRB RA DAF DCA LARB

Calvin Forsythe Smith
Richmond, Virginia
General Engineering
Surface Warfare

Cal stepped hard and strong to the Academy from Richmond with hopes of becoming a EME. Boy, how things change, right Cal. Peanut, just how did you go from being unsat with three Fs to being sat with a 2.05 first class year? Cal, not only where your academics exciting, but how about your social life. A renown lover. Remember Richmond's own Air Jordan and the Academy's own Patti Labelle. But with joy comes pain, lots and lots of Pain. 2/c Smith - Call Pain ASAP. Cal, when you weren't caressing women, you were rubbing the bottle...were you looking for a genie perhaps? Ahh, those many nights we guarded the graveyard armed with only a "Bull" to fight evil, the S-15 posse. However, your best preformance came when you decided to enter your mattress into the color-me-beautiful contest Ring Dance night. We all discovered that Army's '87 tough "D" line was not at Philly but at the Thrift Inn with the Sea Bees! Cefus, continue to pump up "the system" in the turbo Red Baron and don't mess up with Les this time. Even with a limp, the wolves will ride on. WES DAF DCA MRB RA LARB



Stephen Terrell Stone
Glendora, California
General Engineering
Navy Air

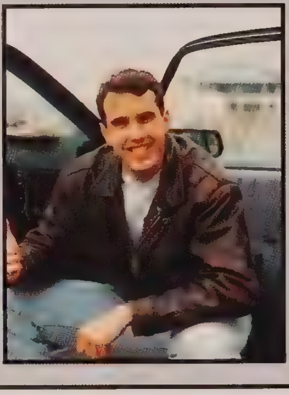
When Steve first came to the Naval Academy, everything looked "real old" and everyone "much smaller" than he was, but now he's just a punk like the rest of us on One Bravo. Steve is from California, or is he from Richmond, it's hard to tell these days. Steve prefered the five year plan. As a preppie, he spent a year on the beach honing his skills for Navy. He was known as the HobGoblin then, but this title did not fit into Navy's plans for Steve. Some of his most classic moments include: polar bearing with Skating Eight, boiling water ballons, Bermuda babes, Ocean Engineering-(but not for long), water skiing with Beeks, surfing over Thanksgiving, Kansas with Snooze, getting teased by the Mid-Hunter, flipping the coin, Axe-Boards, Spring Break with Roberta, and his night with the seals and Bergie in Baltimore. Well it's getting late, so to sum it all up, Stoner was a good friend who did what was right. He didn't buckle into peer pressure like some would have wanted. So Steve, have an excellent Adventure Flying for Navy. (2 of 3)

Christopher P. Thomas
Potomac, Maryland
History
Surface Warfare

Cookie Puss was destined for the Academy the day he was born. Probably before that! A legacy of ring-knockers. Arrived at the Academy in Sweet Sixteen after years of training under the bros. He had the gouge and never lost it. Plebe year was a game, and he played it to the beat. Youngster year brought him to Fun One. That was the year of the shoe-drop. Born agains! Amy gave us all a laugh. Who was that Admiral you were always with at NAFAC? You had a scream at the Annex. Dazed by what you saw in Conneticut. Took Boom Boom to Richmond, only to have Charlie take advantage of your hospitality. Never sure where the DRW's came from. Both got diamonds, but only Ed still has his. Hates ALL mids!?! Musical parking places was fun until someone turned off the music. Always plead innocent. Pulled a Steve Martin act senior year. Still haven't figured that one out. Well you did it all in style and now we're through. I owe you for the Notre Dame game!! You have been a good friend, so why didn't you stop me from signing my life away? Best of luck out there! WSP

2nd COMPANY

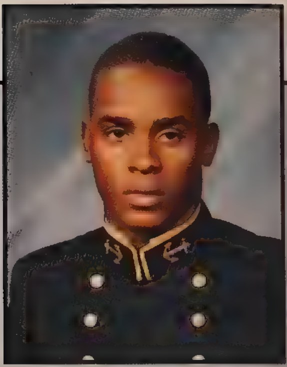
Robert Webber
Newburg, New York
Marine Engineering
Nuclear Power - Submarines



From a small town in New York came this pale-rider into our lives. After a stretch on the Snook our "old man nuke" arrived at the Newport Zoo and we lived. Lunacy with Steady, Whitey, Erin, and Lonnie Van Deusen. A crazy first two years at USNA were filled with plenty of laughs, a few tears, and more than enough restriction. To our good fortune, a mid-career transfer brought Rob to Fun One where the Wolves howled and the plebes shook, for a while. There was and always will be life where Rob is. Tape ball soccer versus diseased 0-3s, shooting baskets with shot glasses at Salas', sailing,Vue trips, Gold and Red Blue turtles, and toughening that glass heart(HCD) were pastimes. His crowning conquest was a yearlong three striper training billet. Mom and Dad your boy has done well. Thanks always for your valuable advice and friendship. Remember to be excellent to yourself. "The veneer has been stripped away", we are exiting the womb, let the cord be cut and be free. Love, live, "If I could, you know I would, let it go." JGW

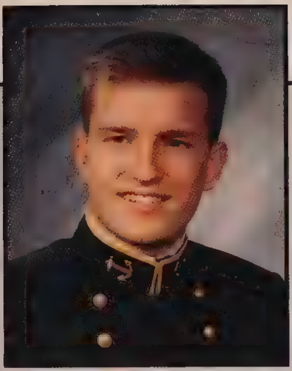
John Gregory Wolf
Old Tappan, New Jersey
English
Surface Warfare

John came to USNA via NAPS on the blade of a three-iron from North Jersey. After surviving the likes of Shippy and Brown during Indoc, Wolfy's worst enemy was articles adrift, dusty horizontal surfaces, and EMI. John became the heart of the Zoo and we all felt its pulse through his energy and humor. The quick pace of 36 plebe year (abreviated chow calls and little chopping) evolved into a chance to catch up on sleep in Fun One youngster year. As a result of the intense pressure, John experienced a majors change and was on a first name basis with the Academic Review board. Second class year came and never seemed to want to go. "Those were nervous times". John hated jumping through the hoops here but even when he missed the hoop complEEtely, he always had time to give to others. He helped organize Special Olympics, dressed as Bill the Goat , and filled in as play-by-play anouncer for Navy Hockey. John, never forget road trips with Big Red, Salas', 1-0 benefit concerts and time spent together with friends. "Bless you prison for having been in my life". Thanks Donny. RW MJG



Randy Eugene Alexander
Monticello, Georgia
Economics
Surface Warfare

Randy came to us from the backwoods of Joe-ga State U. During his plebe year, while playing 150#, he acquired the name "Salamander" from something known as "Sparky." Hey Randy, what do plebes do in graveyards after dark? What about that Plebe Army-Navy game--"It's been 6 months since. . . ." While there he spent 6 months in a sling and abused Mr. Budda. Other notable accomplishments include: the graveyard as a youngster...3/c swimming test...lifesaving w/Robb 2/c summer...What does NADSAP stand for anyway?...2/c swimming test..."hold this pro-book between your elbows Mr. Elton!!"..."What do you mean you don't like us Mr. Andy?"..."Rated RX" -- Dee or Randy?...Blowing by "THE FELLAS" after ring dance...Plebe Summer '88..."If you don't answer the next one right I'll make you stand on your head!"...From MIR to Co. Subcommander...Olympic finalist in freestyle swimming...C.S. & B.S. Randy, rooming together the last two years has been great!



Mark Steven Andersen
Newell, South Dakota
Aerospace Engineer
Naval Flight Officer

Mark came to USNA from a small rural area in South Dakota, the son of a salty navy dog. He decided to dig himself in deep by choosing aerospace engineering as his major, and later stepped up to astro-track. Seemingly studious and self contained on the outside, Mark was really quite personable and devilish deep down. From toe-tagging Guandi to wrestling with Sammy, Mark was always up to a little personal combat. He lightened up quite a bit when the restriction of the world of academia were not cramping his style. A member of the Drum and Bugle Corps, Mark took great pride in everything he did, which would explain his uniquely bizarre reactions to threats upon his F-14, A-6, and all other assorted items. The man about town in his patch ladden jacket, he barely squeaked by SWO and obtained his dream of an NFO billet. Dreaming of setting up his own O-course on Mars, Mark will do well in life and we wish him all the luck. JDG

Michael Renard Barber
Gary, Indiana
Mathematics
Surface Warfare

Since committing to the Navy on 2 for 7 Mike has accomplished many things. Such as, The Big Bad Wolf w/ the "Legs" that got away, "Cal reach in there and get the rega - the reg - the piece of paper, the broken see-saw, "Cal why didn't you jump! Fort Meade - 1 table and Nel Carter. April comes in November. Thrift Inn and the nose funnel, the day of the CB's. "What the... Oh that's just CAL." The "Lord of the Rings" Great Depression I. Ghost Rider lives! "Lord of the Rings" dethroned. Ghost Rider on auto pilot. Wardroom posse chairman. "What do you mean 1/c can't park here?" P.E. yea boy! "Hey Mike, I gotta use the bathroom!" "Oh God I'm thirsty!" 11-0 and no chance at a title. Clumsy short people? Great Depression II. Hampton for the CAA'S - the Super Cotton Club and a HUGE rat! CS BS & RA

William John Becker
Kimbal, Minnesota
Marine Engineer
Nuclear Power - Submarines

Billy Becker, Boris Becker, Beeks, Shneeks, and just plain geek are a few of the many nicknames that call our always intense, hard chargin' friend. Beeks' four years were long and rough but started off in the right direction with his roomie Pascl'd. Youngster year earned him his geek award as he excelled academically, but alas it was also to be the year that our Beeker had his heart crushed. That is, until Hood came to the rescue. Since then he has been one whupped pup. Some of his finer points include racking like a dog, being profoundly lazy, his ability to grow beer muscles (which he luckily never tried to use), and his ability to drive like Al Unser Jr. without ever putting a scratch in his car... well, maybe just a few. Most of all, however, Schneeks is noted for his never-failing common sense which always shines like the beconning Polaris for all to follow. Yet through it all Bill has been a true friend to us, and we will always hold him dear to our hearts. May the Tease live on forever! Cons and Peltz

Anthony James Bigbee
Jacksonville, Florida
Computer Science
Navy Air

Tony Bigbee, alias "Bigbird, Roach Brown, Grasshopper", came to the Academy as one of those small guys who was always getting picked on, especially by his roommates, but after three years of intensive training, workouts, and numerous cans of weight gain, he was still short of "11" (Spinal Tap!). Lucky for him, he was a fighter in the Karate Club, and once moving up through the ranks, he became the terror of the company; to everyone that is, except the plebes. After an intense plebe summer (with much birthday cake), he ignored the plebe system. Beyond his love of sports, "Master" Bigbee's life dream is to be an astronaut; we are sure he can accomplish this, because he has to be good at something. He will certainly never make it in a band playing his Fender Strat or synthesizer. Vive RUSH. Remember Tony, "You deserve it." GRR TBP + GJW

Kelly Ann Brown
Prior Lake, Minnesota
Physical Science
Navy Air

KAB and KAN - destined to live together from the very start - those poor others who had to live with us (she's still making it here?) I guess our scamming started early: (Well actually, she read it to us, Sir.) How about those memorable firsties: What's in your hands ladies? (M&M's Sir.); what is for lunch, anyway - chickwich, it's gonna be a good day. And of course, we'll never forget those late nights with the WIZZER. (How else could we have learned to climb down the 5th wing wall?) Remember the Herndon party and the hot tub. Hey, you never told me about the hot tub. Were you good at it? Al-righty. Well, Kel, I have to lay it to you straight - cinderella libs do not start plebe year. And there's no such thing as 1-striper libs. (Nor 1- or 2- anchor libs) I guess coming from Minnesota your brain froze for a while - nothing in and nothing out. And don't call me Shirley. Yes, the sleep-snorting does bother me. There must be a pig in here. Buenos doritos. KAN Fly BMW. VLG

Brian Vincent Caldwell
Towson, Maryland
Economics
Navy Air

NAPS "Midshipman Candidate Caldwell sir, I was wondering.." Bball w/Rich,Springsteen w/Chuck, Jose(I miss you) Cliff Walks,my Delta 98, May 2.0076 GPA. summ/Val. USNA Hardcore 24/P-summ/chance to meet women in uniform/LN, Wendy, Carol,Dawn etc[life begins/bilge your "classmates" laser sailing]What firsties (Mark) parties, Bullets, Orioles, bars, dates [Oct.like/ Nov.hooked/ building/ may ask out "I'll get back to you"] 3/c cruise,Europe, Asia Australia, MACing, 1st sem 1-3 toothbrush parties w/Ric, Bernie,Ilya, Scubby. Robb, Greg, Bball out Vball in.[Sep again "yes" Nov "no"] 1.2 SQPR oh #!': Thanks God/Lerch [best friends] 2/c summer best ever Carol, Scott, Tom[yp's/talk it out/P-cola awesome/ Bday directions] 2/c year blah. friends increase lots of BSing, Sara, Xmas in Europe [Eiffel Tower/27Sarnen/no harm done] 1/c, Never meant to hurt, silence] Xmas/Europe/ Rich? Val Matt/Annap. [I still dream, start over? Goodluck love always "B"]Thanks Mom Dad Dan "Bird"&"B"

James Reilly Clautice
Silverdale, Washington
Aerospace Engineer
Navy Air

Jim came to the Naval Academy from all over the United States. Son of a navy man and Academy graduate, Jim calls Washington state, Florida, and Virginia home. As a plebe, Jim was known for his recon antics, most notably the "Flag Pole Hoist". Early along into plebe summer, Jim was elected as an honor representative for Hotel company, and became the fourth class honor chairman during the academic year. He held this position third class year as well, and served as the Brigade Honor Chairman his first class year. Second class year found Jim playing Zoomie for a semester out in Colorado, earning his soaring wings and leaving him more easy going than ever. Don't get him wrong, Jim was not always so professional. And of course, he was always dubbed "cute" by all the females. A wrestler by trade, Jim enjoyed fieldball and a good game of softball - please, no basketball. A good friend to all who knew him, and a well respected midshipman, Jim is going to be a great addition to the aviation community - it'll never be the same again! JDG

Daniel Roland Consie
Beloit, Wisconsin
General Engineering
Navy Air

When I first met Dan, I thought he was an arrogant, self-centered sob. Now, 3 years later, I am convinced I was right. Despite this, Klonz has proven to be a true friend of the finest degree, unless of course there are women involved. Nothing comes between Dan and his woman, except the next woman to cross his path. If he had spend as much time pursuing academics as he did the fairer sex, he would have been a Trident scholar. Luckily, Dan didn't come here to be a jock or a geek. He came here to become an officer and to have a lot of fun, make friends, and learn a lot about life and a little about engineering along the way. Whatever people will say about us, they will never accuse us of being typical or playing by the rules. What really matters is that we always stuck together and in the end the "Tease" will live forever. Beeks

Scott Edwin Cook
Kirksville, Missouri
Oceanography
Naval Flight Officer

Our little Scooter came to us from that famous metropolis, Kirksville. Scott got on the c.o.'s good side early with his neat hairdo. He was a tubby little fella as a youngster, and this and the hair must have been what was responsible for his desire to visit the St. John's campus so often that year. He asked a nice girl to the Valentines day dance that year, though. As a segundo (like that?), Scott found that a certain Russian elixir, mixed with mid candy and an angry street sign, can make for lots of fun in distant Caribbean climes. Scott always took the cheapest mode of transportation to and from his weekend ventures. He took a nice girl to the Ring Dance, though. As a senior, Scott gained notice at our dining in, and then came the transformation. Suddenly, he was a pennypinching tightwad, for all his money was going to that nice girl. Everyone has seen his little shrine to this nice girl. Scott finally decided to make this nice girl his wife. Good luck riding. We're looking forward to seeing some little Scooters soon. AJN DBR

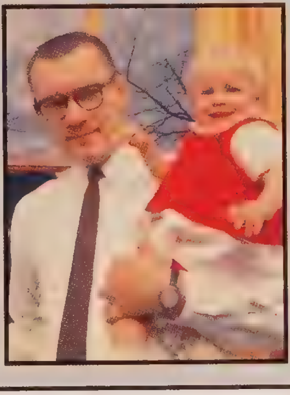
Patrick Mason Dunn
Lexington,Kentucky
Mathematics
Surface Warfare

P. Always the coach, but never the player, came to Annapolis from the basketball mecca of the south, Lexington, Kentucky. Who would have thought that the little white guy with no rhythm (don't tell him, shake it like a white girl!) would have such a J. And the oversized shorts. Where did you get those? Are they mine? By the way, what happened to all those socks? The nicest guy anybody could ever meet, P.'s advice was invaluable to us all. His friendship is what got me through those long seasons, without him I would have never made it. His only fault was that he was too nice to us all. How about that trip to New York with Newps, ever get the money? By the way, have you been dancing at Franny O's lately? P. get up and turn off the sink, that dripping sound is driving me crazy! Bo

Noreen Lynn Gibson
Sharpsville, Pennsylvania
Oceanography
Oceanography

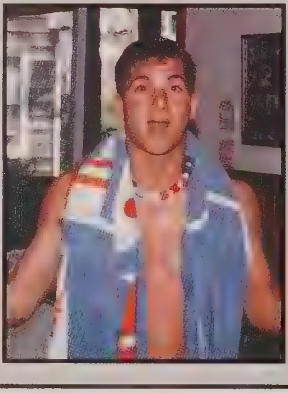
Noreen Gypsum. GNO. Will you turn that '?#@!! alarm off!! Well, how did you break your arm the first time? Would you like some door-opening e.i.? (Was that the second or third time?) Excuse me miss, do you have any idea how fast you were going? 85 in a 55? Funny how the ticket was for 65 in a 55, how did you manage that one? Oh yes, youngster YP cruise! Sweet potato, sweet potato, sweet potato - sploosh! Halifax, gotta love those canadians. Will you get me a black russian? What's a brown cow? Where did you get that lei? No, wait! Flush. The Lt. is right outside (to part the red sea). XO, to the bridge, reveille, reveille. Breach of security? But all we wanted was a tan. And what about the love boat cruise? Isn't he a race car driver? Sorry, wrong A.J. Love those navy divers, nice flamingos! Going running, again? I would have never guessed. There's the light post, kick it in, and now for your favorite stop sign. So, now you're off to Hawaii. Tans, men and the Honolulu marathon - what more could you ask? Be good or be good at it! KAB VLG

Victoria Louise Gnibus
Pearl River, Louisianna
Mechanical Engineering
Naval Flight Officer

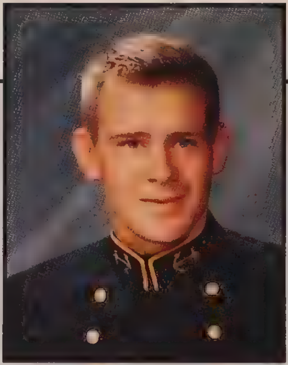


Vicky (aka sybil - "The brain is part of the body, it too can become ill")? What? Hello Larry...Hot tottie! A native of the mardi gras state, Vick came to USNA to learn about physical fitness and good nutrition. (I need to borrow your knife again) - snack for fitness and a sugar fix! So when does your chit run out to take the mile and a half? An hour before graduation? All-righty! First a swo, then a bull-dogger, then CEC and now an NFO - Whew! What do your really want out of life? I thought we had a two man room - could you please tell him I need to take a shower? You'll kart in whatever you do - you are the omniscient one - tell us how it's done. Maybe someday when you're driving in your trooper II with the bunnies you'll realize what a whack you are. Remember whenever you go to the movies, check the time, date and don't bring any black raspberry schnapps! What about '89? Be good or be good at it. Sheldon - Thanks easter bunny bok-bok! Kelty & GNO

John David Guandolo
Rockville, Maryland ·
General Engineering
U. S. Marine Corps



Mahaaaaatma Guandi was a man who sat on all sides of the table here at USNA. Coming to the Academy from Kiski Prep School, John was well known in the Big Toe's "Thundering Herd" for being the instigator of every recon raid from the amphibious landing at the stadium to the flag climb. Guandi was known for his sheer determination and standing behind what he believed in all the way to the end. John decided Naval Architecture was the major for him until the Acboard decided General Engineering was an even better major for him. After surviving Airborne School youngster summer, we would never see Guandi's hair again. The Marines had finally won John over. Bulldog fired John up to come back and be the Company Commander for our first class year. Calm, cool, and conservative would definitely describe John, wouldn't it? The girls were plentiful for Guandi as he would fall in love every time the wind would blow. John is a great leader of men and he will touch many lives in the Corps. Don't forget twenty years. Semper Fi, buddy! JRC

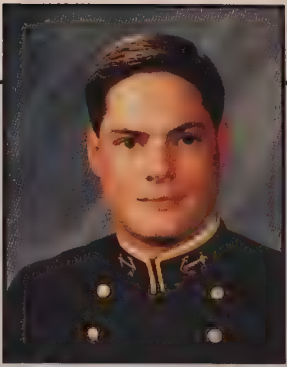


Johnathan Lee Hughes
Neche, North Dakota
Mathematics
Navy Air

Jon came to Canoe U. from the frozen wasteland of North Dakota on the slow train. After a stint with the Big Green Amphibious Machine, Jon put in a year at NAPS. Jon has certainly made his mark here at Navy's institute for higher learning. The administration is even dedicating a plaque to him in Smoke Hall. Ever industrious, Jon split his time between the rack and Smoke Hall for most of his career as a mid. If it were not for his ever helpful roommate Jon may never have seen the other side of the wall. Jon is a quick student though and, with a little assistance from yours truly, he was soon cutting a swath through the young ladies of Philadelphia. Jon managed to escape the ball and chain and the Marine Corps and he will no doubt soon be infamous along Florida's gulf coast. Best of luck to a great friend. See ya in Pensacola! CFM

Theresa Anne Lewis
Livermore, California
Political Science
General Unrestricted Line

From an unsat, misconduct-ridden plebe year in Rock Hard 33rd, she defied the odds by eventually becoming Swim Team Captain on the Commandant's List. Around Bancroft, she was always serious - but on the weekends, the true party-animal raged. She cut-loose on cruise by entering contests in Ft. Lauderdale and gambling hearts away in the Bahamas. Her luck with winning drinks at bars from older rich$$ men and speakers at the Madness Sale didn't compare to her 21st BIRTHDAY - when she won $500 from an instant Lotto card that was a present to her after a champagne boat-ride and evening at McGarvey's. She always shared her winnings with her roommates (hey will you ever take those speakers out of their box?) As she matured, her quest for a mate found her in Rockville with "Princeton" most weekends. Rockville was too small for this crazy lady and her attention turned towards Baltimore (PT Flags). Meeting her destined mate: Mr. ISKI, She hasn't been the same since. BEST WISHES, Mrs. Bowling... Love your roomies - SES and JLN



Christian F. McLaughlin
Syracuse, New York
English
Navy Air

Germaine's
LUAU

"I did all my homework on my back," is what he's saying now. It's true, I witnessed it for three years while I slaved away with my HP. Chris would read his English novels until he fell asleep, usually within five minutes. And the oddest hours for sleep! He's the only guy I know who could pull an all-nighter and still get 14 hours of sleep. I think he was recruited for Varsity Rack. The times were countless that I wandered into the room to hear the alarm blasting, radio blaring, and lights on, while he dozed away. He even fell asleep in the middle of his nap once. He's an ornery one to wake, too. Got mad at some poor gal in Steam class who was just waking him up to say class was over. Wake up, Christian, it's GRADUATION! Abuser

Anthony J. Newpower
Fargo, North Dakota
Computer Science
Nuclear Power - Surface

Jeanine Louise Noser
Huntington Beach, California
Political Science
Intelligence

Mark Elihu Petz
North Olmstead, Ohio
Systems Engineering
Surface Warfare

Timothy Brian Phillips
Washington, D.C.
Political Science
Special Warfare

32
Navy
SHER-WOOD

He was a nice guy - sometimes. Being the goalie for the hockey team, he stunk - all the time. Newps brought a little professionalism to our room second class year. He knew his pro topics better than the plebes. However, he is still trying to master saying more than one phrase. Newps made NL303 mess night very colorful for our room, not to mention very stinky. During first class year, Newps finally found his calling - HIM. However, he has yet to find his invisible car. Good luck in Orlando, don't geek too hard. SEC DBR

Jeanine "Eenie" Noser, the so-called "hungry woman," came to us from sunny Southern California (perm and all) and she never let us forget it. (Are you a valley mid, Miss Noser?" Good ole Greg, alias Damien, what a guy, huh?) Truly a combo: two Californians and a Michiganian plebe year. ("I swear I don't know how that sock got under the desk, Sir!") Room 4451 sure was a laugh a minute between your gooosh-da-poosh watermelons and Ruth's study habits. "Let's vote, who likes Miss Noser's lipstick?"...Thanks Jerry. Hmmm... Well, all good things must end, as did room 4451, but the boat school may never be the same again. Jeanine's social life kept her busy enough. Youngster and second class years were spent with a certain handsome "Annapolitan" from 5-1 and first class year, well..."Repeat after me, I will not get married June Week" Speaking of that, who was that masked 4-striper lady who submitted that hair reg proposal, anyway? Congrats on making it Eenie: top 100, VGEP at GU, and Intel. I will truly miss you and our rolo-choking events. I love you. MARNI

If Mark were a food he would have to be jello. Mark is the epitome of wishy-washy. No man or woman has ever convinced Mark to take a stand on anything. I am convinced he makes every decision big or small on the moment based on what he feels at that moment. Everything just bounces off him like rain off a duck's back, but under that rubbery exterior lies a real softy and a true friend. If Mark is anything he is honest, especially when you don't want him to be. But when he gets a wild hair and a little refreshed, look out! because nothing is safe. The jello gives way to big brass ones and just point him in the direction and he'll chase it like a donkey following a carrot. Of course the Peltz monster's bark is worse than his bite and innocence always was his best defense. The finest ship in the fleet is about to get one of the finest. Cons & Beeks

Tim was the kind of guy that made friends easily, just ask a few of his female classmates how friendly Tim was, I'm sure they'll agree. Nevertheless, Tim was a lonely person. It seems every time he would go to the 21st, he would meet the girl of his dreams, but he always seemed to lose their phone numbers. Unfortunately, after a bad experience with some "Koolaid", Tim's social life took a turn toward the conservative. Among other things, Tim was an outstanding performer, but all he ever seemed to do was pull on a stick, for which he received a varsity letter. Tim also received the elusive black "N" for his outstanding performances in the Hoban "Shuffle"and the Artzer "Obstacle Course" during 2/c summer. His most amazing accomplishment, however, was his ability to wake up at 0445 every morning and still manage to get more sleep than anyone else in the company. And finally, Tim was a lot of things, but he was a good friend.

Gregory Roy Romero
Pueblo, Colorado
Computer Science
Navy Air

Gregg, a native of Colorado, came to USNA on the five-year plan. After playing ball at NAPS, however, Gregg decided that Navy Air and good knees were preferrable to being a football star at Navy. Ever athletic, Gregg devoted four years of hard work to the Track team. When Gregg was not busy in the "Pit", he could be found bearing his ever-present academic burden. After youngster year he became tied up with his girlfriend and this has been a problem he has never been able to whip. Gregg will always be remembered for his love of: root beer floats, cookie dough, redheads, heavy metal, cowboy boots, his lone ranger mask, that tiger-striped thing, girls and girls, a certain two-wheeled vehicle affectionately known as a "rice burner", and bad "speling". Most of all, however,Gregg will be remembered for his dependability and friendship. Thanks for keeping Tim out of trouble. "T" and "Bird"

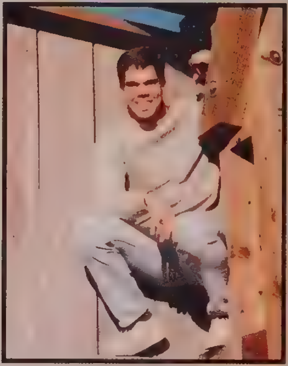
Dennis Bruce Roudebush
Independence, Missouri
Economics
Surface Warfare

Our little menace came to us from a legendary plebe year, and an even more legendary youngster cruise. During his first year, he showed his support for our Marine company officer with the "foz". This soon matured into a coiffure resembling a member of a barbershop quartet. Menace was always a quiet little critter until the infamous first class dining in. Dennis never really liked his clothes, then again neither did anyone else, but Dennis had a special way of showing his dislike. Just ask the gray jacket. Good luck in Europe. AJN SEC

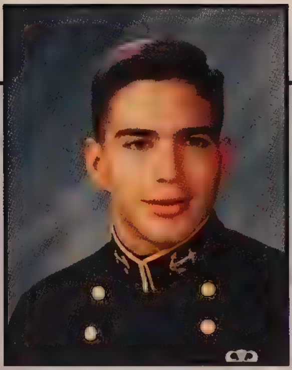
Stephanie E. Schollaert
Arlington, Virginia
Oceanography
Oceanography

Smiling her way through plebe year on 8-4, Steph cheered Navy basketball to the NCAA's with her bubbly and spirited personality. Youngster year found her in Form 2. 3/c memories: the cat costume (TD may have had great abs, but definitely no brain), 1-0 SES fan club, turtle impersonation, "diamonds are a girl's best friend", and showers with clothes on. 2/c memories: the "first" waterbed in Pensacola, making a grown man cry, trips to the library which led to rugby games and prairie fires, instructing aerobics, casual Ring Dance with the med student from CA. 1/c memories: the keg party, Glee Club's best tour...Puerto Rico, Ethiopian food, CanCun for spring break, the many "last" hurahh's. Steph has resisted the mid stereotype, as a lover of French Impressionism and a hater of "boyfood". "Bet you a kudos" she'll solve acid rain and never write to Proceedings again. We'll miss you! JLN TAL

Douglas Brian Thiry
Lancaster, Pennsylvania
Economics
Marine Air

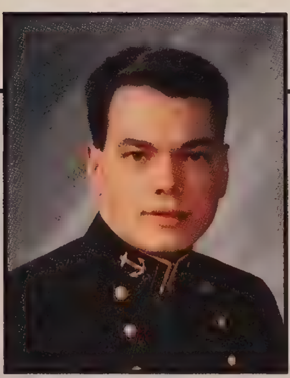


Doug waded ashore in second company like a true Marine. A can do, take charge attitude caused him to stand out, becoming 3/c company commander. Call him supermid or supe's mid, "Fresh" excelled in everything he did, from geeking to lifting, or just plain socializing. The Marine Corps has done well in their acquisition of Fresh--Chesty would be proud. Doug has always fascinated me because no matter who he roomed with, there were always two people unsat in the room. Did he sap their brains? Or did the room's atmosphere just promote good times? I'll never tell. A strange one, Fresh would do nocturnal crunches while gnashing his teeth - pretty disconcerting at 3 A.M. Fresh became known as Little Fresh Riding to Hood in the later years, or something to that effect. Sorry Fresh, it had to be done. He is sure to stand out in the Corps as one of the nation's finest. Good luck Fresh, and via con dios! SJW

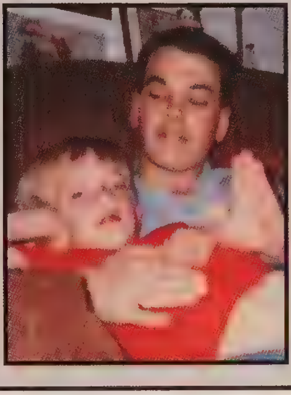


Marcelo Joseph Valdez
Spring, Texas
General Engineering
U.S. Marine Corps

Chico jumped the border and made his way up to USNA via Newport. After half a summer of being Bullet's problem child, he entered the "real" USNA. After surviving a year of J.O.'s pathetic diatribes, and a tremendous going away party with his roomies, he was more than happy to be scrambled, until he found out where he was going. A year of terror followed, in which Chico managed to combine stellar performance with outstanding grades. Many interesting excursions with Skincent and the Human Toe matured him somewhat, and prepared him for 2/c year. Chicster decided to attend the USMC summer camp for boys, in which he received his initial instruction in becoming a lethal, fearless, teufelhundt. Can you sense the danger? As a firstie, Chico decided that instead of having a car, he'd settle for an engineering project. (Is the 'stang running yet?). A sure bet to be married before TBS, Chico was always worth a laugh. Good luck on your way to becoming the first latino commandant. AJN



Steven Joseph Walker
Cattaraugus, New York
Political Science
Surface Warfare



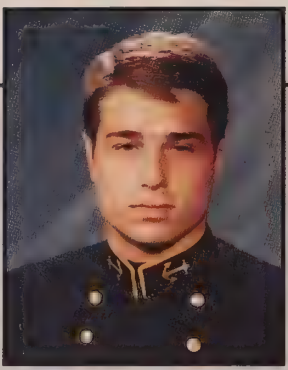
Steve washed ashore at USNA with a seabag in one hand and a coffee cup in the other. Steve (Ewok) knew from the begining he was destined to be a "SWO-Daddy." Since Steve grew up on the farm, milking cows at 0500, Plebe year was a nice break for him because he could sleep late every morning. For 3/c year Steve found himself sentenced to second company and his roommates' Kraftworke album, which drowned out his Gordon Lightfoot. While entertaining his roomies with his own brand of verbal violence, Fresh and Chico witnessed the begining of the constant struggle against the AC-Board. 1/c year gave Steve the chance to inundate the plebes with his slightly fascist views and his uncanny knack to recall minute details on any tin can in the Navy. Steve's never ending sense of humor, boundless friendship, and impeccable integrity have made him a great roommate. He will be missed by all who have known him. Good luck in the Fleet, and remember it's not the size of the wave. DBT

Gregory James Weisman
Brooklyn, New York
Oceanography
Surface Warfare

Wildman came to us from Brooklyn, where he "axed" questions about "pleb" summer. We'll always remember the times with Ted and Toucan...Too bad the Barbarian didn't always appreciate them. Greg was always good with difficult decisions. He chose Oceanography because he liked fishies, and the Deathmobile because he had nothing better to do with the $5000 it took to put it together. He now owns stock in Shell Oil. (Just kidding, your firebird has come a long way, so has your CQPR.) "Midshipman Who?" devoted a lot of time to his second home, Navy Football, and the Uncle Bo Booster Club was always grateful. A connoisseur of the finer things, Greg enjoyed his Metalica, biker jacket, N. Y. bagels, and the pursuit of massiveness. Our little Greggy finally found a steady girl...very steady. Nice rock! Princess Di would be proud. Fortunately he kept his H.M.W.H.C. membership. We'll always rember the long walk, the short drive, and Friday Night Vice. Give 'em hell in Newport, and take the IWO by storm! FRO ACE

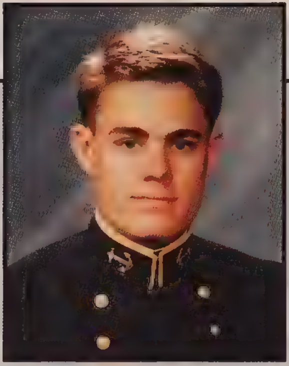
Robert Dale Wetzel
Reading, Pennsylvania
Ocean Engineering
Navy Air

Reading's finest with whipped cream on top. Flesh: always a man of character. From our first day in Form Two when you told Joe off, till first class year as Big Second Company's Bull Moose. Did we ever get our room un...? How come our company officers could never remember who you were? Could it be the variety of facial expressions you can invent? "Just ten more minutes." Did you ever wake up for the Physics exam? No one looks as mean as you when you wake up. When your roommates were going to the AC board, you were already setting up new ones. No more Skivs, and JoePa's moving out of Bancroft. Too short, yet too tall for powerlifting. But you were a big enough man to run the company according to your principles. People did not always agree, but they had to respect your style and charisma. Good job, Robb. I'm proud to have worked for and with you these past three years. Wildman



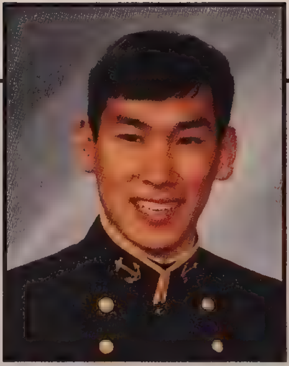
Keith Bruetting Wichmann
Mobile, Alabama
Aerospace Engineering
Navy Air

Wicks surely became a master of the system during his stay here. It took some practice living on-the-edge, but he learned from his mistakes. His first lesson made him a living legend as the first plebe to be caught with a walkman and the last to stand restriction. Too bad "Walkman" couldn't remember the lesson of not getting caught though, and thus also earned the honor of being the first Firstee to make the Supe's List with a 3.2. Keith always had a good time on liberty, but he seemed to enjoy it so much more when it was in the "stealth" form. It was nice to see Keith's eyes hold up, so he could follow his life long dream of flying, but its hard to believe they took him though he can't tell the difference between white, grey, and black. Keith will always be remembered for some special reasons, like his skill in procurement (the buffer, the leather jackets, the fan, and air conditioner), Mrs. Brown's lovely daughter, his pre-Spring Break workouts, and his deep love of money. Through it all though, the most amazing thing about Keith is his ability to come out on top. DIW



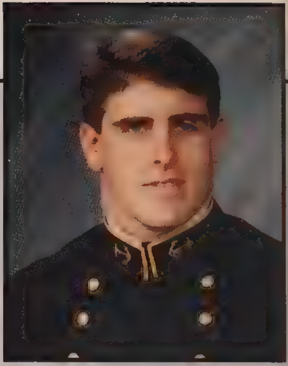
James Allen Wilson
Enid, Oklahoma
Ocean Engineering
Navy Air

WILSON! Why in the world would anybody from Oklahoma want to join the Navy? Jim was probably asking himself the same questions as he went through "development" up on 7-4 with Stormin' Norman and Walt Daddy(Popeye). Things were a little crazy that year with the squad leader marrying one of the Plebes and who can forget the nightly food wars waged across the ledges of 7th wing? Navy's basketball victories brought the burning sacrifice of Cornhead, much to the surprise of the OOW. If he wasn't playing basketball, Jim could be found rising to the challenges of Ocean E, which kept him busy as did the blonde from Nbpt over T.G. Second Class year brought the onslaught of classes, trips to parties, and sometimes out in the snow trying to keep warm. If Mom only knew! Breaks were a blast and his sharp sense of humor kept people laughing. On came Ring Dance, his babe, the new car (along w/ the 100+ tickets) and the final haul. A pilot was born S.S. night and he'll be flying high without a doubt. A man of honor and a best friend, only the best is wished for you. DMM

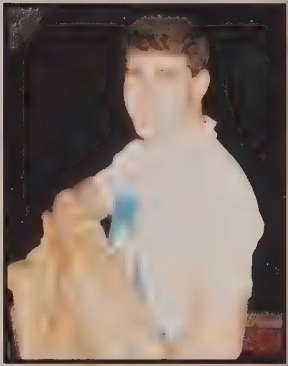


Damon Iyun Woo
Delmar, New York
Aerospace Engineering
Special Warfare

Damon, a real life Richie Rich$, has become more generous with time. Gone are the days when he took his friends to expensive restaurants, put the entire bill on his parents' Visa card, and then charged them for what they ate. It must be nice to be able to win and lose a thousand dollars a trip in Atlantic City without batting an eye. If he ever needed cash, Damon could liquidate the appliances in his room. Between the telephone, microwave, refrigerator, iron, stereo, pool table, and ping pong table he could probably put Luskins out of business. Some of Damon's favorite activities are teaching his roommate how to ski and putting him in the hospital inside of an hour, going to weddings at U2 concerts, making $2000 at Atlantic City, taking a motorcycle to VTNA, eating crabs and beer, and above all sleeping. Mentally and physically he can do anything he sets his mind to and will make a standout Navy SEAL. KBW



Raymond B. Worthington
Pierson, Florida
History
Navy Air

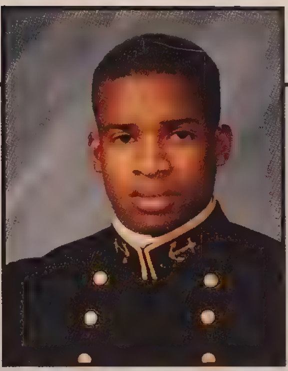


Ray is a constant reminder that all dreams are attainable. They said he was too small and too slow to play football. Now, nearly four years from the fateful July day that he fled the great Gator state, Ray's dreams have become a reality. Meanwhile, Ray has managed to accomplish feats unparalleled by mere mortals. Whether it be stumbling in the dark for his radio, making cassettes for the company's enjoyment, frequent visits to the midstore, or nursing that HEAVY boilermaker, there was never a dull moment I tell you. Ray schooled me in the finer things of life like "hogging" at Maggie's for the heavy lunches, single-handedly keeping McGarvey's in business, and how to cabbage patch after the big score. I thank you for all the good times and memories that we made together. Good luck in flight school, as you pursue your dreams. I hope he can keep his aircraft in the air longer than his tee shots. I'll miss you, Raybo. Your biggest fan. PMD

3rd

COMPANY

Matthew John Caradonna
South Paris, Maine
Astrospace Engineering
Navy Air



David Preston Casey
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania
Mathematics
U. S. Marine Corps

Robert John Cepek
Annapolis, Maryland
Mathematics
Surface Warfare

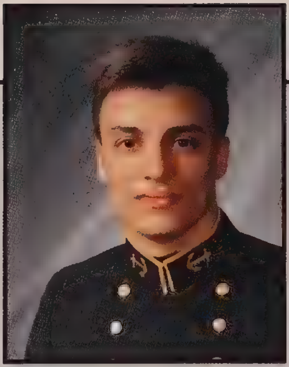
Matt came to us from a year long vacation at The Citadel, and rolled through plebe year like a thunderbolt. "Mav" had one burning desire, to become a pilot, and he'll get his chance. Matt had few passions here (besides studying to all hours of the night), but they were obvious to anyone within earshot. His bike, 150's, his eyes, California raisins, and his godson Ryan--these were the things Matt cared about most. He let his friends know the facts of life: a dollar is a thousand eggs, a good duck is hard to find, all bikers are not crazed hippies, an engineering degree means big bucks, etc. Matt wasn't the ultimate housekeeper, and sometimes he could have used an axe to slash through the load of dirty laundry and books on his rack. In the end, even though Matt had close calls with Jack Daniels, Hood girls, Filipino cuisine and Fatal Attraction, nothing could slow down this big grouch from reaching his goals. Blessed relief was as close as a cup of coffee (Folger's, of course) or a nap in full uniform on his perpetually unmade bed. Here's to you, Matt, future U.S. Navy Astronaut. MJD

Case came to us from the great town of Philadelphia with the hopes of becoming the next Lawrence Taylor. However his hopes were dashed with a career ending injury at the end of youngster year. Youngster year was the typical year, football, girlfriends from Georgetown, no cares and no worries. Then came second class year, no more football, so Case had to find a sense of duty: Gospel Choir, Glee Club, but Dave did not find his niche until second semester: YOUR CORP, MY CORP, guess, OOHRAH! Bulldog, the study hours laying sore in the rack thinking about what's her name (take your pick, but she knows; thank God for roses, huh Dave). Then came the car loan-...computer loan. Case found new direction: the Macintosh SE Computer. First class year found Case hardly any weekend liberty but he had fun with those eight hour Saturday conversations. Dave had his service selected about two hours before he picked (Thank God there were no gas turbines left.OOH-RAH!) What's Comet for Dave? Case was always there for advice and just to talk to. Thanks for being a great friend. Go Corps! TRH JPM

"The Napster", Battle la Diety, and Trekkie is a native Annapolitan who spent his high school career abusing mids. He came to USNA with a reputation as "The Son of SWO," which he had no choice but to uphold. This wasn't due to any emotional or genetic cause, but due to encounters with unidentified flying trays, underage purchases, and Joe Friday Jimmy Leg on patrol. Also after 2 semesters on the QPR All-Star Squad, he couldn't count on a large check late firstie year. The Spartan had his adventures playing psychologist and camping out on living room floors on weekends. After a 3000 mile pilgrimmage to Frigid Turid, he decided that marriage was in store for him and Chuck (not one of his roomates and yes she is blonde). Even an all expense paid trip to Subic Bay and Pattaya Beach couldn't change his mind. We will always remember Bob for his comic books, loud, odiferous mating calls during study hour, and his taste in movies. Best of luck out west in the real world, and take care of your Jeep, no, Corvette, no, Mustang. How big was that engine? TLH MDT

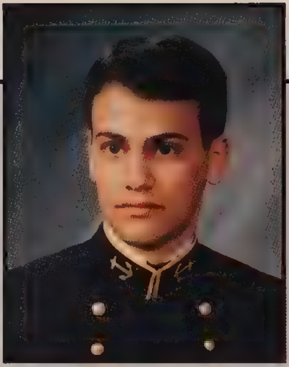
John Carl Church
Southfield, Michigan
Political Science
Navy Air

"I fight authority, authority always wins." If adversity builds character, then I must have more character than any person who ever graduated from this fine institution. I always thought I would one day have a monument dedicated to me somewhere here at the "trade school"-perhaps in Smoke Hall where I spent oh so many hours. If I listed all the members of the "anti-Doc Church" fanclub-well the list would include some infamous careerists. However, if I were to list all of the wonderful people who came forward to help me when it was not the most popular move to make, I couldn't fit in this annual. Thanks Dad for passing on to me the gift of fury, drive, and dedication. It caused me to work well with men like Top and the Major-good Marines who remeber that the troops come first-not the careers. Thanks Mom for giving the sense of humor to endure this incredible educational experience. You also gave me gentleness and sensitivity which I have learned are keys to effective leadership. Thanks to family and friends and Hebrews 12:11. Love Doc



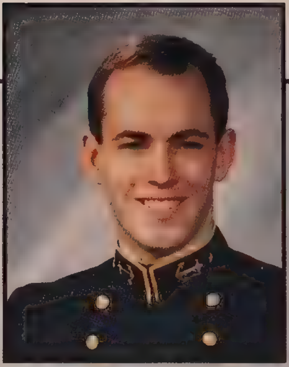
Andrew J. D'Ambrosio
Morton, Pennsylvania
Mechanical Engineering
Surface Warfare

Starting youngster year, Dambo accrued an interesting array of roommates in Third Company (Heater, Haggs, Jerry). Second class year, with Sarge and Haebs, Dambo tried to show the way to Shangri-la, of which he is still the only permanent resident. Following his example would mean flying helos for the Marine Corps (or at least playing GUNSHIP), joining the Mujahedeen, GQ modeling, and drinking java with the SWO's. The Originator got his start when Dambo went in the hole 2/c year after teaching Monty how not to rumble with 89 and later viciously attacking a government bulletin board with darts. His motto, "Fry 'em all" nearly fried all of First Set during Plebe Detail. He really "sweat" that one out. Don't forget: "Our hands were tied, but at least we tried; 1st of the 2nd and 3rd", Spring Break 89, A-Strikes, Stories-for-Boys, the Record, "Can I borrow your printer?", and "Try knocking over that construction barrier with the car door!". Dambo, good luck and smooth sailing on the surface. Go Flyers. PCH



Michael John DeBruyn
Detroit, Michigan
English
Nuclear Power - Submarines

Mike, alias "Mo", came to us from the Motor City, with a care package from Aunt Pat under his arm (to be replenished every three days for the next four years). Felix would have many fights with his roommate Oscar over such important subjects as ghost turds, unmade racks, and confetti from the 3-hole punch. Youngster year saw Mike's loss of innocence with a visit to the Annapolis dock. He and his super-chocolate charged "bursts of energy." When the Chevy didn't make it to Frederick, a visit to the Econo-Lodge was inevitable. Mike's sugar-crazed fits of hyperactivity kept everyone crawling up walls. Yep, nothing could slow this dynamo down, except for the occassional bout of nausea, and Lionel Richie and any problems Mike had were quickly remedied with a visit to his sponsors. Hey Mike! This is your life! Do you remember: squealing; G-strings in King Hall; Captain Jack; and playing God at Hood College? Through it all, Mike's been a true friend. Good luck in the fleet Mike. All the seamen in that submarine await you! MJC

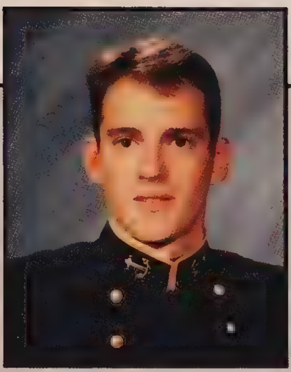


Paul Michael Deluca
Madison, Wisconsin
Physics
Nuclear Power - Submarine

Sasquatch heralds from the intellectual mecca of Madison, WI. Luckily, he avoided the edge of the blade aimed at his swatch of back hair. Luckily, that is, for his Nittany Lioness, who was the target of many a road trip. He always said, "Get in late, get out early." Paul was an ever-generous roommate, always eager to loan the heater a shoe, or share a dip (along with the 7-Up). After pretending to be a gymnast for 3 years, he found his true calling as fastpitch softball relief pitcher, the Rolaids Relief Award winner. But Rolaids would not do the trick after his humiliating multi-grain defeat at the hands of SJG, despite his boasts of prowess at the tap. His gymnastics did come in handy after a night at the tap when he vaulted over JAG's balcony as gracefully as Mary Lou Retton. This was after he unceremoniously bid farewell to some parting guests, with a parting shot. And parting is such sweet sorrow. I wish him the best of luck. If his achievements at USNA are any indication, then the fleet is in for a treat. The last two years have been anything but dull, and I thank him for them. BRS

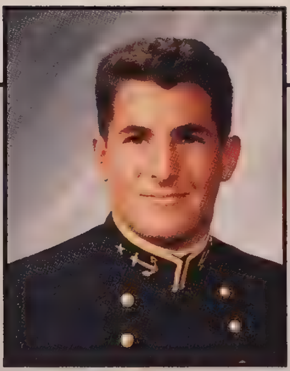
Paul Glen Diehl
Mount Angel, Oregon
Aerospace Engineering
Nuclear Power - Submarines

Paul was the closest '89 had to a Rhodes scholar. His academic studliness stems from his ability to isolate himself from his surroundings. Paul spent 80% of his time studying in a world filled with numbers and formulas. He spent another 30% running steps or lifting weights to increase his physical studliness. The rest of his time was spent ruining his mind and body in preparation for his usual weekend climax: a high decibel, Led Zeppelin, air guitar concert in his 1-1 sound studio. Paul leapt to the top of his hometown social ladder by purchasing an immaculate BMW 318i. He promptly racked up thousands of miles commuting between Oregon, New Mexico, USNA, Boston, Colorado, and Florida. Unfortunately, he spent much of his time driving with the sunroof open and donated a large portion of his hair to the lower 50 states. Along the way, he always found time to ski. It's hard to say whether Paul goes faster in his BMW or skiing down the slopes of Mt. Hood and Breckenridge. But Paul will always be travelling fast and far, whether it be underwater, on the road, or down the slopes. ESR BJG



Andrew C. Escriva
Pittsford, New York
Political Science
Supply Corps

ACE...Navy Fencing's TOP GUN. How I miss the NY suite, the nostalgia, the long walks and the close calls with Jack. If you remember anything about the Boat School, it should be Plebe year. Breaking the rules, the camaraderie, the sheer fun. Moved on to the Thirsty Co., where you joined the Co., babysitting team and the H.M.W.H.C. (although for a while your membership was revoked.) How often we studied together, rarely did we accomplish anything but catch up on our social lives. Never thought you'd be on 'Dant's list... but that did not last long. Remember that neither fencing nor shooting have wheelchair events. Hearing your stories about big boss Mustangs, we always looked forward to seeing one. Too bad all we ever saw was the Habitrail with the blow dryer. You were always great for advice, although we were smart enough not to follow any of it. Watch where you step, you never know where you will leave footprints. FRO WILDMAN

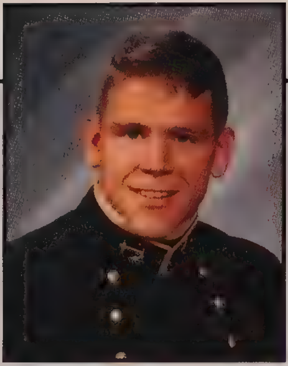


Barry Jeff Gittleman
Yorba Linda, California
Systems Engineering
Nuclear Power - Submarines

Barry prides himself on his wide range of interests. While most of us were focusing on our future careers Barry was unlocking the secrets of Winnie the Pooh and Dr. Suess. When he got tired of reading childrens' books he could always fall back on his slot car track, electric football, or table top hockey. Barry led a life like no other midshipman. In fact, we often questioned whether he really was a midshipman. Somehow, he found a billet that got him out of formations, drill, taps, and watch. He was also popular with the Yard's woodland creatures. Barry spent hours hand feeding squirrels who showed their appreciation by leaving small deposits all over his room. No matter where the Navy takes Barry he will always dream of the good life in California. We're sure the land of fruits and nuts will be glad to have him back. If not, we can attest Barry makes an excellent roommate. He has mastered the art of indoor barbecue and can stock a small refrigerator for under $20. Good luck underwater Barry. Sink it deep! ESR PGD

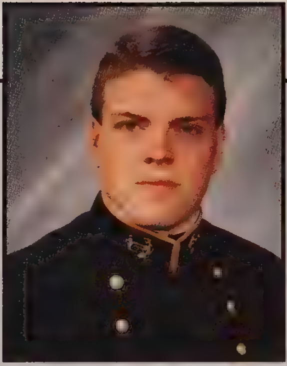
Gerald George Gmerek
Winter Park, Florida
Mechanical Engineering
Nuclear Power - Submarines

"Mumble. Stutter. Mumble. Stutter." These words were heard most frequently from Jerry's mouth. Whenever audible, he seldom made sense anyway. Whether sitting in a room full of candles, wrapped in toilet paper, hanging newspapers from the ceiling, or sorting his roommate's laundry, strange things were always afoot whenever Jerry was around. His most prominent feature will always be his size 13 heat exchangers. Despite his Mech E major, he was unable to solve the thermodynamic mystery of his radiating feet. Even on the balmiest of days, Jerry had his portable heater on full to compensate for the rapid energy loss through his lower extremeties which kept him in a perpetual state of coldness. One draw back was the gravational pull toward his huge feet, which attracted many stumble-inducing objects. He was always energetic, however, running the never ending business of the Dolphin Club in preparation for his career ahead. Good luck, Jerry. You should be in your natural habitat underwater, where everything is above your head. AJD BJG



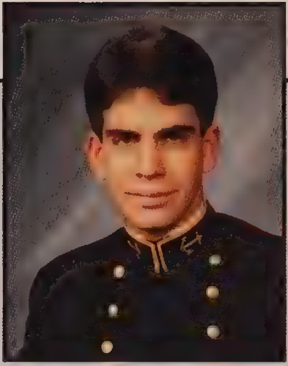
Steven James Grass
Stone Mountain, Georgia
Ocean Engineering
Marine Air

Gordo came to the Academy from Stone Mountain with a mirror, wrestling tights in hand, and his life-long motto, "What's mine is mine, what's yours is mine." Ever since then, he's been our Dixieland Delight. Unfortunately, his wrestling career ended with a broken ankle; but even more unfortunately his weightlifting career began. His love for beer was second only to his love for his rock hard body in the mirror. No female or glass door could ever stop Gordo long enough to keep him from having a good time. His dedication to fitness made him number one at the Academy, OCS, and Auburn. We expect nothing less from him in the future. Gordo will always be remembered for his fairy queen novels, being in the rack, head-butts, G-town walkabouts, haircut policing, and as being a founding member of the SRRC. Don't forget Seville 1-0. We wish Steve good luck and God save the Marine Corps. Hail to the Fayudin. SRRC DJW MJR PRH



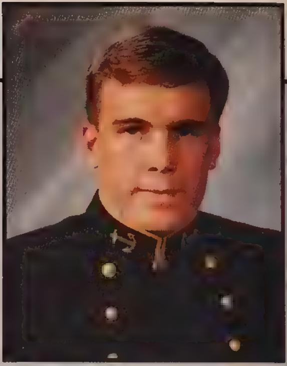
Paul Christopher Haebler
Baltimore, Maryland
Computer Science
Nuclear Power - Submarines

The Legend of 1029: Colonel Haebler-Apache pilot. What a year! Despite Sarge's all night labs and the helo missions into the NAM, we still managed to get the prerequisite amount of rack. There were some great times down Spring Break. You never did get your license. Ron Jon's, Daytona, Hooter's- had to go to Hooter's! Remember Sarge, the Squirge, and the rack? I won't forget. Restriction? Destruction of government property? What? Those darts of yours were pretty tough. A little loss of liberty never hurt anyone. Everyone should rock the boat a little. Plebe Summer II came and they tried to get us for hazing. Innocent, as usual. Or maybe I should say not guilty. MANGUS. Our hands were tied, at least we tried, 1st of the 2nd and 3rd. Being a native, I figured that we couldn't get lost in this state. I was wrong. We were Major League lost. Good luck down below. The record still stands. Di di mau! Di di mau! They're in the wire! Blow the claymores! Get some Paulie. AJD



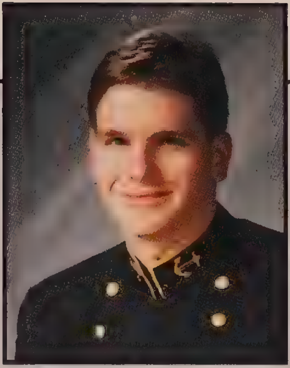
Jeffrey Haggott
Fajardo, Puerto Rico
Aerospace Engineering
Surface Warfare

Jeff went through many challenges in his four years here. This semi-gringo imported from Puerto Rico founded the Naval Academy chapter of the Michael Jackson Fan Club. Some say the Dant was himself in the dues roll. Trying to keep this hard worker's mind in the books was a hard task, especially with all those women that would have liked to share his "overflowing" personality. From Hood to Georgetown, to Chile; Philadelphia to Baltimore, his life seeemed to be a constant "Thriller" and nobody could know where the smooth "moonwalker" would hit next... But the one girl that took home with her a piece of his ear will keep reminding him of the good old day every time he gets a phone bill. I am sure you will find the latin princess of your dreams someday. Meanwhile keep up the hard work and buena suerte y bueno vientos.



Terence Lee Harcharik
Miami, Florida
Mechanical Engineering
Navy Air

Toole came North from the sunshine state with a quiet personality and a perception of USNA that was quickly disillusioned. Eventually, he opened up, and we found a friend obsessed with cars, guns, and cars. Terry spent many an afternoon at USNA fantasizing about a high speed engagement between a squirrel and a large caliber projectile. The Dominator could often be seen washing or working on, but not driving, his prize '66 Corvette. From an academic standpoint, Terry was often heard lamenting, "I might lose my "A"," which brought him to the attention of several of the more luminous officers. His eyes prevailed, however, and he eagerly anticipates boring holes in the sky as he enters flight training. Always managing to avoid restriction, about the only thing Terry couldn't avoid was his roommates' magic marker. Terry, we wish you the best of luck, not that you need it, and hope your dreams become realized, beginning with graduation. MDT RJC

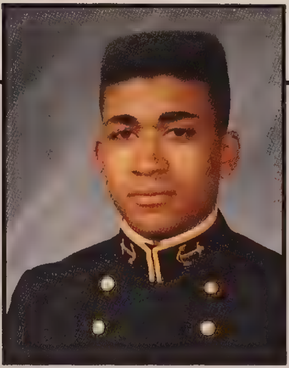


Joseph Michael Hart
Iowa City, Iowa
English
Navy Air

Joe (SWOJ) escaped the drudgery of Iowa, coming to Camp Navy by way of Drake University where he spent a year perfecting the art of technicolor yawn. Having mastered that difficult feat, SWOJ volunteered his liberty time to assist the D.C. DOT with street sign removal and repair. The Capital City was so impressed that they publically lauded the achievment and clued in the Navy. SWOJ, in character with his quiet and humble personality, deferred all recognition. BIG AL's gift persuaded SWOJ to reserve his performances for sailing parties. After D.C. he decided to show the J-24 boys what a land-bound Iwegian can do with a tiller. With deft precision, SWOJ broadsided Tally-Ho with his Tomahawk, writing a new chapter in Navy ASUW tactics. Second class summer brought new opportunities for Little Joe Hart to excel. SWOJ decided to test out the airframe of a T-34 in a 4.5 G dive. He did manage to validate the Advanced Beer Swizzling course and he learned some stick. Thanks for the good times, the thoughtful advice, and being my friend. SSM SVM

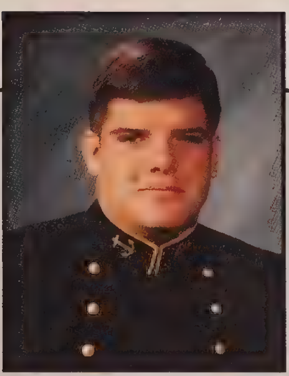
Shawn Peter Hendricks
Vestavia Hills, Alabama
Systems Engineering
Naval Flight Officer

Shawn came here via various residences. He finally settled down amidst the rolling hills of Alabama. Shawn hoped for a pilot slot, but ended up following in his father's "NFOotsteps" due to heavy geeking. Shawn's study habits may have put him the back seat, but they also put him in the front of his class. Like Einstein, Shawn knew that genius is 98% perspiration, the only difference being that he needed the Right Guard after his exams. Everyone was subjected to his "Oh my God, I got rocked," He never made below a "B" in anything (well, there was ONE "C" in EE). Shawn was a spastic individual, scurrying around like a small rodent, needing inordinate amounts of coffee and candy to keep his head in the books. Back when Shawn was a plebe, he thought by graduation he'd have three things: a ring, a Porsche, and a wife. Well, 2 out of 3 ain't bad. It was almost 1 out of 3, but thank God for Dad's money and USAA. On a departing, professional note, Shawn has worked hard these four years, and this spring it paid off with a Brigade Staff position. We wish you Godspeed and jets. DLC EJM



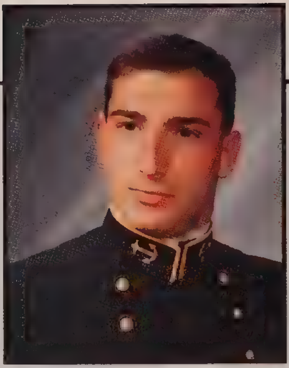
Pierre Robert Hinton
Mantua, New Jersey
Political Science
U. S. Marine Corps

Al Philpo— oops! Husky (6'9", 7'1" with the afro) came to the academy as a single man, professing that he would always stay that way. Pete always made a lot of noise, especially when he tried to paint our shower lean mean Marine Corps green. Pete thought he was smart when he was a fly-boy major, but the smartest move he ever made was when he switched to a bull major (his favorite past-time). Although he washed out of soccer, he made a smooth transition to rack-throwing. His elimination from a varsity sport made him an eligible founding father of the SRRC. He never liked trains until he met Nanny (wedding bells?). Since his domestication, he has rarely been seen at club functions. His transformation from homewrecker to homemaker stunned everyone. (Leaving Gordo to wander lonely through the streets of Annapolis) Remember: femmes, Sarge's D-D's, inbreds, bulldog, no poofdas!, stinky, and the ever dreaded SILENT TREATMENT. Good Luck Pete (and Kathy)! xoxo Semper Fi! Love and Respect Always, SRRC DJW MJR SJG



Timothy Robert Hofacre
Edgewood, Kentucky
Mathematics
Nuclear Power - Submarines

The mighty Tim arrived at the shores of USNA by way of NAPS to begin his Navy football career. Tim stepped on the field with a big heart and a ton of desire. Sadly, the attentions of the coach weren't on him. This entire scene changed at the end of 3/c year. A new coach brought a new perspective, "HOFFY, HAM-AN-EGGER and HALF-AN-ACRE" were his many names. He took over the top spot on the Navy offensive line that year and never looked back. Hof later would earn his letter, Academic All-American, and a TV commercial for 4500, remember the responses for that one! Math would be his life. 2/c year came with an injury, the beloved Impala,(yes, real AM radio, and plush seats), the gray battleship. Juaniata, Colorado, and Spring Break in Florida, the hot tub, all were his greatest achievements. His roommates lost in their battle for his career; he chose the undersea adventures of the nuclear navy. Off he goes to Florida, to run the women, and be a WWII sub commander. We lose a good man, good luck Hoffy. Thanks for just being the boy. JPM DPC

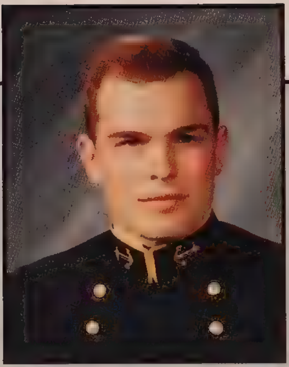


Jeffrey Paul Marshall
Bowie, Maryland
Political Science
Naval Flight Officer

J.P. came to the boat school from far-away Maryland. He benefited plebe year from his girlfriend's car and locality, never too sad on the weekend, this would take up his time till the end of 3/c year; Chestertown, DC, Elkridge, Baltimore would be later places he would frequent. But the phones became his greatest amount of time. In sports, crew, rugby, tennis, volleyball, and powerlifting all saw his participation; but his longest sport was keeping up with the dancer, she ran circles around him, and got him involved second class summer in the theater, if not working with the plebes over the summer, he was out in town with the lady. His cruises would total two weeks out the two months, seeing Spain, Israel, Italy, the sun, the women. As he goes to flight school, he takes along overbearing, love the parents. As the end grows near, poli sci (the easy one vs. math) gets easier; the grades stay up, why? thank the parents:hot tub, quick change, bills, motels. Good luck boys, the talks, the moves, the scorecard.

Eric James Micheli
Schenectady, New York
Physics
Naval Flight Officer

Eric J. Micheli, otherwise known as the Euker, came to us from the land of the Yankee, Schenectady, New York. As his roomate for a year I soon found a new meaning for the word neat. Eric is the only guy I know who brushes his uniforms off before he puts them away. Consequently, it was with great difficulty that I introduced him to the messy side and the concept of entropy. I'll not soon forget our talks on Heisenberg's Uncertainty Principle. Maybe we will pass right through the fantail, then again maybe not! Senior year came and along with it the Mazda boys. We parted to maintain company harmony, but there was still always time for a good bull session. You found love and I found myself with a wrecked car and a $1200 dollar ring missing. Thanks for the great times K.F.. It isn't the same telling other people, "I didn't mean to hook up with her. It just happened," or " Yeah Eric I had a great weekend." You've been a great friend. See you in P-Cola. GET JETS! SPH PCH

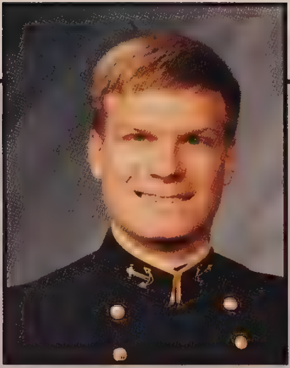


Steven Scott Morris
Jasper, Alabama
Mechanical Engineering
Navy Air

Aptly named, Sarge was born in the Navy and has been spitting tar since age 9. Since no state will claim him, Sarge had to settle for Alabama as his HOR, a land known for its ruddy necklines, high ambitions and cosmopolitan social atmosphere. His major was Mech E, though he never studied anything but the art of biting sarcasm, advanced colorful colloquialisms and the back of his eyelids. Sarge's unique verbal skills and self-deprecating manner have made him a master of the DD story. Needless to say, Sarge's attributes did not mix well with the fairer sex. On cruise, he was in constant demand as a wingman to roll in hot on Targets of Opportunity. Although he emerged with a high kill ratio, a wave-off may have been more appropriate at times. Eventually, he realized that misogyny was not the only way. The transition has not been without pain, Sarge has been forced to recognize the Sensitive Guy that lurks inside him. Through it all you have been a generous trusting friend. Thanks for the past times and the ones to come. BC BP B Muffin FLY NAVY! JMH

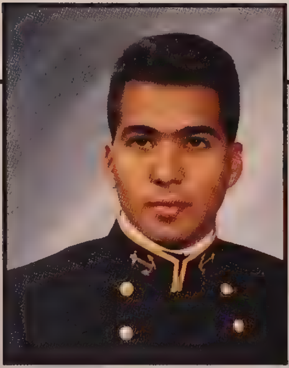
Kevin Dennis Reed
Elnora, Indiana
Physics
Surface Warfare

For Kevin, deciding to attend USNA meant leaving the town of Elnora, Indiana for the big city of Annapolis. Being a committed and persevering individual enabled him to adjust to the sight of water and the adventures of 28th company plebe year. Unfortunately, his motivated overachieving character got him in trouble too. Whoever heard of a Hoosier physics major with a Chinese minor? Because of this he could be seen with his Dew, red hat and night robe often - Prince of the Late Night. Kev also had his sentimental side with his poetry, little brother (which one?) and the gals. Kev is a loyal friend and great roommate. He'll be a great asset to the Surface Warfare Community, but Japan?!?? Love ya. WSS

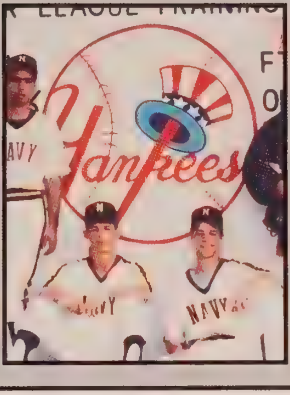


James Christopher Rentfrow
Atwater, California
Political Science
Naval Flight Officer

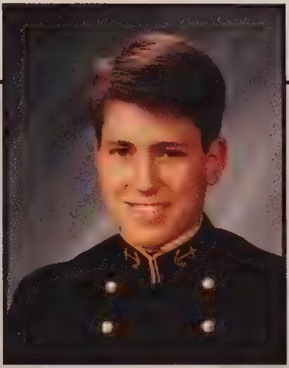
Frow came to the Boat School from Atwater equipped with all of the attributes of a California boy: blond hair, casual attitude, and Corvette convertible. He was psyched for SWOS until he saw the light and decided to fly the friendly skies. Chris was very devout, an OCF battalion leader. But did we corrupt him, or did he enlighten us? Frontrow always sought responsibility: VP of the High-Power team, and president of H.M.W.H.C., the latter prepared him for Batt stripes. We miss you on 1-0, and in the 3rd Co. Babysitting Club. An accomplished snacker and good friend, any pilot would be lucky to have you as his 'FO. We'll always rember Sundays at Safeway, the long walk or short drive, and lacking one thing over beers. Thanks for being an important part of the family. ACE Wildman



Michael James Reyes
Rosemead, California
Political Science
Surface Warfare



The Flea came to the Academy from Naps still wet behind the ears. He was always known to have a good word to say about everyone, especially Coach Duff. Mike was the only member of the SRRC to join the "dark side" permanently. It must be a prerequisite for all guys from California to have a surf board, because Mike does and he never surfs. The only waves Mike ever makes are when he's asking his shipmate , "...hey P! You awake!?" at 3:00 A.M. Mike has always fancied himself to be mature, but took this one step too far when he picked up the "older" woman and her sidekick at Busch Gardens. Unfortunately her little buddy was her daughter. Always known for his sickening cleanliness, Mike will additionally be remebered as: Florence Nightingale, Darth Vader, Mex, Third company's own Lynn Swan, and as the Rotary Club's own Tex-Mex chef. We expect nothing but greatness from the salty dog himself, and wish him the best of luck. Vayas con Dios Amigo! The SRRC SJG DJW PRH



Eric Scott Rokke
Colorado Springs, Colorado
Political Science
U.S. Air Force

NO, HE DOESN'T PLAY BASKETBALL! so don't ask. What does Eric do? For starters, he dreams of flying F-15s and driving his Blazer through huge mudholes in the middle of nowhere. Unfortunately, he first had to drag himself through this place and the horrors of anything that had to do with numbers. But maybe his poli sci background will get him a job in his "hometown" of Moscow someday. Too bad they don't have enough food in the whole Soviet Union to satisfy his voracious appetite. If they did, he'd be hungry again in 15 minutes anyway. When he's not eating, Tiger has been found suffering through pre-Bulldog to avoid sea tours, correcting his slice, blowing his nose in old socks or shirts, jogging with oriental women, hating the East Coast, and preaching his philosophy on life. Part of this philosophy includes going down in flames before age 65. We have photographic proof that he swept the floor once, and as a reward, we hope someday he'll find a wife and kids to take care of his dog. AIM HIGH! PGD BJG

Brad Roger Stillabower
Peru, Indiana
Aeronautical Engineering
Navy Air

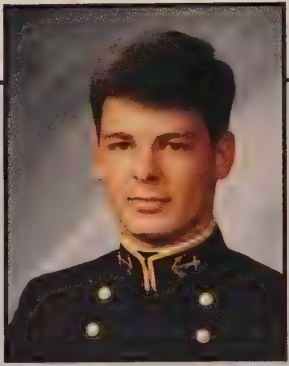
The first time I met Brad he was hanging back, the quiet wall-flower type. How could he become the Supreme Air Commander on the scene and order everyone home? Only Stillahooge, the man from Peru... Indiana. We were surprised that at the age of 20 he was a Vietnam vet dedicated to bringing his buddies home. Such a walking contradiction, one moment quiet, the next out of control. Brad's little brother was more important to him than the Ring Dance... actually, he got stood up. But 1/c year he got fixed up by his roommate's spinster aunt. Since then, Brad has been going to NY often for EI from The Teacher. In DC: "I'm sitting right here until we think of something to do." Unfortunately, we were in the middle of DC and he had just walked out of Dambo's car. That night only cost us $35. In all seriousness, Brad, you were a great roommate and best friend for two years. Good luck as a flier, I know you will be the best. PMD

4th

COMPANY

William Steven Stomp
Clinton, New Jersey
General Science
Surface Warfare

Mark David Thonen
Denver, Colorado
Physics
Naval Flight Officer



Daryl Joseph Woodworth
Moab, Utah
Economics
Surface Warfare

WE GE
WOOD
OVER DA
NAV

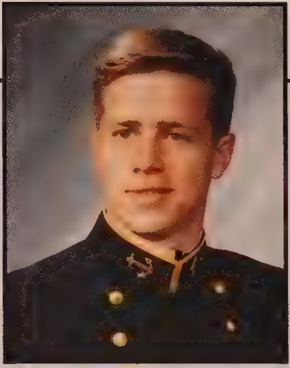
William Stomp, better known as Stomper 4x4 or just Stomper. A native Jerseian, Bill came to the Academy and quickly rose to be President of the club "Bachelors till graduation" (BTG). He also gave a new meaning to the word friend. He was quick to make you smile or roll on the floor laughing, but he was even quicker to help you out if you had a problem. He turned into a person who really put the other guy first. The reason was that he came to know Jesus Christ. Bill's philosophy was why shouldn't he help someone out if the Son of God had died for him. Bill was a friend that sticks closer than a brother, a roommate that can never be topped, and will be a great warrior of the high seas. Haze gray and underway! TW

Mark Thonen, Saab owner and super-genius, I like the sound of that! Mark came to the academy little realizing what he was about to get himself into. After realizing that the EE major could not possibly challenge his superior mental abilities, he chose physics as his area of study. Mooker, as he was affectionately called, liked to spend his time sleeping, complaining about drill, skiing, or when allowed, driving as far and as fast as he could out of the state of Maryland. It wasn't until 2/c year that Mark got his BW qual. After that, he started dating an older woman. Ok, so she was a lot older. The fact that she had a corvette and was a lawyer probably helped. After Steph made several cross-country trips, things took a serious turn. Even though Mark desperately loved the Marine Corps, he picked NFO. We're sure that someday he'll be a CH-46 copilot and living comfortably off his wife's income. While here, Mark's cheerful and motivational attitude were an inspiration to everybody. The Navy's gain is the brigade's loss. RJC TLH

Woody came to the big city from the home of the world's most scenic dump, Moab, Utah. Resisting the salvation his squad leader offered youngster year, he went on to such great feats as assaulting an Argentine sailing vessel with such cries as, "Remember Grenada." Woody always had a smile on his face, and a song in his heart. Unfortunately the song was a funeral dirge. He was quick on the football field, but quicker over the wall. Even though he could have walked through the gate. Woody always impressed the girls with his flat-top ala "Jake the Snake", and his infamous doggie tricks (L and S). He liked dogs so much he even had his ear pinned back. Woodhead remember: dusty uniforms, window dancing, wine coolers, Strohs personal 30, rule # 13, and the Darkside(Balt). We wish Daryl the best of luck in the future, see you in San Diego. Hugs and kisses the SRRC MJR PRH SJG

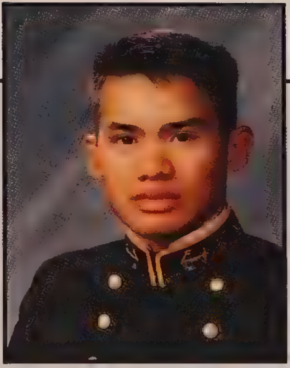
James Roy Barnhill
Waldorf, Maryland
Physical Science
Surface Warfare

Barney came into the academy after a two year stint in the fleet as an enlisted nuke puke, but more importantly, after convincing Susie to delay their wedding plans for another 4 years. Lovestruck as she was (and still is!), she agreed and thus, Barney became a 21 year old plebe in 1985. The academy was not all he expected but he stilll hung on, finding solace in: the Greaseman, wedgie fights during study hour, power putty as a youngster (waking up one day with a bluer than usual rack!), his major-changing hobby (he is the last USNA physical scientist), his one year SUPRA, TV maintenance, and most of all, SUSIE. The best Man sez - "She's the best thing that ever happened to you. Take care of her." And I say - "I have many acquaintances here at the academy but very few friends and you are one of the few. Magkaibigan hanggang wakas. Mabuhay! Translation? Hell, no! Fiqure it out yourself..." Room 1319 will never be the same without you. ABC RHP



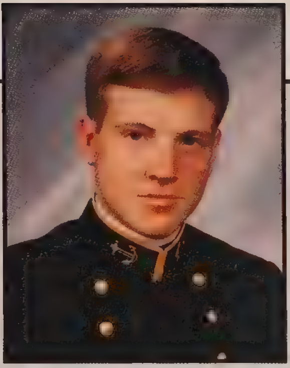
Glenn Edward Bleiler
Odessa, New York
Computer Science
Nuclear Power - Submarines

This farmer arrived from the booming metropolis of Odessa, New York. Upon his arrival he promptly joined the B+D with his stunning trumpet abilities. Moving into 4th company he expounded on the quantity of "Beef" extracted from the bovine species. After watching the Mets and Giants win, he went to work on his golf skills. Then the trauma of his second class year began with a kick in the shins that almost cost him his leg. At the Surf Rider, "Beach" attempted to display his golfing skills, while losing more than a ball a hole and visiting every sand trap along the way. The display of his athletic abilities continued with the unwanted display of computer football. On Mo's birthday his problems exponentially increased, he looked like a Catfish and spent the next several weekends, including his birthday in the Breakfast Club. But his Northern Dream saved him from all this and the traumatic year came to an end. First class year was a lot more fun for Beef, he became the MIS Lazy officer, partied like a champ, donated phone service to the company, and enrolled in golf classes. Good luck and thanks for all the help. Al & Mo



Alberto Bernardo Carlos
Quezon City, Philippines
Computer Science
Foreign National

After by passing a real plebe year in foaming four (I speak no English sir!), Abet was scrambled into...that's right, 4th company. Fate required that Abet benefit from the professional development that LCDR A. was offering. A. turned out to be a push over (except for a select few) with his own company but Abet wasn't so lucky with the new Capt E. USMC. Somehow Abet didn't have an intramural so the Capt arranged for Abet to make up the lost time with Smoke Hall musters. So Abet put his renowned work habits to test and finally worked himself off the Capt's hit list just in time to become a batt striper. He almost lost them before wearing them though when he extended his Christmas leave an extra ten days. It's a good thing he didn't lose his three stripes, for the liberty they provided sure came in handy babysitting for his sponsor. Abet will most be rembered for his nightly trek to Nimitz, his beautiful girlfriend, his love of basketball, and his finesse with wardroom workers. Abet you are a great friend. Good luck in the Philippine Navy. I hope our path's cross again someday. JRB



David Stephen Dickson
Alexander City, Alabama
Ocean Engineering
Nuclear Power - Submarines

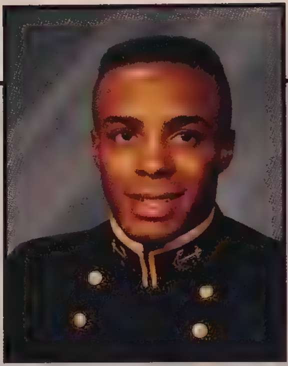
When you go out with Steve you don't have to worry about who's going to pick up the check, it ain't Steve because water is free. Steve remember: she's not my friend, messing around with Mess Dress, it's just surface area, The 'Vette with the stocks "thanks Dad", Hey it's Russell, getting bulky with Def Leppard (Steve you have to increase the weights after two years), late night vocab tests (It will help the wedding night), the dancing fool, the Bee Gee's and Air Supply, P.T. Flaggs, James Bond, your video tapes, losing your goat on national T.V., Flying to Auburn every weekend, "Mr. Dickson 3 · 4 = 12", Gotay and Engine Math, borrowing everyone's clothes (Steve where's my sweater, Bill), Mrs. Dickson, Auburn Tigers and I ain't no redneck. He's the only man we know who can't sleep with the lights on. Steve is the smartest, most mature, and smallest man in the Barn. Steve just remember, you've got a groovy kind of love, and hold on to those nights. See you at the wedding! Bill, Pop, and Woody

William Patrick Donnelly
Silver Strand Beach, California
Physical Science
Navy Air

Pat was a true California Beach Boy, if you don't believe that check out his High School senior pictures. Pat came from Capt. Houck's company. The Capt. probably was Pat's nicest officer. Pat never was one to be homesick here at USNA. That's because his parents lived on Porter Road. Must have been real sweet, until Navy needed someone to stand CMOD during leave. Pat remember ; Conan the Desroyer, Navy Football, Y.P. trip from hell, throwing stars, hottub parties, boating on the Severn, hiding your Bike, Virgina Beach Parties, Super Bowl Parties, Navtag Stud, the 'Skeller, Second Class Summer in Group 2, giving Jay an ice bath on the beach, EN300 with CDR Cooper, escaping the AX Board, Surprise Performance Boards, weekends in Smoke Hall, The Outstanding Second Class Summer Eval, turning the tables on the marine major in Quantico, That summer at Wildwood, Spring Break in the Poconos, the VW Van, and adventures in the Darkside. The Wild Blue Yonder will be a little crazier when you get up there. Woody

Heidi Alston Fleming
Mobile, Alabama
General Science
Naval Flight Officer

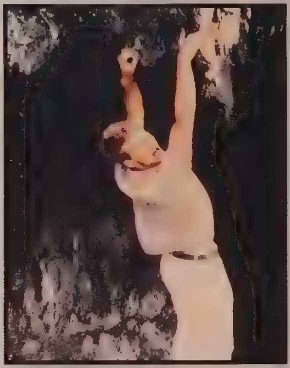
Heidi was born in L.A.-Lower Alabama. Casey, Maria, and Julie had a blast plebe year waking to Heidi's alarm. The guys of 5 learned not to mess with her during rumbles. Heidi's the athletic wonder, ball sports only. Sailing and John brought Heidi home to the Little's. 2/c Summer my story begins. Roommates in P-cola. My intro to "Heidi-jokes"-"Ruth, the party's just starting." Truer words were never spoken. Beach V-ball, journal entries, photo shoots, cold Kahlua, and one "U" in lush. Ac year, EE nightmares and hard times. 1/c Summer redoing the CA coast with Jeanine. 38 hrs driving to Crabtown, the convertible, 3 stripes as volleyball captain. She pulled us together to play "ice cold" and BEAT ARMY. The setting connection to Cruiser. We lived to the beat of Depeche Mode at Mum's. Big blue eyes and Southern charm kept us out of trouble. 2nd Semester, How is John? Oh, I'm fixin' to close. Thank you for giving love and faith when I couldn't see through the tears. Fly Navy! I'm so stoked!! Don't ever lose your sense of humor. War Eagle, cringe. Joan, Yes, it was! When in Rome remember the promise. Ruth



Derek Aaron Fuller
Washington, D.C.
Economics
Naval Flight Officer

Rated RX. A worldly man from the modern day Dodge City. But when the shooting starts you'll find Dee under the pinball machine. Dee was bred from the Corps and America was shocked when he chose the Navy. Crew, boxing, and 150's. Econ for interest or ease? Ramada Inn pass-out games. He looks like Prince. Bikinis or bust at Odell's. Good thing the Jimmy legs can't hurdle tombstones. Alcohol showers and gate 3. Mister Bartender. Drunken tongue in the bathroom. Seven day weekends. Found Cal's $20 yet? "I need a more powerful bike." Rolaids for ice cream? "Need to get to second quicker in order to beat the volvo." Mister Invisible. That old silent treatment. CCR and applying to schools-Dirty pillows and funktry-Two time loser. Finger lickin' good. A drill officer that passes out at p-rades. VW, BMW, Mazda. Are those tapes yours? Mornings with the Capt Drill. Messages from the uncle. Thanks L, T, M, C, & B. GO GO DEE. TES DS/USN

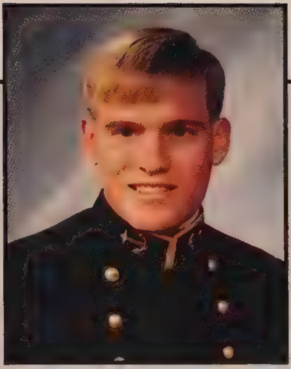
Donald Dean Gabrielson
Hibbing, Minnesota
English
Surface Warfare



Here's to Dodi, Hibbing, Minnesoooooda's finest, from the Iron Ore Capital of the World. Is that why you have that ball bearing in your class ring? We weren't sure if you wanted to be a rock star, with your long hair and all, or a world class wrestler, with all your fighting experience plebe year with Bill and Dave. We hope that all the Glee Club tour groupies don't all catch up with you in the same place at the same time - well, that probably won't happen in Japan. Speaking of dedicated groupies, MK, not to mention the rest of the gang, is still wondering what the hell happened. Milt's still depressed aboat (!) the snowmobile, too. As for relationships, well, don't worry, Dodi, there's always Hope! Cough! Choke! Good luck in the Orient. "Look oat" Navy, here comes Dodi! MJS DN STP

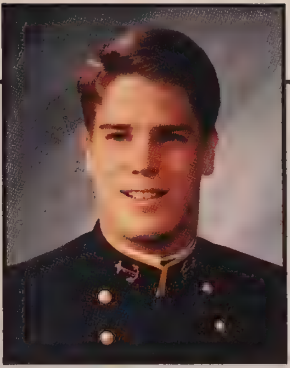
Holly Lynn Gordon
Ona, West Virginia
Aerospace Engineering
Navy Air

After rowing her way into 4th company from the "wild and wonderful" West Virginia (that's okay, we'll excuse the inbreeding), Holly saw the light and out went crew, in came weekends, spring break, leave, etc. 3/c year brought many trips to Brickskeller - "Holly, get your head out of the sink" - your continually poor academic performance (physics final - "I think I missed two." "I bet Holly Gordon has the aero homework.") and someone to keep you busy for the next two years. Do you remember 2/c summer? (I know you remember the good parts!) We celebrated 2/c year with the Chippendales - "Holly how bad did you want that champagne bottle?!" - Our entrance into 1/c year - Myrtle beach = punches + Kingston kisses - your escape to 3-0 and 4 stripes (Black sheep striper "Holly hangs out with the wrong types!") Finally you came back to the real world and 2nd semester gave us much liberty, much self-pity, much fun - aviation party, "Sorry you had to see that..." and, of course, breaking the ties but getting a $280 debt. These past 3 years brought enought memories for a lifetime. Thanks for all the help; God bless and keep dreaming! We love Giglet! SHO

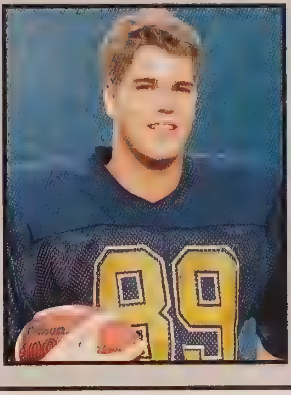


Julien Antony Grant
Wyckoff, New Jersey
Aerospace Engineering
Civil Engineer Corps

Julien was one of a few humble midshipmen who did not submit a biography by choice. Like most midshipmen, however, he was probably one who excelled in all that he attempted and in all the organizations that he was involved in. Though his life at USNA has not been summarized in this small space, the memories of this individual will surely be present in the minds of all who knew him.



Brian Lee Hathaway
Lake Oswego, Oregon
Economics
Navy Air



Hath came to us from the far away state of Oregon with a football in one hand and a golf bag in the other. He opted for football and spent the next four years perfecting the squib kick. We saw him go from Bambi to Hathdog to Domestication. How about room 3332 hitting Fleet Street? "Can you believe he went first?" How about that midquest ...zero to sixty in....Whap - where'd that bridge come from? Well Skip, good luck in Pensacola and take care of that left eye. Thanks for being a great roommate(on both weekdays and weekends). Above all don't forget.."You Ain't Sooo Bad!"

James Mitchell Joyner
Reno, Nevada
Electrical Engineering
Navy Air

James was one of a few humble midshipmen who did not submit a biography by choice. Like most midshipmen, however, he was probably one who excelled in all that he attempted and in all the organizations that he was involved in. Though his life at USNA has not been summarized in this small space, the memories of this individual will surely be present in the minds of all who knew him.

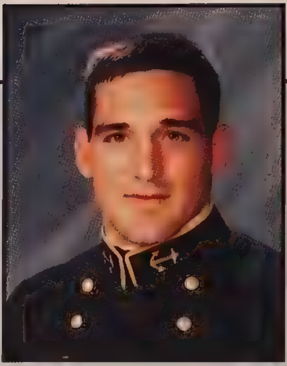
Emily Huibee Lai
Falls Church, Virginia
Chemistry
Surface Warfare

Grasshopper - the girl whose middle name is a typo. Emily, what was it like to give chowcalls to Dave Robinson's kneecaps? You really didn't need all that practice in the shower after taps. As a Youngster, Little Em worked on her theory that men over six feet tall were the only ones to date. Speaking of dates, how was the Christmas date?? "Me and Joe are going to Maggie's and I'm gonna wear my leopard skin skirt." Which by the way amazes us you can fit into, since you eat like a horse. Where does the food go? Must be all that running. I hear SWO is great for colocation, but "What if my wife is acvtive duty, and I'm not?" Good luck Huibee, with everything. Just remember not to sleep like a mummy the night of 1JUN89, and stop cutting your hair in the buff. And to think, it all started as chem lab partners... By the way, Max died on your desk.

Gontran Miguel Lamberty
Columbia, Maryland
Electrical Engineering
Nuclear Power - Surface

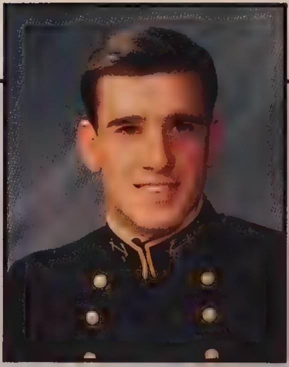
CAJUN POPCORN $369

Once we finally determined what Gontran's name actually was we couldn't help but suggest nicknames. Motrin, Mo, G-train, Chi-Chi, Stein, and Biscuit Man all surfaced during his short four year stay. We were always amazed by this EE's skillful competence with computers, stereos, dates, and the English language. Perhaps youngster year saw the emergence of the true Mo, (with a little help from a roommate) as we witnessed Mo's troubles with Woody's car and three stars. Perhaps the most disheartening moment arrived as a small stone, but this incident was reversed into one of laughter by the little refrigerator jug ("Don't drink it!!"). This Popeye's loving man has seen it all, from the Orioles losing 21, the Surf Rider, all night typing for $10, Moe Inc., to a 3-iron shot where the clubhead landed closer to the hole than the ball. Many more great times were experienced with Mo, but some would be best left "closed-captioned". This "souldering" nerf hoop master is going far, and remember Mo, the SWO gut, the baldness, and "Who cares?", with a little Nutragena the women will love you anyway. Go Orioles. Al & Beef



Albert Stanton Lewis
Miami, Florida
Computer Science
Surface Warfare

The mothers will rejoice and girls will cry (with delight) as this Miami based man heads west. Al will always be remembered by his one-liners which were an asset to his loud attire, copious use of cologne and berating remarks. There was an episode for every year, Plebe year it was trying on the cheerleader's socks, youngster year's window sill and other restriction antics, second class year's rendition of "Oh Canada", and first class year brought the inconceivable, a relationship. Al's plans for the surface Navy will surely lead to the inevitable SWO belly, but with a Navy wrestling style of weight control that extra addition will be here today and gone tommorrow... and then back again. Al and his "Leisure Suit Larry" lifestyle leave many fond memories from "Do wah ditty ditty..." to waking the brigade at 2:00 AM. We have enjoyed our years "hanging out" with Al and wish you luck in the future and remember Al, youngster year you were #1 in the eyes of one of your roommates. Beef & Mo



David Michael McCarthy
Newburyport, Massachusetts
Mechanical Engineering
Nuclear Power - Submarines

Well, you know Dave, the kind of guy that would do something like that could do anything. Hopefully by the time you read this at least you will have returned the books. But a big stud like you can afford to burn bridges. not everyone's sponsor has two daughters. But at least you could have been slightly more considerate to Jim. Oh well, friends are the ones who come back for more, right? That reminds me of an infamous night youngster year. We all know she made you do it, but it was a rare pleasure to see you sweat. You sure didn't sweat first class year. Brigade Parade Judge, (little home cookin'), free car, easy major, and a mom who did everything for you (taxes, insurance, new muffler). Good thing your mom bought AAA though, huh? Mud-bog '89. the annual automobile disaster were always fun. But a can opener still isn't the best tool for car repair. Good luck in Nuke School, with a fully furnished home and your grandparents just around the corner. Don't lift too much or all the girls will be calling you Ahbeezooka. We all love you. When you're CNO, keep us all in mind. DMR MJP JRO JAW

Kimberly Ann Nugent
Rocky Point, New York
Oceanography
Supply Corps

Anyone seen Kim? She's running intervals, you know, "Committment Makes the Difference." Huge Nuge (00) hails from the "THE ISLAND", so it's not surprising she made the LAX team - at least made up the stats for them. Hey, remember the swamp! Freshmen year wasn't bad cause with chichwich it's gonna be a good day. OK, girls, what's in your hands? As a sophomore, Kimmy was the ONLY girl the Firsties liked. After the "3356 Night of Terror", it's ironic who's writing your bio, huh? It's Thursday, Silver Bullet Study Break! Room's a mess, Kim must be on weekend. I just hope she took her Rod Stewart tapes. Youngster Boat Party? Juniors at last. Julia "Winterfest" Child - yeah fellas! The 'Vette! You guys know the fastest way to 3-4? We had a Ring Dance? Seniors - way outta hand! That's Athens, Georgia, not Greece, Nuge! When are you gonna steal me that sweatshirt? Kimmy, it was nice to know there was always someone with longer hair, and don't worry, there is no reg PE gear in the fleet. (Not that it was ever a problem for you) " I'll see y'as latah!" JRO

Joan Russell Oldmixon
Dedham, Massachusetts
Political Science
Supply Corps

Joan, the original Boston B---- (Oops! babe has only four letters). How could you ever leave the Bugman? Plebe year wasn't ready for you! Scharf is to screen as honor lectures are to drool. You and Leather did square all those corners at 0530, right? By the way, your "tone was bitter, Joan." Coming all the way upstairs for youngster year, we realized that Joansie needed some loosening up (it's O-L-D-M-I-X-O-N, and I swim). You did okay on your own, though: Oldmixon on the tackle..."I swear I was tripped." We learned a lot in 3356, especially, the night from hell. Second class year you became a LTM and E's Girl Friday. Joan's dream realized: Plebe detail - attitude check. Company!...Eyes!...(nice catch Joan). Finally, Firsties! Who are the two that you don't know? Joan, you should have been blonde, "Oh, do you play [sax]?" Soccer game? Of course, I'm going to the soccer game. Supply Corps by the skin of your teeth - too bad, Athens is too warm for turtlenecks. Well Joan, we'll never forget you for the mom that you are. And, Bone, we'll be eagerly checking Shipmate. Heidi, that joke was not funny. KAN KJS

Susan Hampton Oxendine
Mount Gilead, North Carolina
English
Surface Warfare

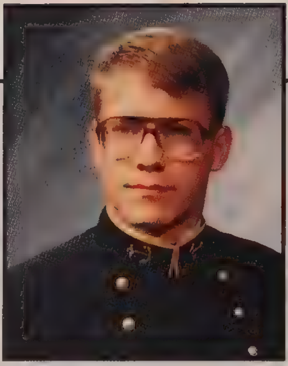
Susan came to USNA armed only with her Southern charm and "that twang." After a year in 27, she showed up in 4th Company and soon let us all know that the South is the only place that really matters. 3/c year on 3-3 proved to be wild and hectic, and Susan still can't answer the million dollar question. How did I get back from the boat party??? 2/c year Susan showed us her professional side. 2 for 7 night, what's that? It's 2 for 20, I'll be a SWO-mama for life! OK, who disarmed my battleship? Do you remember: "1-striper libs" at McGarvey's, good thing I don't want to dance, I can't go to lunch I have to shower, and doesn't he know he only has two weeks left? On Service Selection Night, Susan found herself right where she has always wanted to be, at the keg, I mean in line for the Surface Community. After a short detour to Coronado (don't worry there aren't any shelves there), she and the other "mini-Ensign" are headed for that tropical paradise, Guam. How far is that from Japan? Too Far!! Susan, Imelda, Elvis, SOX, Foxy Oxy, it's been the best of times with the best roommate anyone could ever I have. Good Luck! HLG

Robert Herman Palm
Finksburg, Maryland
Ocean Engineering
Naval Flight Officer

Well Rob it's finally here and we must admit we're glad. It has been a long three years of struggling through academics and Orioles games. Mr. and Mrs. Palm, Rob wants us to thank you for all the support the last four years and thank you again since he forgot to thank you after high school...thanks Mr. Palm and thanks Mrs. Palm. Here's a few memories: the Escort, Wild Bill, Owendoff(I Love Myself), Daddy, Nightmayer, excursion to London, weeknights in Western Maryland, busted by Jimmy the Leg, hairless, Gatorama, ABS, San Remos, softball homerun king, "My post is here..."--Navy Yawls, Ueker Night, supercalc stud and Caps games. Harry it's been fun, good luck in Pensacola. Stay in touch. Dicker & Barn

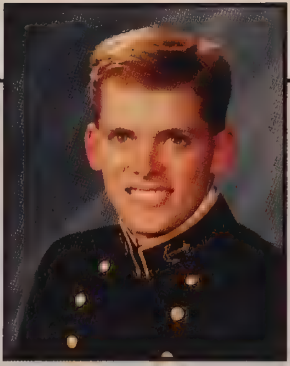
Matthew James Piacitelli
Price, Utah
System Engineering
Nuclear Power - Submarines

1) "I'm never getting married." Yeah, good one Matt. You put up a pretty good fight, though. 2) "I'm not going on a honeymoon." Right, Don't forget the sun screen down in Jamaica. 3) "I'm not having any kids for a while." well you're doing so well so far we all bet it will be at least nine months before you have your first. David Michael or Joan Russell. Even if you don't keep all your promises, you're still all right with us. who couldn't like a guy who flames on youngsters and whose favorite saying is "Crush the Bag!!" A real sweetheart who won't associate with his roommates on the weekend and who wrecks other people's BMWs. The man who takes his fiance out for a romantic peanut-butter and jelly picnic on Hospital Point. Well you did provide the sandwiches, complements of King hall.The Utah stud, the man in command, the chief that definitely kept the indians in line, this man, this husband, this Peanut. Kick pooter at Nuke school and if the studies get to be too much, just put on the Salt and Peppa and do the Nakano shuffle. DMR DMM JRO



James Andrew Popielec
Trenton, Michigan
General Science
U. S. Marine Corps

Pop came here to play football for Navy, but left here with a busted knee, from pick up basketball, after he left the team. We'll always remember Pop for: his love for the Tigers, Pistons, U of Michigan, and himself. Pop will always be a hero to the Temple Women's Crew Team and himself. Pop, remember Mums and the Fatal Attraction Woman, Camping out in the woods on your 22nd Birthday, proof that you don't have to go to Bulldog to be a Marine, New Years in the Poconos, and your other roommates "Big Guy". Pop is the only man we know who lives in Detroit, and drives a foreign car. Pop we will miss you for many things, especially: Grandma's Pizza Rolls, your stupid laugh, your sparkling personality, personal portraits, being HRC rep and and your favorite "girls". We'll miss going to Piezano's, "Does Larry have to come.", Road tripping to Temple so you can see Bailey, wrestling in the Barn, and hearing about your accomplishments on Diamond Mine. Pop, your graduating and the Hulkster is still champion. Bill, Steve, and Woody.



David Michael Rose
Dallas, Texas
English
Special Warfare

"Big Guy" Dave came out of Texas wearing a ten gallon smile. This lean mean fighting machine came from the ravages of 8-4 to slack 4 with a Single E major DESPITE his validation of 33 hours. Youngster year Dave won the respect of peers and seniors to earn him a spot on Detail for '91. "Coach Rose" lasted only a week, earning a 5k for his Introduction to Naval Aviation. Rose managed to keep his exchange spot to C.G., picking up a Varsity letter in tennis (but was stuck with Love on the social scene-you Big Stud!) Dave offended sensitive noses Brigade wide after his madman PT sessions, but it paid off when he met Samurai Hegwood. First class year a Scuba bubble, airborne wings and a hook billet(Ac. O-thanks Dave C.) Always a penny pincher, he got a great deal on a BMW, AND the new engine he picked up later. The weekends and breaks sent him North, never leaving his EconoPak behind. Spring Break Dave did his best imitation of a thermometer and went mud bogging in MD.(IS THE CAR IN PARK?!?!) Service Selection night a coveted SEAL billet, and your hair. Good luck in BUD/s and your future, "It's never too late to be a Marine". MJP DMM

Timothy Edward Sandeno
Vacaville, California
Electrical Engineering
Navy Air

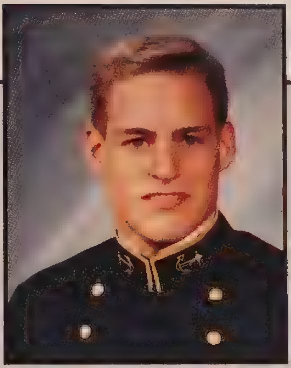
Hunter born, Hunter bred, the candy colored clown they call the Sandman tiptoed through the boat school as a gEEk: Let's drink to flunkin'! O.K. Frank, let's drink to flunkin'(kissy, kissy). As a Louie protegee, plebe year (what's that) was in Sweet Sixteen. Beer, steaks, a 20 dollar relationship, and a slow boat to Bermuda with an 18" present ended the affair. As a youngster this navigator of the year worked hard at "Hey Darlin', get back here!" and "What's your name again?" However, rewards soon came and Block Island was a big titillating cruise. Waking up nude is a curious passtime; "Hey, how 'bout passing the bucket forward." XO Sandeno's third year was filled with Japanese, Swedish and German correspondence, but who'll forget the American rose of his dreams. Finally a firsty, skipper-/sportsman Sandeno was Absolutly at the helm: a hunter on the bay. My truck, my music, my beer, and where's my clothes? (again?). Boston was, Key West was, but most of all, it was. Well Flyboy, it's been. Sail fast and get the Viking in Copenhagen. JBS DS/USN

William Joseph Serad
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania
Economics
Surface Warfare

Bill came to navy to row, and left as the Navy Crew Captain. Along the way he lost his Camaro, but got a new 'Vette. Thanks Mom and Dad!! Bill was famous for his parties; Army-Navy, Poconos, Drink One Wear One, and Wildwood, where he became a recording star. He always had great musical tastes, but you would too if you listened to Meatloaf, the Beach Boys, and the Ramones for a year straight. The women always loved Bill, especially the ones he slamdanced with. Bill always complained about how tough school was. If must have been tough to learn when you're at crew practice for half the day, and in bed for the other. If Bill would have made it through an entire year without getting hurt,(mono, back, toe, back), it would have been a miracle. Bill wanted to fly but he couldn't take his shell on a F-14, so he went to San Diego. Bill the only man we know who : complained more than 3 people, ate more than 4, and made a mess big enough for a dozen. Midn Ken Piree thanks you, for the free Army-Navy games and room and board. Good luck in your never-ending search to find someone to replace your mother. Pat, Pop, Steve, Woody

Kathleen Jane Smith
Elma, New York
Oceanography
Supply Corps

Elma? Do you even have indoor plumbing? Kathy came to the Academy ready to beat plebe year. She almost survived "unscathed"! What youngster year?! Second class year was when the "fun" began. Where did you go that night in G-town? Yeah, sure his car broke down. (meow) Let's play frisbee! RIP!! No, Doc, I swear my knee is better. Blowout! It feels great, Doc. TEAR! We can rebuild... Crew lasted as long as your knee did, as well as your dream of Marine Corps. Marine Corps, Supply Corps, what's the difference, really?!? Plebe Detail reunited Kathy with a "Serene 18" squadmate - all the better to doubleteam '92. Big road trip with Bren that summer...Mile 89. How did you run that sailboat aground? As a Firstie, Kath dirty danced on one leg, of course the full-length mirror helped a great deal. Ever the sweat extraordinaire..."I know I'm unsat. Supe's List?? All my profs hooked me, big time!" By the way, I don't do body shots. Kathleen, I love your bum knee, foreign car, and your unconditional trust of everyone, but I never did like your boyfriends. I'll teach you to cook, if you teach me to dance. Your mom in Athens. JRO



Johnathan R. Stevenson
Gaithersburg, Maryland
Mechanical Engineering
Navy Air

Johnathan was one of a few humble midshipmen who did not submit a biography by choice. Like most midshipmen, however, he was probably one who excelled in all that he attempted and in all the organizations that he was involved in. Though his life at USNA has not been summarized in this small space, the memories of this individual will surely be present in the minds of all who knew him.

Matthew Wallace Wessel
Camarillo, California
Aerospace Engineering
Navy Air

Matty could not believe that he wasn't allowed to keep his surfboard with him plebe year. Thank God 'puters were allowed! As a Youngster, Matt introduced us to some "great" music! That's when the roadtrips started and soon thereafter Baughman's "Board of shame." Bitter, much? Spike! What did you eat? First class year held the best memories, of course. Ski fast, ever? No! Only on one ski. The Double Black Diamond?? Maybe we should do it before we get too tired. I would have won if you gave me the purple guy! Jon don't cash that check, yet. Guess what I bought today! Did we really spend 18 hours in the Voyageme? Padiddle! Are you still looking for a Valpal?? Matty we love you even though you sleazed out of drill. Nice Thumb! And, Matty, I'm glad you had sisters. Flight Jackets, YES!!!

5th COMPANY

William Harold Woods
New Smyrna Beach, Florida
Political Science
Navy Air

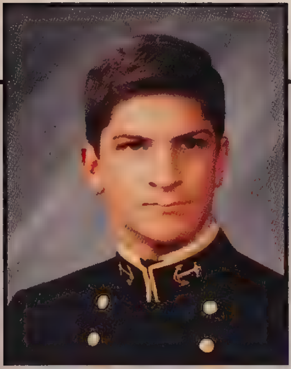
The Woodman, as we all know him, has cruised through four years of academy life. Unfortunately, that's not always fast enough when you're being chased by an "Aardvark." Maybe you were set up by the "Giglet." Bill should have no problems engaging the afterburners down in P-cola for flight school. Speaking of "Engaging", Where's the ring, Bill? I guess he's still waiting for the elusive advanced pay. This financial wizard must have had a secret reason for not investing his car loan for the first year. At least mastercard thought he was doing the right thing. Now that he is moving away from the academy, Bill should be able to lose the POW look. I'm sure that even Ted Arcidi will be proud. One day he'll look back and realize how lucky he was that the socks didn't fit. It's been a pleasure being his roommmate for the last few years. I know he'll be a great success as a pilot. Good luck to you and your fiancee. See you in the skies. Hathdog.

John Kenneth Woodson
Riverhead, New York
Oceanography
Surface Warfare

There will never be another midshipman like "WOODY." He will always be remembered for his incredible forty yard dash from 1-3 to 3-3 with no stops in between and a hundred howling plebes in hot pursuit, the Leon Spinks imitation, as well as the hoover kisses, the ball and chain, spring break in the Poconos, need news call CNN Woodson, Company fieldball, Rugby practice, road tripping to Temple and Vermont, the East Coast gigolo, the first out of the Lebaron, "oh, by the way, thanks for buying the Lebaron to chauffeur your roommates around", Surface Line Mighty Fine, Plebe Summer, Being smart enough to go to Naps first, looking for the gouge, having the gouge, the Gambler, sleeping with his clothes on, closing down Mums, partying in Piezano's, borrowing the Camaro for Thursday Night Silver Bullet Study Breaks, "Fire up and Give me Two", Letting 'Him' out to play, sleeping late, "Can't drill I got to do a Honor Case", STEVE, GO AWAY! Honor Rep, Plebe Year Black N, Neck rolls, Form-2 head, having the gouge classes, Hell on Guam. Bill, Giglet, Pat, Pop, Steve.

Sara Annette Applegarth
Hoopers Island, Maryland
Oceanography
Navy Air

Applesmack, was one of the few people who actually headed WEST to come to this Academy. The Eastern Shore had never been quite the same...neither has USNA. Sara is one who's knowledge has probably been greatly underestimated as a Midn. We know that now, understanding that she is using her Naval Aviation service selection to hide her stronger ambitions of becoming a doctor. If given the opportunity and the know-how though, I believe anyone would make the same decision and take the $$$ over the glamour. We'll be glad to take the money off your hands anytime. The stories of fun and excitement from the Glee Club and the Masqueraders are endless, but known only to few. Just as with most everything at this place. It's probably better that way though, because memories of Navy are always cherished the most by those who lived them, not those who caught them through "the vine." Take care, Garth, everyone from the old 11 and the new 5 will miss you and that high-pitched voice. And above all, have fun! Later, Dude. DCN

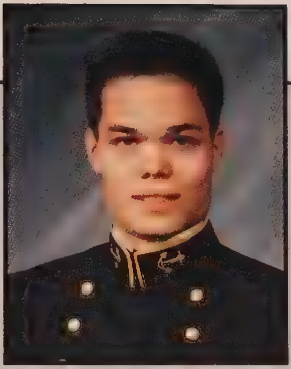


Erik Howard Barnes
Fullerton, California
Electrical Engineering
Nuclear Power - Submarines

Webster went through a great deal of Payne to get to the boat school. He will probably submit, however, that his four years by the bay were a real pain--thanks to EE. The original California boy, he found the east coast harsh and rather unsocializing. With a variety of roomies, how did he ever make it out of the 27th street gang? Football bets that went astray, a rousing eight bells in the Bahamas, and oh, those Kamakazies. Jacob's son will meet you at your sponsors. He really hatched his chicks second class summer, too bad they flew the coup. After a couple of trips to Diego and a jaunt through the Navy, he could never find his own niche. Then came design mania--for a semester we called him Thevenin. He practically moved his matress to D7, attempting to control his life with more than just remote interest. His time and effort deserved an ovation as he bounced back bigger than ever. Ah yes, off again to the boarder for another tour of duty. There's got to be a law against the fun that lies ahead. Is it payback or will we be brought to our senses again in Orlando? Hey maaannnn. Later. RAB

John Kenneth Blalock
Tuscaloosa, Alabama
General Science
Surface Warfare

BAMA! BAMA! BAMA! Let's roll, Tide! The man, the myth, the legend, the Don Juan, ...the Kenster II. Came to play football, but became disillusioned under the winning seasons of Coach T.; not quite the same as playing for "The Bear". However, he was fortunate enough to room with "the bear". After moving upstairs to 5 from 1, Ken found he loved it so much he decided to stay around over Spring Break. Those must have been some wild nights playing with the lasers. KB's luck changed during the next S.B. when he was the only one of 8 of us to hook-up. Trips to JMU, trying to stay sane. Then there was the OMINOUS WARDROOM GOON billit...the frig, hot chocolate thieves, movies. And in his concept of duty, Ken was kind enough to KILL, by stomping in a fit of rage, the wardroom mascot - George the Mouse. It was a blessed relief when Ken finally dispensed of the Whiplash Shifter 280Z and bought the automatic Honda which controlled his rambunctiousness. He misses the speed, but we're sure the MacDonough will satisfy his appetite for cruising. Later, Dude. DCN & RWJ



Stewart Michael Chang
Dix Hills, New York
Oceanography
Nuclear Power - Surface

This funny talking Long Island Boy was known affectionately by his contemporaries as the "Stooge," he came to old USNA as Mr. Surface Warfare personified. "...who would have known that I'd get nuke?" With a hard start plebe year, he was labeled by his plebe company as a "non-conformist," yet he survived. Coming to grace the presence of "Fifth Company," he began his upperclass career by keeping a low profile. Most would call him then, almost invisible. Not one to give in to pressure, our hero came to survive the worst "Battalion come-a-round" with six of the heavies hitters at USNA, including old Sean Pk! MAU! Oddly enough, he got smart first class year and got himself a fast car (the white Bird) "...which you sold anyway!" His addiction was to habitually scam on the weekends. The legendary romp through crabtown with his alter ego." By the way, who's bushes were they?" To his alter ego, "Yo Man," don't forget the "Girl," the "Fish," and everything. Stew was a survivor, a hard worker, and an all-around good guy.(?) DSG

Catherine Kim Donohue
West Orange, New Jersey
Political Science
Naval Flight Officer

Cathy came to us not knowing there was a difference between officers and enlisted. Well, it's finally been... four years together by the bay! We must have fulfilled our many graduation requirements, from polar bearing (are we nuts?!), DL quals, and maybe we could include Redwood to Carmel. "We did it!" I guess there is no gouge sport. Does USNA have kayaking? How do you spell Donoghini? Or "OO BU"? SHIH. Let me know if you find the powder room in Ho Chih Minh. And while you're looking for it, try and find the furniture that's missing from Smoke Hall. They need it back for the - yes you guessed it - the International Ball. I never did take my mom on the roof. But we did take her to the Dubliner. Jimmy Buffet, Margaritaville, under the wall, mushroom and mayonnaise pizza (make that a large, please) Club 34!! We care! The roof, FCA, RMH. Cathy, there's a lot of crazy things that can happen in four years together by the bay. But knowing you has been one of the BEST! You are a special person. And God has truly blessed our friendship. Love always - Annie-O.

Theodore E. Fundoukos
Akron, Ohio
Mathematics
Naval Flight Officer

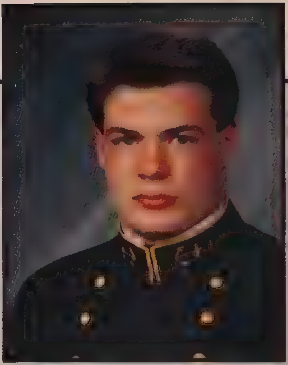
When Ted first got to the Academy, his first thoughts were to make a good impression. This was not the case. While getting screamed upon, he nervously yelped a "Beat Navy Sir!". Enough of plebe year; it gets better. 4 AM on a Friday night, Ted has been pestering his roommates for hours about the life, the universe and everything. Here was a man in continual search for truth. Some memorable ones: Who's this Rosy you all keep talking about? During his four years here, Ted, also known as the "Greek", spent most of his time with the football team. Navy's record-breaking place-kicker will be sorely missed. Maybe he'll remember some of our highlights: snow football, snoozing on the job, Mosketti's cross country squad, the weight room kicker pose, the "Stutz", Army-Navy's Mr. Automatic, and the long hours of quarterback warm-ups. Let's not forget the "Gung's and Roshes" in the weightroom. "TE" is the kind of friend that everyone wishes they had. I guess that I'm just lucky. Now he's headed for Pensacola, and the skies will never be the same. Good luck, see ya in P-cola. BLHavaday LSV EMH

Dionisio Sales Gamboa
Woodbridge, Virginia
History
Navy Air

This hard puncher from Virginia always considered himself a southern cavalier and a poet, except when he was down at the table with "Big Larr." Plebe year with "the Point" and his never-ending "flame-ons!" would inculcate Ramboa's original desire to become a jarhead. His first attempt with chemistry as a major didn't go too well with Sean P., especially after belting that petty officer (a two time Brigade Boxing Championship and a National Collegiate Boxing Championship were nice to look at, but food was all too important) We'll never forget: Falling in love with history, the rack, and Navy Air. Fighting the rack monster's call was a lost battle. Late nights in front of the tube with "Big Larr"-- the "academic devil" will live forever. The intellectual conversations he had with "Ming". But through it all, he managed to maintain his virtue, regardless of the many sleepless nights thinking of the "Girl," who so close (inches!), yet so far. Maybe someday. PBJ

Cameron David Geiger
Stafford, Virginia
General Engineering
Marine Air

Leg for life, Shaft, Fire Chief, the pride of Stafford and the only member of his high school class that doesn't have kids yet. Cam was deep selected for Commandant of the Marine Corps on 03 AUG 67. He succeeds at everything (except for grades) and won't ever surprise us as he carries on the Geiger Marine Air tradition for another 30 years. His pride, professionalism, and partying will be remembered (or maybe not) by all of us: Who could forget "Party-X" in Orlando? The pool, Gimpy, and leaving roadmarkings from the bus. BBB-Clank! Army in '87 - We won't tell... CAA's in '88 and THE PICTURE. Free screwdrivers at Army '88. KEGTREK '89: Invisibleness, "I ate it raw at The Pie," New Orleans - "Where'd we park my truck?", our excellent adventure, Camugly and his turban, "You tempted fate one too many times with the haircut!" You've been a great roommate and friend, Cam. Someday I'll have a real weekend. Someday you'll be man enough to give blood. Good luck. "Here's to you, here's to me, hope that friends we'll ever be..." JJJ DMS

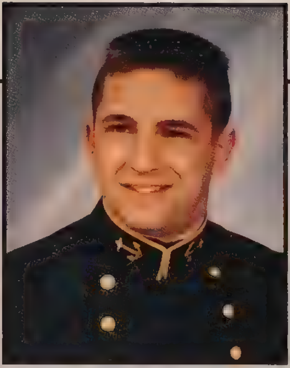


Richard John Giacin
Waterbury, Connecticut
General Science
Supply Corps

Finagler. How else can Rich be described? It didn't take long to realize this when we became roommates youngster year. But I knew we'd get along well once I saw his Zeppelin collection. Rich was probably the only guy in the Brigade who could stand living with me. He still regrets the day I brought my electric guitar. Football was always Rich's biggest concern, but in his quest for knowledge, he tried three different majors. A scientist at heart, Rich can testify to the merits of going into a test "naked." Who can forget all those late-night "meaning of life" discussions, or the ever-popular "festing" hobby. Rich's business sense will surely prove valuable as he prepares to enter the only true Corps. Good luck, Richard J. Giacinni, III. See you when I get back from the P.I. DSG

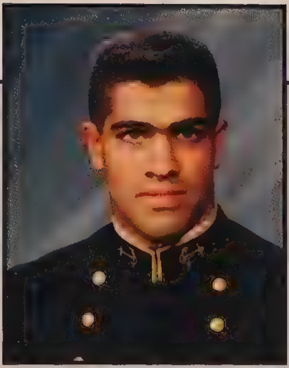
Christina Renee Green
Grants, New Mexico
Physical Science
Naval Flight Officer

High School, University of New Mexico, NAPS, USNA, Pac Fleet, USNA, Thank God Graduation! And now for the rest of the story... Funky cold Christina, who was sometimes seen with her shorts on 3-0, -thanks Dwight- had a keen eye for packages. Arriving by camels from the Mojave desert/Las Crotches, New Mexico, Chris was literally rudely awakened by the lifestyle of the Navy. Late night sqeaking noises (those darn mice) disturbed many of her nights. Having worn out many a kneepad due to volleyball, she was named to the all regional team three out of four years. She also could put up a good fight for LV when drinking. Stop Making Sense! For a girl who didn't know Richard or Frank, she was a good smoker. All kidding aside, hang tough, fly high! We'll be watching... PJP DCN



David Samuel Grennek
New Castle, Pennsylvania
Physics
Nuclear Power - Submarines

David Savario Granucci came to Navy from "Brooklyn." Thought by most to be quite eccentric, only I knew he was truly a genious. He'll probably be best remembered as the inventor of the unified theory of circular motion. Dave was almost always working on his technique. Dave graduated into being a Physics major with the help of his friend "Homer J." of the EE department. Dave logged more rack time than most, but every minute asleep was one less minute here. A musician, philosopher, and finagler, Dave could do it all. There is no doubt that he will become the best submariner in the fleet. All that he needs is a phone that will work from under the Polar ice cap so he can keep in touch with his stock broker. Dear Playboy... Good luck, Dave! Maybe someday we'll be "state" roommates. RJG



Robert Henry Hickman
Mt. Laurel, New Jersey
History
Supply Corps

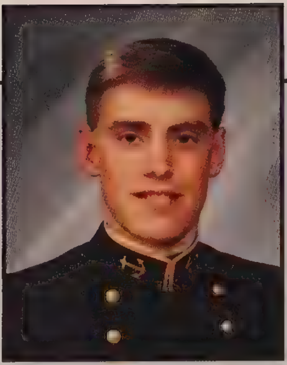
"The Big Cheese" is a Jersey boy by nature. He made a small detour to the Academy by way of South Texas where he was often deported for looking Mexican. Bob's USNA exploits began in a boxing ring where, in the first round, he administered a sound beating and, in the second, after actually being backed up by a right cross, tried to cave in the skull of his roommate. As a founding member of the " Half Ton Club " he persisted in pitching fifty gallons of water from 4-3 to the goat court deck. Bob went from the Playboy company to Five, where he often strafed the Rotunda with paper airplanes. Hardest hit by Gramm-Rudman, Bob was forced to go from table to table in search of extra chow. R.H. the most dangerous thing on hockey skates, often felt that in a hockey game, the puck was a waste of time and would have preferred a check-fest. Bob leaves this fine establishment to enter the elite " Corps ", the true Corps, the Supply Corps. Best of luck and keep the chow flowing. A finer friend one could never find. Take care. MTK JKS JDM

Robert Wendell Janssen
Louisville, Kentucky
Economics
Naval Flight Officer

Reveille, reveille, Rob, heave out and trice up...well, never mind. Rob has yet to experience total consciousness in daylight. How do you pronounce "Louie-ville?" Although enrolled in the toughest major at the Academy, Rob got good grades while spending most of his time in the rack or the wardroom. Away from the Academy, Rob found adventure anywhere he went: on the beach in Nice, France with those poor elementary school teachers, or studying hard in Spain, Rob always had a good time, even with a plastic bag taped to his face. At Ted's party and in Key West, Rob had a way with the ladies. The charm didn't always work, however, and Rob found himself either scaring off the objective with a slip of the tongue, or having to use his boxing experience (Duck and Roll). Despite a slight tendency to procrastinate, as our company commander he managed to skate through the first semester. Hey, it only took him a year to find that perfect BMW 325! We're sure Wendell will make a fine passenger in some Navy plane, as long as the seat reclines. MHN & DCN

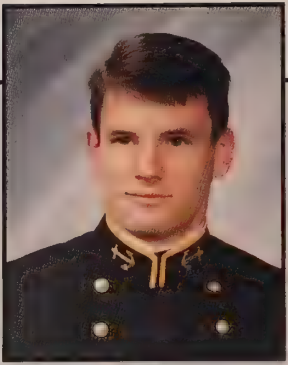
Michael Stephen Kalafsky
Blairsville, Pennsylvania
Oceanography
Surface Warfare

Heeeeeey! Kalafsky. Mike, being as stubborn as a two-bit mule, came here for something to do during the week without sacrificing his weekends at Blairsville or IUP. He made the trek most every week in the official US Navy K car until he aquired a new and improved version that would get him there quicker. First it was Navy football, then rugby, and then Michelle. What next, Mike? He always had this certain glow about him--you could spot him on the beach a mile away. Who could forget those frat parties in IUP or those wild nights in Baltimore. Sir, you can't sleep here. Oh yeah, good job, Kalafsky. Goin' to bed, Mike? There was no such thing as an all-nighter for this guy. At least your feet were clean enough to play hoops. What the heck, buddy, its been a long one but a good one. I know you'll do exceptionally well and make the real Navy proud you're one of their own. Remember, Mike, "never, ever leave your wingman and don't forget your tackle box." Someday you'll thank me for introducing you to "both" kinds of music. BA JGK

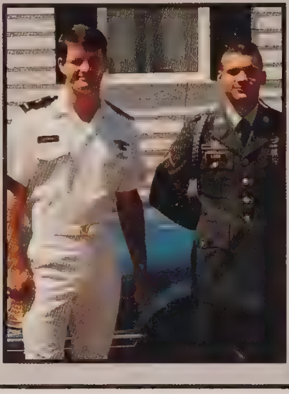


John Gerard Kemna
Meta, Missouri
Aerospace Engineering
Aviation Maintenance Duty Officer

What can be said about John other than "he's a good ole boy." He came from the Show-Me-State to the big city with an open mind and an open heart. John is someone that can be depended on for anything. He would give you the shirt off his back if he didn't misplace it. John flew through his AERO major but is still trying to land safely. Johnny K. was known to tip a few here and there, but Beam and "7" will always be his trademark. John was a friend to everyone and I know he will succeed. Good Luck, Go for "8", and always remember..."a country boy can survive!" RJG

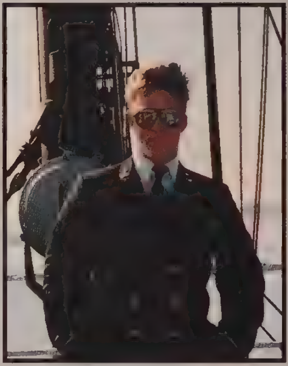


Jon Curtis Ladda
Manito, Illinois
General Engineering
Nuclear Power - Submarines

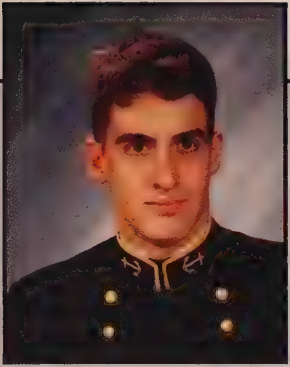


Jon (Grandpa) The only man with a perpetual 5 o'clock shadow. What about the infamous Friday night wrestling brawls featuring Mr. Aphyxiation himself. You were always eating chocolate and ice cream, midstore cookies, but aspirin snacks? They melt so nice in your mouth leaving you with that refreshing cotton-mouth feeling. I must say mopping your floor daily youngster year is a bit excessive. Then again, when you have your entire career planned by the third day of plebe summer, nothing's that unusual. Carrying on after precoms, Jon could boast, having the lowest percent bodyfat in the company. First class second semester brought him company commander. While giving general announcements during formations, Jon's tone would be that of a father reprimanding his son. His concept of duty, integrity, moral courage was highly respected. It is too bad about "The mythical Five", they are no more. You've been a good friend and I hope you make it. Good luck. Don't forget to wear those "neon dolphins" when you get to your ship and especially if SPS is ever your CO. TEF CRG DEM EHB

Matthew Wayne Lightner
Shelbyville, Indiana
Chemistry
Surface Warfare

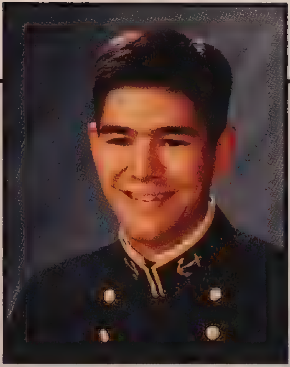


Spaceghost, S.C.H. Long, A.H., Antikenster, SWOGOD. From the metropolis of S/V Navy received the ultimate seeing-eye Swo. Matt had less choice than most owing to the fact that he is legally blind. Good thing he chose a major about which he knows more than any prof here. As a Chem, he was the only one ever rejected for Nuke. He had his successes, though...The eternal Chicago tunes and worse, John Mellen Cougarhead were not among them. Neither was wooming wit da worm. Bismark never saw his true love after 1/c cruise, but while Navy lost Air Force and Army in '88 Matt won, achieving Maddog's ultimate dream in Beantown, New Jersey. Matt thought he'd have less stripes ACYEAR than plebe summer but was catapulted to M/LTJG (PLTCDR) 2nd SEM, during which he excelled at reveille formations but finally achieved unsatness for the last four weeks. How did my car get in the Dahlgren parking lot? And who put that trash can there (thank God)? And do I need to have another counseling session with you, little girl? MPM DMS & CDG



Douglas Edward McCann
Wilmington, Delaware
History
U.S. Marine Corps

Doug was born in both the wrong place and time. He should have been born in Ireland. He was well known throughout his stay in Fifth Company for his humorous if not demented exploits. It would be a shame not to mention the tree that Doug so graciously supported at Ken's party. Why did Doug choose Marine Corps? Outside of his mysterious desire to be miserable(i.e. taking everyone's watch youngster year) it was probably because he can walk everywhere. Given his current driving record, this was a wise choice. Whether he was skidding into curbs in a cloud of gravel or barreling onto the Ridgely Avenue exit, Doug believed in pushing the edge of the envelope. Doug will always be remembered for his generous nature when any friend needed a favor. Unfortunately this naive attitude carried over into other areas. Pull over Doug, they're flashing their brights at us. How about that 36th Company picture Doug? How tragic. Hopefully Doug's career highlight will not be his infinite billet as Pre-Bulldog Company commander. Good luck Doug. LSV



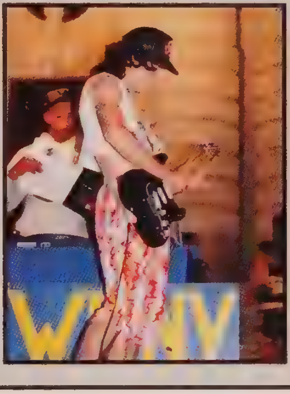
Matthew Patrick McLuckie
Colorado Springs, Colorado
History
U. S. Marine Corps

Okay Jethro Slegg, Airdork, Maddog, Mr. McWonderful, Whiskey Grand Master, how do you really spell "WHISKEY?" The dictionary says, "July 19, 1985. (89????)" T/F. How about that easy going attitude youngster year? It's a good thing you didn't loosen up. It's nice to have KlassMates to comfort you over leave periods. Isn't it? Hey, let's drive to Ft. Benning and back twice, and stop for gas once in a while. It's only a 2 miles to the nearest inbred gas station...Hope they have a gas can. Ever driven from Quantico to Annapolis and been woken up by the guardrail? At least your dream came true of achieving the ultimate leadership position: Commander, I mean SUB-Commander of the last bastion of professionalism. What do M.R., an alley, and Fran Obrien's mean to you? Sometime during your stint in the Corps you might actually experience the final toast at Mess Night, other than on your knees. MWL & DCN

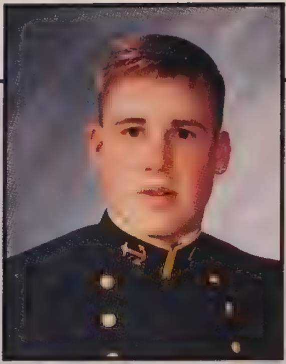
Wendy Therese Miller
Springfield, Illinois
History
Navy Air

Wendy-T, with the mistaken alias of Charise, came to USNA with high expectations and a quiet disposition. Time with the Talking Heads and two new roomates changed that. Wendode's grades varied as much as her hair color, from unsat to sup's list. From Autumn to Iko Iko, things eventually led to late night talks and candy-machine runs...or to psycho dates. Sometimes it was more like four years together by the French Riviera (good old Edith Piaf). Despite all this Wendy still learned leadership skills, just ask Doug about being led through a chain on one of her numerous pre-reveille runs. Don't forget when Gidge saved the night, quiet Chinese restaurants, B-more and sales, tanning pills and orange skin, singing in bars and P-cola bound, and of course, Chillin'. A certain ski resort is still minus a tree, a hay bale, and a fence. But like the card says, Your life, don't look back, so keep learning and DOING. Rooming with you has been great and I'm going to miss it(someone flush the fish). You're a great friend. Fly Navy! CKD

Dwight Crawford Neeley
Arlington, Virginia
Computer Science
Marine Air



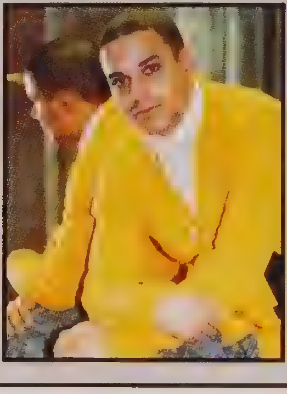
Everyone thought Dwiggit memorized "Live, Without a Net;" few realize he IS Eddie Van Halen. Arrived via MMA and GWU this "Dude" had no plebe year until moving from Skate 8 to Frying 5. When not playing his Fender he was a computer hobbyist, required to be in the rack by 2100, and pulling an all-nighter before every project, including a record-setting five-in-one. 2/c Year ended with Gidge making another mistake at J"N"U, and embarking on the "Summer of Abuse." An all expense-paid trip to MCB Quantico and 1/507th P.I.R. (FT. Beginning, GA), it allowed the 2.0 "C" performer to make Marine Air by "Bulldog" default. Airtubey rose to more stripes at OCS than at USNA, although owing his success as COCDR to his COGYSGT, thank you. Watch out! Inbreds at 2:00, Nowhere, NC. Have any Airdog T-shirts left? 1/C year saw Dwight trade in the lovely primer green land yacht for the lovely primer blue one. D & Dean aged Hal 50 years with their academic excellence. Key West! 1. Always attract attention. 2. Jump on the band wagon. 3. Dwight for Dwight and all for Dwight! JKB & MPM



Michael Hunter Newton
Rochester, New York
Aerospace Engineering
Navy Air

Okay Mr. Stapuff, Fig, Slim, Fatty, HP, Newt, MikeD... KICK IT! Exactly how can a man with the body of a teenager know so much. Especially after being raised on the easy listening sounds of Iron Maiden, Scorpions, and the Mentors. Not many knew that Mike was the underground leader of the Kikuyu Tribesmen while posing as a Midn. What about those ever rosey cheeks that seemed to glow with fire when Mike chowed on 50-60 Buffalo wings. Newt's internal operating system somehow overwrote the coordination side of his brain with solid state memory. An unbelievable recall of anything. And, yes, everything is still there today! Of course, too much memory clouded his decision making ability, especially when in the proximity of his roomate. It also confused him on the concept of defensive driving: "He better get out of my way!" . It's a good thing Mike never drank underage illegally! Happy Birthday Mike...Here's your diploma... Have a beer! Hasta La Vista, Baby-...Later, Dude! DCN

Patrick James Powers
Bronx, New York
General Engineering
U.S. Marine Corps



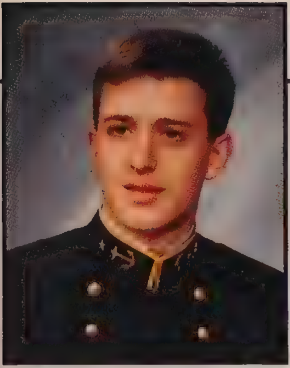
What day it is? Chesty was born in the United States but he doesn't speak English-at least not the way the rest of us speak it. Yes CDR-he did graduate from high school-juss axe him. Nose will leave this fine institution as a member on the all conduct team, lettering his junior and senior year. With a grand total in excess of 50 grand in conduct offenses, there hasn't been one semester that Pat didn't have a date with the OOW written in his calendar book. Besides being known for attracting trouble (how about those guardrails, you moron?), Pat was a member of the Gunslinging Crew at Secrets and stuck out due to his distinctive S-shaped body. Many people believe that Stinky has achieved the impossible-impending motherhood. Aside from his obnoxious music and abrasive humor, Lep is universally well liked-probably because of his obsessive loyalty to those he cares about. Pat is returning to his native Marine Corps because he's the only one who can communicate wiff dose grunts. Git Out Ma Lane! Best of luck and go get 'em. CRG STC SAA

Erik Lee Snyder
Tallahassee, Florida
Political Science
Nuclear Power - Submarines

The biggest mistake the Academy made was allowing Syndes to get away with everything he did. Erik has shown the face of innocence while subverting the conduct system. While sailing the fine line, he spent three years sailing offshore, a career which carried him to the exotic ports of Riverside, B.I., and Bermuda. Hey, weren't you weaving at restriction? Did you say hey!? Stein, may I have another pop-tart? After surviving plebe year in 13, Erik became an FCG and spent more than a couple of weekends at Toweson. Youngster year blended into 2/c summer and Snydes displayed incredible adeptness at YP handling and the Marine Corps confidence course. He also looked good in lingerie. Summer submitted to 2 for 7, and Erik earned his own boat. Standing up proudly against all challenges, Erik proved himself #1 at Navy. A Porsche and a wonderful woman carried him into 1/c year and service selection. Weekend trips to W.V.A. hideouts will forever be sacred. The Navy will be enriched with his dedication and I envy those who will work for him. Good luck Erik - The helm's over. KJQ

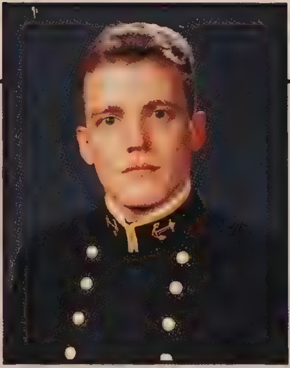
Karen Elaine Somsel
Midland, Michigan
Economics
Special Operations

If Karen lost the use of her arms, she'd still be in the first boat because she'd pull with her teeth! Her hard work has paid off. Believe it or not, there have been some noncrew related memorable moments. How about plebe year's grasshopper/goldfish/M&M feast? Or the wet WUB"D"? Youngster year brought snow, and Karen shoveled, and shoveled -- and didn't even get paid for it! Instead, she received the honor of head restrictee and a black N-star. But lost time was made up for over second class summer. How about yelling at each other from five feet away while sitting on the bed eating ice cream? Better yet, wading in the ocean at 2 a.m. fully clothed. First class year Karen decided to improve firstie/youngster relations and discovered a completely new dimension of American history not to mention the benefits of a split room. Yeah Soms! Karen, you are the greatest and my very best friend. We fight like sisters but that's what keeps us so close. Take on dive school like a power ten -- with everything you've got. I'll miss you. Love Denise



David Michael Swenson
Bellevue, Washington
Aerospace Engineering
Naval Flight Officer

Aerogeek Dave will have better jobs than all of us in 20 years. And no confirmed kills. "The Almost Man", Geek, Ghom, Dork and Pencil Neck Guano of Five wasn't really a geek, but managed to get a 95 test raised to a 100 and graduate 3.47. What does (MED + DC + TW)· KN = ? Anything, well ALMOST. Roomed with Rocky youngster year and learned that "Somewhere out there...It's the final countdown." Couldn't get enough of the Grease and Top 40. "What the heck is this?" A toilet, closet and shoe rack in Ocean City attest to Dave's permanent lightweight status. Hey, Dave, would you take my car, pick up my parents at BWI and have a major accident on the way... please?! Another of the N.D. buddies, he extracated himself after five months, and now spends his time drinking with Brad and "playing" with Fritz. We'll end this tribute with Dave's two favorite quotes: "You don't need to teach me a lesson" (But if your ring is missing...) and "How can I go out with her when I Kare for someone else?" CDG, MW (SCH) L, & MPMP.S. How about that Colorado skiing?



Philip Hugh Turner
Los Altos, California
History
Surface Warfare

Philo came to the boat school from the Garden State after a two year stint in Nuke Power. He spent an enjoyable plebe year in the Club, and quickly discovered the joys of offshore sailing and Georgetown. After being told that sailing was not a major, he switched from Mech E. to History. He bumped around the Brigade for a few years before winding up in 5th company where he quickly became an honorary member of "the crib". Senior year saw the return of "the wife" and the first conduct "A". Thanks to Goose, Fuzz, Jon, Glen, Sandy n' Bear, and Mav (What about Engdahl?). In all respects, it has been an education. TJC

Lawrence Sheley Vincent
Vienna, Virginia
English
Navy Air

The Admiral's son was a veritable academic wizard, which was not surprising considering the unusual size of his head. Hey Chubhead!! Helmet would give you the "tie-dye" shirt off his back and the extent of his assistance and generosity was unlimited as long as it had nothing to do with Calc, Physics, and numbers in general. Just get a book in his hands and he would be content until the next morning. Are you going to sleep tonight CH? Just one more chapter. Will we ever forget, famous B CO songwriter, "Charlie, goes out with other guys", the youngster color room, automatic D's in performance, condiment wars, why John should take the plunge, scream sessions in 3309, all night talk sessions, 150's sweat diets, and his love for wires. After all, he did achieve a minor in EE. (But F really does stand for fabulous). Drinking with LV always proved to be physically taxing. Those nappy-morning stares will not be forgotten, Calvin. Look out P-Cola, Galaga-trained Lar is gonna do some of that pilot $#%@! TEF DCN DEM

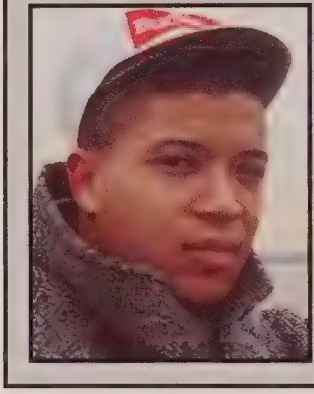
Carol June Womack
Fort Washington, Maryland
Systems Engineering
Civil Engineer Corps

Pooky. That is what Carol's nickname for everyone is. Coming from a small suburb of Washington (D. C. that is), she travelled great lengths to attend Us-Nah. Early in her career, she adopted the aggressive personality common among natural leaders. (FREEZE SUCKER), but soon settled into a routine. Running all year round, cross country, indoor and outdoor track she managed to never miss a class (or a meal), always get her homework done and, still be in bed by 2300 (must have had an extra hour in the day). Her second best trait was her positive almost "too happy to be morning " attitude even if it was standing restriction for "sunbathing on Smoke Hall", But her best trait was her incredible luck(... many memorable incidents of skating...). Her most fortunate break, of course came when she started dating the man from Montclair (exit 9, New Jersey). Although she was able to outrun her opponents on the track, she could not outrun the bond between them. Congratulations. Fondly, CPA.

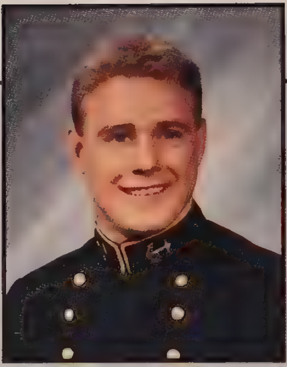
6th

COMPANY

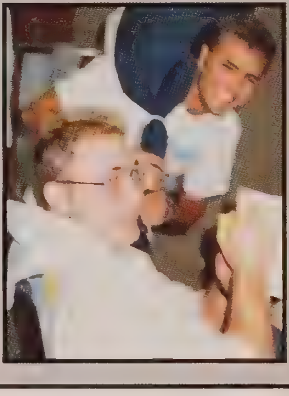
Charlton Peter Adams
Montclair, New Jersey
General Science
Marine Air



Chuck, Chang, Jabba, or Charlton came to us from the bubbling metropolis of Montclair, New Jersey via NAPS, Naval Academy Primary School. Our hero's illustrious career can be best compared to running the O-course on Hospital Point. NAPS threw him for a loop, but he hit the deck plates running as a LAX player and all-around good guy, plebe year. Second semester plebe year was like the cargo net all over again , you know, how they stretch and you pull until they are on the ground? But the clock kept ticking while Chuck jumped the infinitely high wall of Company Officers in Six, also the slightly shorter one by gate 3. With just a little to go, (ah, but the best is just ahead!), Chuck found salvation in the Corps and the benefits of a townie (almost) girlfriend. Service Selection was one monkey bar after another (MARINE AIR...NAVY AIR...MARINE AIR...), and with that settled, our little flying leatherneck rounded the corner of first class year into the open arms of TBS, Quantico. 3:03, 3:04, 3:05 whew! Just made it! Good Lust... I mean, Luck big guy! Take care, love CJW.



Kurt William Armbrust
Bettendorf, Iowa
Political Science
Surface Warfare



Kurt, from Bettendorf, the Quad, next to the muddy Miss. Wrestling, football, terrorizing with Steve, Rick and Bill. Grandpa, the pleber, Sweet Sixteen, computer games. Youngster year. New challenges. 150's, Friday night late ops, Rogue, Rick, wine and cheese receptions. I was late. Pat was leaving. Two in a three man room. I guess I was stuck. Second class summer. Poker games with Matt and Rokk. So what's the big difference? Road trips with Billy Bob. I had to work. You didn't. 3.2 to 2.0, good job. Now I'm out, you're in. Practice what you preach. We argued a little. Steelers over Bears any day. After 2 1/2 years I can finally be right. Me, Ed, Jolly. Guess you did have the "relative" strength of ten men. We worked around obstacles. Jackie, 26.3 miles. I didn't want to leave Armdog and Edbo II. We've had a lot of fun! Summary - Armdog, rebel with no cause. In conclusion a rhyme - Now Kurt's to the Paul,our paths have been parted. But we shant remain too broken hearted. For with AT&T at the touch of a tone, we can dial a few numbers and argue by phone. Slink

Michael Patrick Baratta
Iselin, New Jersey
General Science
Navy Air

B'...If for nothing else, the brigade will remember that wonderful laugh! Of course the women will remember his acute case of "whiskey brandaphobia" - "Get out of town, you don't understand what they do to you in six!" Michael's from the Iselin exit- the land where gravy goes on spaghetti, not sauce, and families dip their PBJ's in soup! He entered "Serene 18" to make friends, and ended up having his butt saved many a times especially by Kim & Mike. Youngster year he was separated from his roomie, but was reunited with him for the final semesters at "Mother B". Second Class car loan lasted as long as the car did, cars don't have training wheels anymore! As a firstie Mike commanded the "B" company first set (course it was the 2nd set cdr. who won a parade!) Mike was destined for greatness- too bad he felt satisfying 2/c hunger was more important than commanding the regiment! Best of luck, Mike - you are are truly a "wonderful guy". Who NOSE where Mike will be 25 years from now? Probably, the Buchanan House. Hec Mike-"what about 92 - 3?" DD & JRO

Erik Alfred Burian
Middle Island, New York
Systems Engineering
Nuclear Power - Submarines

Ever the academician and everyone's bud, EB will never forgive his shortcomings in thermo. Despite this flaw, the Academy and Erik have co-existed on peaceful, yet curious terms. From mid-week excursions with Billy B & Elvis to one too many with Joe at Duke's, he progressed with HFS from Led Zep to the Bohemians. Once the conservative, he unknowingly found himself pouring beer on a favorite 2/c and lying prone in Huntsville. A sub cruise with 5 days underway drew him toward the Silent Service. With more clothes than Sears, EB ventured into 1/c year in command of 1st REG. Never to be forgotten on the dril field, his call touched more than a few. Actually it reached a certain fellow striper and EB was once again underway on dark-side power. A great girl in arm, Erik backpacked his way through 2nd semester. Charging up Hawksbill, he showed his fervor for surmounting life's pinacles. This zest he will carry with him as reaches out for new depths after graduation. Good luck EB, we'll miss you. KJQ

Marvin Gerard Campbell
Baltimore, Maryland
Economics
Surface Warfare

Marvin "Soup" Campbell came to USNA all the way from Baltimore ready to conquer the world. Athletically, plebe year he wrestled and played 150's and lacrosse. Youngster year, Soup concentrated his efforts on lacrosse and became a three year letterman with three stars. Originally a Mechanical Engineer, Soup switched to Econ after a few too many late night Stratego games. Second class year Soup was no longer seen in the company and his mail was sent to the residence of a beautiful young Annapolis lady. Following the lead of the government and with the help of Mastercard, Soup was a master practitioner of deficit spending. A fashion statement, especially with his 1981 powder blue Ford Fairmont, Soup was always seen in fresh threads. A strong Christian and a great friend, Marvin will be an oustanding Surface Warfare Officer as long as he doesn't have to swim. CWC

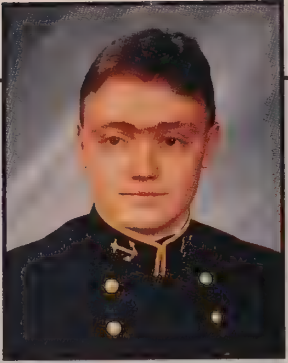
Christopher William Carlson
Roanoke, Texas
Political Science
Navy Air

Chris "Sone" Carlson, the financial wizard, has brought organization and cleanliness to the Sixth Company in a roundabout manner. After observing his example of housekeeping, characterized by reckless abandon, our company mates have vividly seen the alternative to being painfully neat! Along with domestic fortitude, Chris has demonstrated tremendous professional bearing - often sleeping in full uniform. He also has developed strong leadership skills, easily leading anyone to Philadelphia. Sone fought off the rack long enough to make a name for himself on Navy's gridiron. In fact over 1000 people frequently ran around yelling his number - "'90! '90!" The Corps lost a good one when Sone chose the birds. A great guy and a great friend, Best of luck in the future!! MGC

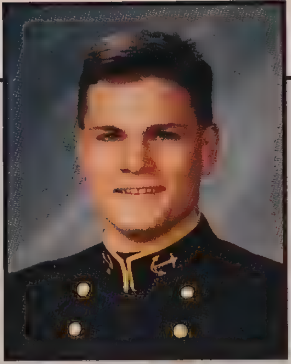
James Anslie Chatfield
Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania
Mathematics
Surface Warfare

Number 4 in your program, but number 1 in your heart. Chat came to us from Pittsburgh, Pa., aspiring to be the next Heisman Trophy winner or get into Sports Illustrated. Well one out of two ain't bad. Toast was a high point on three teams that had a lot of heart but few victories. His time here began smooth enough, but took a turn for the worse as a second class. Once a grade-conscious top performer and womanizer, Chat became a wall-jumping, Vous-stomping darksider before the ring dance. But he was joined by the rest of Da Boys and it was cool until he got caught again! His competitive instincts refused to let him lose, even while drinking. His record still stands in Cancun. Speaking of records, Chat remains the best DB in Naval Academy history. After this football career was over he became a high-flying, death-defying hoopster in McDonough. In his heart he's a Marine that couldn't take the haircut, so its SWO for this essence of freshness. Always a friend when you need one, Chat made time here much easier to take and our best wishes for happiness go with him. Z

Eric Lyle Christian
Gresham, Oregon
Honors English
Nuclear Power - Submarines

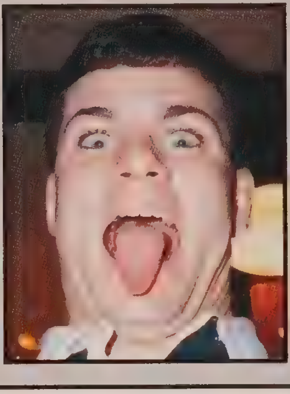


Druso Antoine Daubon
Culebra, Puerto Rico
Oceanography
Special Operations



Edward James Drew
Staten Island, New York
Computer Science
Nuclear Power - Submarines

Christopher Fatheree
Indiannapolis, Indiana
Mathematics
U.S. Marine Corps

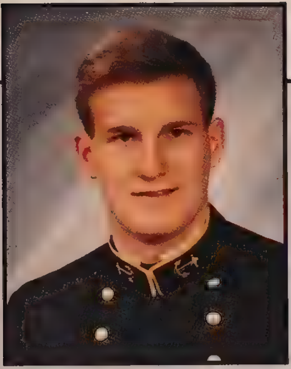


The man from Oregon: English is his life, unlike so many who only play at the Real major. He came to the Academy with a background in basketball and golf. He left a better man for many reasons; his association with a hard-working General Science major for whom he has a lot of admiration and respect, his cultural introduction to the black experience by this same great man, and his untiring dedication to RAL (Rack After Lunch). Yes, Eric has gained a lot from his four years at Canoe U., but he has also given. He showered his company with classical music blasting from his Bose 901 speakers (what a waste...), and strove to better the company's appreciation of such things as poetry (Eliot's), novels (Faulkner's), art (Munch's and Van Gogh's), and cars (Accords). Eric's influence will truly be missed as he goes on to apply that liberal arts education (with a B.S.) at Nuc School! Congratulations, Eric; may all your "t's" be crossed, and your "i's" be dotted. Affectionately, CPA and CJW.

As a plebe, Druso was a gungy sweat; he could test his lungs & be heard clearly on the other side of King Hall. He hardly spoke English, but he got by ("I don't understand this F.S.!"). Actually, Dru sailboarded to USNA from PR, avoiding Customs Officals. Druso was never caught so, he made it to 3/c year with flying colors. Difficulties with his knee stopped him from windsurfing for a while; but, not from partying and girl hunting. If he wasn't with a girl in one hand and a beer in the other, he was out shreading waves. Druso made week-night fun at USNA convenient with his party van. Youngster summer, Dru met his "best French Girlfriend." Now he sings "she drives Me Crazy" after playing it all day, 7 days a week. Dru drives everybody crazy as king JMF. Well Dru, although "Uncle" said we don't deserve to graduate, I know you'll do great. You're a physical workout stud with a well-balanced diet..well, maybe that's because your grandmother's chow packages never passed customs. You're a great friend. Good luck always. Remember, when you become an O-4, anything is possible. B-STAR

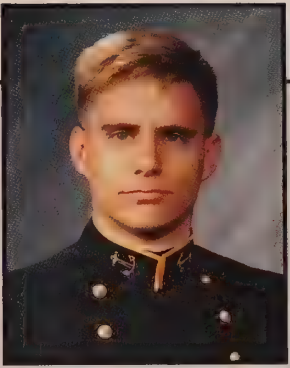
With a roar of noise and a flurry of motion Ed swept into USNA from the shady back alleys of Staten Island and quickly learned the true power of the darkside. He was widely hailed as the best in Chauvenet. Recon raids and road sodas were the only way to spend a friday night with Ed. Smoke Hall furniture fit nicely into his plans for a private room to get away from it all. 2/c summer made us roommates and introduced me to Ed's uniquely expressive dreams, "AS-4's inbound, Guys in the treeline". Never at a loss for words, some of his Drewzianated stories are rumored to be based in the truth. 1/c year Ed surprised us all by picking the silent?? service and by trading a bid for double-acehood for a car ride to College Park. Always a trendsetter he introduced us to aboriginal customs, nude darts, and an innovative method for memorializing the monuments in the yard. We cut our first album together and spent 3 hours stuck in the bullet. Ed refuses to have anything but a good time at whatever he does and no little thing like nuke school will stop that. Good luck Ed, I love you-you're the best. JOLLY

Chris, Z, Hoos, the man from Indy who's ego was a foot taller and fifty pounds heavier than he was. Z stood firm on Bobby Knight Hoosier basketball despite lessons from the Big East and CAA. Z was always at home on the zebra, on the couch in from of Letterman or on the life line to Oxford. One 5000 for Z wasn't enough, you led t'2 and Woody to another second class year, making their transition from the varsity to the gulag to company intramurals that much easier. No bedchecks or curfews could stop this short stop from hitting 400 his sophmore year. Z became captain leading by example, mainly drinking until 3:30 AM then hitting a curve at noon. No road trip was too far to drink beer or see Amie, thus transforming Captain Cocky into an Indy 500 race car driver. Z followed his crooked nose and ways to the corps (not the real one though, like his huge, bulky godlike roommate did). A great friend is an understatement, Good luck and semper fi. Chat, T2,D.W. and the Boys from Six.



James Stephen Finn
Tecumseh, Nebraska
Mathematics
Navy Air

Corn Cobb came to us from the armpit of America. None of us will be the same. We met as plebes in 36 and along with Bob and Hymie we went upstairs to the boys in six. It was there we met the real Finn. We had to rescue him from MF, but after that, game over! We all had fun with Finn, you couldn't help it. Remember Ocean City, Winstons, Office hours, late nights, credit cards, and, of course, H.Q. Ahhh, H.Q., Hebes, night ops, Spidey gear. 14 in a row. And no wall high enough. I guess it was to good to last. Oh well. Jim is always the ladies man; girls can just sense his mastery of the D.H. He taught me how to attritionize, now I can meet girls. He taught me how to Finninize, now I can graduate. From living with Finn I also learned to devastate a checking account and to memorize every line in Top Gun. We'll all meet at Heffs, put on some J.C. and laugh and drink again. Lima Whisky Lima, eh? Neppy Hoyty & DO



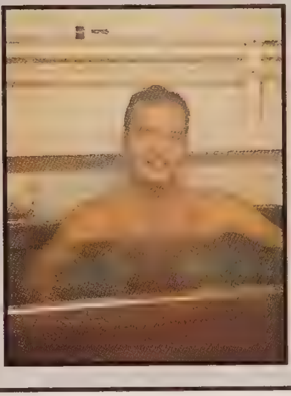
George Richard Fleming
Scottsdale, Arizona
Physics
Surface Warfare

ODE TO WEDGE Wedge the virus came to stay, up from two to six one day./The plebes' harsh ways he had to forget, Went right away for the TV set./A VCR completed the buy, Our room was designated the company pig sty./Second class summer was great for his esteem, Stepped on the gas and out flew Brandeen. NATS and mastered this school./Staying up all hours staring at the screen, This was less violent then running over Brandeen./Roomming with Las he could no longer take, Too many visits Vicky would make./You could hear his voice everywhere all the while, And if you were too far tune into 930 on your AM dial./Racing the Honda through South of the Border, Stay away from that curb Donde would order./From his left ear hung a silver cross, Until the LT told him just who was Boss./It's amazing what Wedge could do with his ring, God it must have hurt that thing./At the 930 Club from the stage he would dive, The crowd suddenly parted he's lucky to be alive./We hope George's adventures with this poem do not end, To us he will be our roommate and friend. Donde and Las

James Leroy Gorman
Bedford, Pennsylvania
Mechanical Engineering
Nuclear Power - Submarines

Once upon a time there was a midshipman named Jamie (pronounced "Hi-May") Leroy (La-Roy) Gorman. He hailed from the urban metropolis of Bedford, Pa. population 6. He brought with him an undying love for the Nittany Lions and was soon rebuffed to learn youngster year, through heated discussion with Armdog and Donde, that they were NOT the true national champions of college football. The other love of Jamie's life was his wife-to-be Gust, I mean Gail. (By the way who did you buy your car for, you or her?) Often would Jamie jet off to the Conservatory to see GWebb, swearing it was just the other side of D.C. Second Class year saw the crab feast become an annual event. Many of us thank Jamie's luck in winning the blue slim, none more so than Edbo. Second semester first class year saw Jamie move out and take the reins of 6th company. The Slink soon learned to laugh with the sinners on his new-found three striper libs. There's a lot more to tell you about, but..."Help, Help, I'm lost, I can't find the end of this story." Armdog

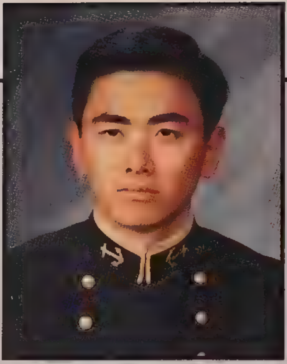
Joseph Michael Howard
Yokosuka, Japan
Physics
Nuclear Power - Submarines



Joe is the only man ever who loved the Academy as a midshipman. But, then again, this was the only guy who enjoyed swapping toothbrushes, geeking 24 hrs. a day, driving under 55 mph, and retelling bad jokes. As pals go, there were none better than Joe. He never turned down a friend's invitation when there was beer involved, somebody else was driving, or most importantly, somebody else was paying. Joe pushed through 2+ years at the Academy, learning the mysteries of Physics, cooking noodles and rice, and acquiring more junk. Then came Inga. She whipped the dirtbag into a generous lovesick fool. Before we knew it, Joe was buying the rounds. Thank you, Inga! In our old age, Joe will provide us with some very fond memories. We will never forget the barn on 1-4, Virginia Beach, butt sliding, Joe's Keg Trek stories and pictures, his contribution to the Rocky Mountains, the plane ride to Japan, and "Spring time in Annapolis; you can't beat it!" We wish Joe luck with Sweden '89, Keg Trek '90, and USNA chapel wedding '91.

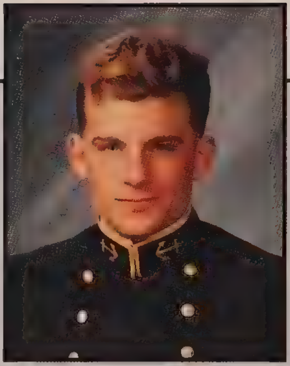
John Robert Hoyt
Framingham, Massachusets
General Engineering
Special Warfare

"He who will not risk, cannot win". Bob is definitely a winner. As a plebe in 36 there was the O club on the river and many a beer in the parking garage. He then went to Six where he became chairman of the board (Cond., Ac., Perf., Hon.). Hoyt's radio station, naked studying, aboriginees, cocoa snorting, the list goes on and on. 2/c year the room with D.O., Nip, and Country produced more than a few laughs. Despite his troubles Bob was dedicated to the H.E.C. and, of course, Nikki (RIP), who made all of those cold nights a little bit warmer. There were runs to H.Q. (and the chapel), weeknights in the Minh, Cancun and miscellaneous partying into the wee hours of the morn. Bob liked to drink because it made him immune to authority and he was already in enough trouble. With his surfing, boxing, and his dedication to early morning workouts Bob will be the Seal of Seals. Even if the Navy doesn't work out he could always be a bathroom-bouncer bodyguard or a Rock Star & definitely Heffs (big plans). We'll always love you and miss your presence you fat ——. D.O, JSF, RDN, JAC.



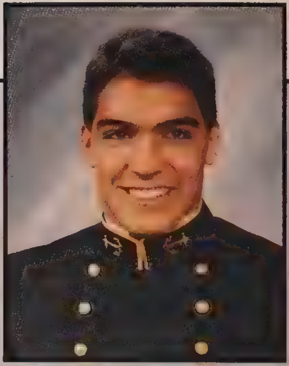
Ki Moon Hwang
Oklahoma City, Oklahoma
General Engineering
Nuclear Power - Submarines

Ki Hwang, otherwise known as the bat, only came alive in the dead of night. It was then that he would seek the gouge, the holy gouge, the path to Nuke. His uncanny study habits were only surpassed by his world-class athletic ability. In addition to playing varsity squash, Ki holds an NCAA record for 4 consecutive undefeated tennis seasons. He has been clocked at over 100 mph on skis, and he has pioneered the sport of rack diving. Romantically, Ki could have faired better. His romances took him to Hawaii, California, and Duke, but no wedding bells are to be rung. Oh well, they are all alike anyway, right! Ki accomplished a few firsts at the Naval Academy. He is the only midshipman to have bought an A for $2,000, and he is the only midshipman to not know what the Army-Navy game is. When we think of Ki we will always remember the B-52, his shopping trip to Grauls, the nightmare on M Street, bald crying plebes, and "Which one do you want. I'll hook you up." PHY



John Michael Lacivita
East Greenbush, New York
Oceanography
Surface Warfare

Las, head handle intact, joined slack and quickly gained the reputation of a Mike Tyson wannabe by picking a fight with almost everyone in the company. It's a good thing almost no one took him seriously or he might have gotten angry enough to throw his stereo out the window for real. He is a confirmed double-ace and has obtained his enlisted,underway, and ROTC quals. It makes one wonder why guys aren't allowed to lock their doors huh? Perhaps some of Las' greatest accomplishments came in the realm of shower wars 2/c year. Las baffled all of us by being the phantom until Armdog pulled his own ghostbuster. Las, not to be outdone brought Las senior(Col. Las) and warcrimed Edbo and Jolly's shower, the father and son phantom team. Not even all John's brains(3.8qpr) or his renowned brawn would enable him to save his car from an oncoming guardrail on Rt. 50. Now he's headed to Key West to arrest DD's relatives on their fishing and sightseeing trips. Keep your bananas fresh. EJD Donde Wedge and Jolly

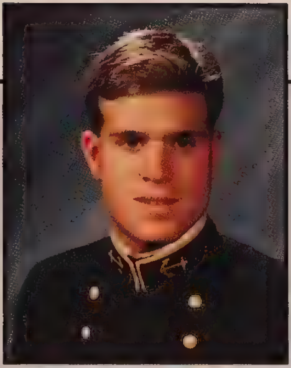


Ronald David Neff
Salt Lake City, Utah
Mathematics
Marine Naval Flight Officer

Hailing from the Great Salt Lake City, Ron (Nip) was abrubptly introduced to 36th Co. Except for great wrestling accomplishments, his highest accomplishments plebe year were a 5 grand from his company officer and small interlude with the co cdr's girlfriend (NK1?). Moving into six with four members from 36 continued the excitement. O.C. and G-town were the training grounds for Nip's ventures to memories. Nip and friends went to ultimate high jumping extremes to head to the place we had been preparing for: HQ. While Ron and I indulged, the autopilot in Heebs took over, Cougar played and we were off to meet psychos, slightly large women or hug monsters. "Ron... I don't like merging. Let's pretend were married. Women, no, but great friends, yes! At the beep, "Hello, Michelle, I can't go to the ring dance." The roommates Ron, Bob, Dennis and Jim cannot and should not be duplicated but can be remembered. Chef Bob Ardee, Shuffle Nicki, VHS with Lini Tron and games under protest only we'll know and have found memories for. CatNip, SipNip, DipNip, BlipNip.. YeepNip? JSF DfnO Hoyty #4

Dennis Christopher O'Rourke
Farmingdale, New York
Economics
Surface Warfare

Dennis "B.A."Orourke, never truely belonged, or so he used to want us to think. Coming from Long Island, he boldly maintained his "too cool for school" image. Thats why he's the only one in the company with no demos. Thats right, he's the only one who never got busted-why do you think I'm rooming with him,it aint his great personality. Anyhow D.O. was always good for a few laughs like when the ball game wasn't going his way - "game under protest", it didnt matter if he was right. Then Army, who can forget Army when D.O. couldnt handle Ron's futile attempt at some play and decided to literally take things into his own hands. Who can forget Doctor Denny Pacheko, The Know every thing doctor, he knows every thing about anything, its true just ask him. And then there's San Diego, he convinced me to go, "the sun, the fun, the girls, it's going to be a blast"; service selection- USS Bute home port Earle, New Jersey. Hey can you blame the guy. Best of luck' Den, later. Hoyty RDN JFS #4



Kevin Joseph Quinn
North Kingstown, Rhode Island
Aerospace Engineering
Navy Air

Hailing from a small, nondescript town in RI, Kev is pure Irish. Worse, he supports all things New England, especially those Celts. How he survived four years with a flawless conduct record is a mystery to me. Bordering on the macabre, Kev never ceased to amaze his friends with 1000 and 1 ways to escape death. Whether stumbling through the Vous or verbally abusing 275 lb neanderthals in Duke's, he managed to come out a survivor. Too bad Hebowitz didn't fare so well. Kev tempted fate often but Bermuda toads and Block Island cops didn't stand a chance compared to Kev's cunning. It's only fitting that he's fixen to strap on a pair of afterburners and tempt fate once again. Able to ride the roller coaster of love twice without puking, he still found time to expand his European horizons. "What was her name again?" A man's man and a woman's dream, Kev is destined for greatness, even if only at the barstool of his favorite Irish pub. Good luck Kev -- the Navy's not ready for you yet. ELS

James Richard Rogers
Erie, Pennsylvania
Mathematics
Navy Air

"Jolly" Rogers hails from Erie, the third largest city in Pennsyvania. Always up for an adventure and immune to the Admin-Conduct system, Jolly roamed the halls with his spy-1w, wonar and wtds uplinks. Alias "Red Salmon" is always quick on the sighting (Proven fastest M.V.). Back in the minh days he was known as the "Bullet Master" (BM) with the Bullet Room, Neff, Hoyt, Donahue, that guy who occassionally exaggerates and a 4.0 sink! The creator of bullet etiquette successfully converted the fcg's into civilized riders. His mastery of the thing he loved most was tragically ended by the bullet M-60 which laid him to waste on the Catacomb floors. The cycling years (or the crash era) toned Jolly's body just enough for him to hone his roomate and issue demands on the Strength of 10 Men. Other favorites : Singing, Hanging out with B', JMF, Hollengome, skinning the Lizard and having a Cavalier attitude! Use the inverse drewzian wisely and save some acronyms for the Navy. You'll never have to press the play button for me to tell you, "You're the best!" -EDBO (EJD)

Dondi Michael Sheehy
Rio Rico, Arizona
Political Science
Navy Air

Whatever inspired Donde to leave behind so many well tanned Wildcats and come to the Nation's Sailing Capitol is beyond us. But he was on his way to Sweet Sixteen, and what a year it was. Being responsible for turning all his roommates into card-carrying members of the American Lung Association didn't phase him. After that grueling year, he figured he deserved a break and slid on into Slack. Of course, being the only kid on the block with Rogue, he was an overnight success. Is that why they called it CIC? (He, He, He) It's amazing what Limeade will mix with. After returning from his Loveboat Cruise to New Orleans, he moved into the PPOTR. He suffered being skinned, naked roommates sleeping with their eyes open, noodle shortages, and spitting poison. Now his only major concern is whether to wear his "N" sweater or his flight jacket. P-Cola bound with a few months back home, watch out Trader John's. Well, at least he didn't miss too many classes. Wedge

Matthew Edwin Suess
Santa Rosa,California
Electrical Engineering
Nuclear Power - Submarines

The Doctor is in. A native of the Land of Fruits and Nuts, Matt never quite adjusted to being on the "wrongcoast"...Babes, yeah there's been a few..EE but not a EEk, Doc managed to do less work, party harder and crush more exams with one eye open and a cool buzz than any Californian I've known..."It's 3 AM?!..but I haven't started yet!" It took three hard-working years, but the Noose did indeed acquire that coveted varsity letter... Ahh, the babes...What about SB '88, T.D.? ... Just play Floyd and plenty load- ...Leave the stereo on, they'll think we'll be right back...Thanksgiving football... Jackson Hole (bumps, yeah we did 'em)..."Big as a house-"Second semester 1/c year brought the three-striper libs Doc took all along...How about that 22nd B-day at Tiber Creek? Technicolor brew and what was her name? The Doctor will set up practice among the warriors of the deep and continue to push the limits he has already stretched. A true friend and always the gentleman, I wish you fair winds and following seas. It's your move. EB

Eric James Toweson
Griffith, Indiana
Political Science
Surface Warfare

A Hoosier by trade, Eric hails from the swaying and fruited plains of Indiana. Finding himself away from this lonely desolation for the first time, the "Slug" was eager to make new friends and quickly earned a seat at the table of the Dark Side Lords by obtaining vassals in all four classes. Having spent a year plowing through the waters of LeJeune Hall, he wisely decided to spend his next three years channelling his abundance of energy into a 15 foot oar, propelling a crew shell over the murky waters of the Severn. As Regimental Supply, Eric found himself with three-striper libs and a candlelit round table for two in the inner sanctum of his out-of-company chamber. Perhaps Bill E. Redman is still best known for his playful (but painful, even!) seaside endeavors. Our combat surface forces will surely benefit from Eric's readiness to take on the world (and Coach)--- maybe someday he'll even win. In any Case, we'll be ready to battle by his side. PAP RUSS & THE GUNNY

John Roy Tucker
Riverside, California
Mathematics
Navy Air

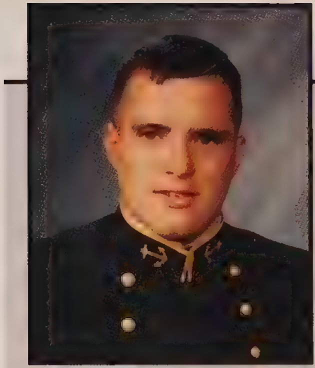
John "Tuck" Tucker loved the Naval Academy. So much, in fact, that he selected the five-year Co-Op plan. Tuck joined the elite forces of Sixth Company his second class year and quickly adapted to the professional atmosphere offered by Slack Six. His extensive knowledge in all areas became readily apparent to us all. We even grew to look forward to his "Tuckian" philosophies, such as "Let me tell you how it is in the world of...." A self-educated sports page expert (just ask him!), Tuck avidly impersonated a sportsman by decorating his room with golf clubs, a basketball, and a dust-covered weight set. Tuck's musical tastes were tainted by his '74 Jeep Wagoneer that limited his reception to talk radio. Conquering Bulldog just for fun, Tuck sold out to Naval Aviation when they offered him a furry-necked jacket to accompany his flannel shirts and plaid pants! MGC & CWC

Philip Herbert Young
Gainesville, Florida
General Science
Surface Warfare

Phil Young came to us from the 'Nole-hating college town of Gainesville, Florida. After plebedom in 35, he spent youngster year contemplating truth and life with his roommate, Chad Thompson. Struggling the 2for7 question, USNA won and Phil entered the "Barn." The life of late nights, "Joe Mama'"'s, EE, and the futility of Black Magic proved too much so Phil voluntarily entered the brotherhood of general science. Vacationing, unwinding, and just plain getting loose were his favorites. Who can forget the neck tie around the head in the night club in Colorado or the trip from Amarillo? Key West, Myrtle Beach, Daytona, UVa, Va Beach, and the Florida-Florida State game come into mind. The raw egg at Wisp after many "James'"'s from Goldfinger (WaWaaaWa). "Berman, get me a clean glass." The Ring Dance may not have fulfilled its expectations, but "nice guys" will win in the end. Keep your ideals, Phil, the World loves you for it...there's not enough people like you. JH

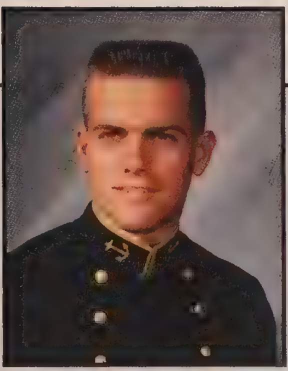
7th

COMPANY

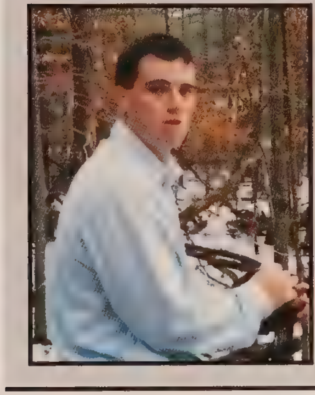


Joseph Sheridan Begley
Clovis, New Mexico
Astrospace Engineering
Naval Flight Officer

Peggy Anne Bosnic
Indiana, Pennsylvania
Oceanography
Supply Corps



Timothy Shayne Buffington
Fullerton, California
Computer Science
Navy Air



He spent his first Plebe year as a Fish at Texas A&M. At least he had a real plebe year. We all know he came from Clovis, New Mexico, but we can't figure out why he tells everybody he's from Texas. Begs is the quintessential redneck with his cowboy boots, Earl Pitts ("Idn't dat cute! Now go git m' shotgun!"), his Saturday night truck (four-wheelin' on the NJ TPKE not once, not twice, but THREE times!), and his Mason Jar beer mug. Beer is his best friend. We wondered why the tree in Geeze's backyard died soon after the party. Did you BEGLEY in the backyard? Joe's only dream was to be an NFO and blow things up. He 'always said there is no human problem that can't be solved with a simple application of high explosives. As the man on the bubble, Begs learned the true meaning of gravy on Service Selection Night. But Joe has had his share of fun here at USNA. The saying "Virginia is for lovers" comes to mind. And so does Becca's Youngster year Army party. What was her name? We are all very happy that he has finally found a girl who has as many hang-ups as he has. Good luck in P-cola, Begs. STP POPS & PDH

It was the best of times, it was the worst of times..that sums it up. Starting in 33rd - LaChance, Rex Road, & Coviello, driving through gate, G-town, & no Herndon, Chem & more Chem, but you made it! Then restriction alley, and finally, 3/c yr in 7th heaven. Late nights shooting the sh--, RD & PAD, girls night out, carrots, "Hey, girl in the brown loafers, Stop!", BM & N-dance, O.C. w/ JK (what about the money we paid for that shack?) Camping w/Beef & Dana - churches & CC in P-Cola. 1/2 there. 2/c year found "Piggy" crushing EE(Ha!) & rolling w/Dice! How long before Grace found out? Late nights in the basement lockeroom after the Chinese restaurant, our diets(yours worked) the co. barber shop & locking the windows at night to keep out the tickler kept us going 'til the best(at least the last) year. Cruising to Cuba & shooting a few pistols kept Peg busy 1/c summer & discussing our relationships kept us busy all year! You & TD broken up again? Will it last a week this time? Tanning, short hair, gym capt, shopping & more shopping. The Supply Corps is lucky to have you, we'll miss you! KBW

Buff managed to find his way to the right coast from the west one, of course he had to procrastinate and stop at Northwestern Prep and Cal State Fullerton. But once in Annapolis he wasted no time gathering the things he loves so much: fast cars, LOUD stereos, and psycho-bimbos-from-hell!!!! It was usually Tim, the 'stang and a blonde brainless wonder. In between these hobbies Tim found time to be a 3.0 comp-sci major, do a lot of working out and even do Plebe Summer. The "oohrah" corps left a bad taste in his mouth after bull-puppy, so he decided to go Navy Air..(anything that goes fast..right Tim?) No doubt he'll attack Pensacola with the same intensity he does eveything else! Tim could always be counted on to be bright, cheery and helpful (YA..SURE!!) anyway... thanks for the help with the band, and the friendship..GOD KNOWS no one else could take your snoring!!! Good luck with Air, R.T. (finally a great girl!!) and keeping out of debt. Take care. JM

George Sigurd Capen
Lansing, Michigan
Oceanography
Surface Warfare

Leonard William W. Cooke
Orange, Connecticut
Mechanical Engineering
Civil Engineer Corps

James Francis Cooney
Syracuse, New York
History
Supply Corps

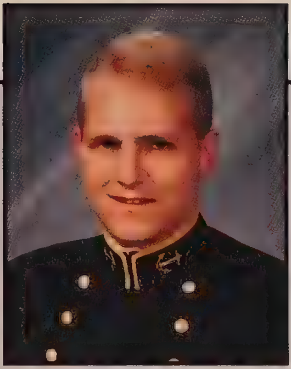
Rafael Antonio Curbelo
Bronx, New York
General Science
Surface Warfare

George originally hailed from Lansing, Michigan. From there he enlisted in the Navy in 1983 and came to USNA from prototype school. One of George's greatest secrets is his catastrophic con-locker, "JAWS". He has been a major contributer to the Naval Academy's music program. He was a member of the cast of Annie Get Your Gun and a member of the Men's Glee Club and the Protestant Chapel Choir throughout his academy career. The Zenith of this illustrious career was his leadership of "Clean Shave" the academy's own barbershop quartet. He was so good, in fact, that he was aptly named "Super-Capen" or "Supes" for short. Plebe year, George vowed that he would never date a female midshipman. Three years later, George is taking another vow, George will marry the former Laurie Mundy during a time period that was also a plebe year no-no for our friend Supes. George and Laurie will tie the knot the day after graduation. (That's it kids, take your time, we wouldn't want you to rush. Good Luck!) GGO

A 6'2" senior out of Orange, Conn. Len Cooke. Rula Lenska came to us from the depths of the enlisted ranks and from the moment he arrived he was destined to be a star. At least until he decided 3/c year to be stationed permanently on shore duty. He sacrificed his knee in a football game for the land he loved. When his knee no longer afforded him the freedom from routine (such as drill and regular uniforms) that he craved, Len sacrificed his ankle going under the scalpel a second time. This extended his consecutive days on chit to over 1000, believed to be an Academy record. Soon enough the Doctor signed his land chit and the smiles of regret that he would never go to sea were a sight to behold on both his face and his equally land loving partner in crime, Rupert. Somehow his grades never suffered in spite of near zero study time, and Len was living proof of the axiom "an ounce of gouge is worth a pound of knowledge". Len's fate has been sealed in the CEC, and he's back in the sporting arena with a tall beautiful blonde by his side. God Bless both of you. IAHTG

From the basketball factory of Syracuse, "Uncle Jim" came to us as a mere 6'10", 200 lb. "athlete" with a serious case of white man's disease. Despite not being able to dribble, shoot, or jump, he survived 2 yrs of JV B-ball and led 7th Co 3-on-3 to the Brigade Championship. Jim promptly assumed the position of Company Culture Rep., but only from a musical standpoint; his taste in movies left a whole lot to be desired. Sorry, but The Kindred (bye, bye Bunkie) and Hello Mary Lou, Prom Night II are not classics. Jim's affinity for Beethoven's 9th and pathetic movies led him to a deep love for A Clockwork Orange, much to the regret of the company. Uncle Jim brought professionalism to new lows in his uniform appearance, room, rack, dealings with plebes. Thanks for your excess garbage and for your help during formals. A fantastic supervisor, his ability to sit and do nothing was unsurpassed. As can be seen from this picture, his mouth operation was an aesthetic success. We'll miss you; you'll never play the bagpipes; and you'll still be the first one married. RAC & PDH

When he came to us 3/c yr from Fun One, Ralph was still a 4/c w/his tucked in blue rim & pulled up socks. He taught us to enjoy the culinary delights of white bread balls, water, plain cheese pizza (w/o grease), Hawaiian Punch, Rice Krispies, Cookies 'n Cream only, and chicken in Germany. After being unsat 4/c year, Ralph finally realized that he wasn't smart and that he should have been an English major rather than a EE. Still can't figure out how you got your Nuc interview. Ralph LOVED drill. Too bad he drove his platoon like he drives his car & the drill team never got off the ground, but we know he tried. Have you learned where you can park your car(lucky I moved it) or that you're allowed to drive the speed limit? He was crushed by swimming, but also when he discovered the Yankees were moving to Ca. Unfortunately they won't win a pennant; guess you can pretend on your computer the're still in N.Y. rather than San Jose. He was also known for his blindingly quick showers, his unmanageable hair, and his sore throats in mid-Aug. We love you anyway. Best of luck. PDH & JFC



Norwin Roland Fischer
Miami, Florida
General Engineering
Naval Flight Officer

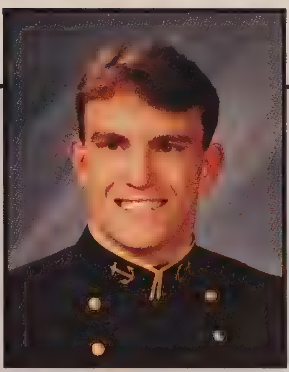
Fish-head, Fish-head, rolly-polly Fish-head. You are one of the most famous and unique members of our class. Your Elmer Fudd laugh turns heads while your driving stops traffic (and an occasional cop). Gagged by a silver spoon, you fell into our unsuspecting arms from Miami. Once here, you tried to join every "club" in the company. Too bad none of them, even the Restriction Club, would let you in. Cindy libs were never the same without you. Neither were the weekends, but we appreciated your help with the duty sections. Snort. Remember this, Fish-head: Paul McCartney once said, "Money can't buy me love." Or a wholesome Ring Dance date. Or an NFO billet. But it can buy a tuck. Too bad that took four years. Good luck in P-cola - everybody's banking on it! Bdeh, bdeh, that's all, folks! JSB & POPS

Benjamin Brice Goodwin
Alexandria, Virginia
Oceanography
Navy Air

Early to bed early to rise. Roll out the green bag from hell. Is Ben really in there? "Greg Get Up!" "Ed, Clean the Mirrors!" Room of the Century. Hot cocoa for breakfast, tenderloins for lunch. "I'm not a geek," said the Star man. Ben wants his ball back, even though he tested the equipment and it still works... No Kids! Heidi this, Heidi that, She Lost My Ring! 80 screws and some wood. Don't touch my crossword puzzle. Get my cane and help me get out of my rocking chair. Webster says: Old man = Geeze = Ben! Why is your head so small? Nice car, we got to drive it ONCE! I'm going to be a pilot. "I'm not getting married!" 25 Diamonds! "I'm not going on a Honeymoon!" Jamaica! "I never said that!" Yeah, Right! EJG & GSW

Edward Joseph Gray
Stockton, California
General Science
Surface Warfare

Edweirdo, The weirder, the better! See Ed, See Ed Run, Run Ed Run! Double socks, double shirts, a Necktie, and Waxed Hair, Now I'm Dressed! Did you ever wash that towel? The Red Blanket and the Blue Van from Hell, Erlynmeyer Flask, and many trips to the Dark Side. Will it ever end? Chemistry to General Science, to Satness. Talks with the elephant, one foot on the floor, shower sleeping. Progressive is Disco, learn how to dance. Macaroni and Cheese, and "Koolaid". Ed minus 7 years equals BMW minus Money minus More Money. Mountain Bike plus Roommate equals two man room and a 4.0. "Go away! Ed doesn't live here anymore!" Seals plus 20/blind equals Swo Daddy Maximus! Your Whipped. No I'm not. Ed, Your Whipped! "No Air Time You Big Hweinner." Those are ribs, not muscle. Do You have normal clothes? Ed they're sneakers, Not chucks! When's the last time you untied your shoes? Have you finished your plane yet? Heinz Lenz Jr. Mr. PEP Look out '93! Greg, Ben, be execellent to each other. BBG & GSW



Ingar Andreas H. T. Grev
South Boundbrook, New Jersey
Systems Engineering
Nuclear Power - Submarines

Ig. It just sort of says it all. Ig. The 17 year old big man came to Canoe U. direct from God's country, and he was someone to be noticed. How can you not notice a 6'4", 250 pound giant known as Fingar the Barbarian? He chose systems engineering and was destined to be valedictorian had not a sawed off, ice chewing during study hour roommate permanently destroyed his study habits. Ig's football career was coming as his collection of bruises grew with each practice and his shoulder and ankle became serious injuries. He overcame as he always did and he graduates with a letter sweater in tow. Fingar really developed socially his last year at Crabtown College once he picked up his hot little red sportscar and some he-man confidence. He was even caught on dates with different girls who were each sure they were Ig's only love on consecutive nights. Now the big man is headed down under...water that is, and were pretty sure he would've gone that way even without the welcome aboard bribe. That is how Ig is. What you see is what you get. Even if he doesn't care how runny his cheese is, Ig's still alright by me. Good luck barbarian. LWWC

Patrick Donal Herring
Mobile, Alabama
Mechanical Engineering
Naval Flight Officer

Pat was an intelligent good ol' boy from Alabama who loved to talk, and talk, and talk. He came to us from the 2nd Co POW camp, and despite predictions to the contrary, Pat chose the easy route and went NFO even though he really wanted to be a submariner, no I mean a SWO, no a pilot, or was it CEC? He didn't become a marine as his intense professionalism that plagued three plebe classes led us to believe. Luckily for Pat, going NFO now narrows his choices down to only every multi-seat aircraft in the Navy today. Even if he still can't make up his mind, he deserves applause for having taken a successful ride on the "Rocket". However, we do believe that he had a little help from the big Mech. E. prof in the sky judging from how often he used the Good Book for e.i. Being the essence of frugality, Pat never wasted a cent, not even 25 for the Post. But, like clockwork, you could always count on Pat to stop by, say "hi", see how you were doing, and walk away with your comics. Good luck in P-cola & stay away from those 21-day, trans-Atlantic sail cruises. RAC JFC PAS MCL & GSW

Christine Marie James
Glen Arm, Maryland
Political Science
General Unrestricted Line

Chris "wardroom queen/night-train" James, a Baltimorean who loves the Orioles but hates b-ball. Sorry Lt. She started her stellar career in Foaming 4 with JAHMRR and other notable individuals such as Peruvian P & FOAD. Second trip meals and a great tan aboard Yawl10 Lively tortured her youngster summer. Unique is the only way to describe Chris - a professed Democrat, pro gun ban individual, and anti-Chevy fan - or is a fish out of water more appropriate. She definitely contributed to the liberal education of midshipmen with her participation in excellent productions of Music Man, Ruddigore, The King & I(she hated this play), Annie Get Your Gun, and Rhinoceros(who understood it?). Don't forget her singing at Glee Club and in the shower, ask SP & JB. First class year threw her into a new situation, a room with a phone and lots of strange visitors. Being a secretary was not part of the contract?! Yes. The first class syndrome hit both of us hard as we decided to retire from our stellar soccer careers. And who stole her silver dollar? There's a hundred dollar reward for it. Don't forget to wipe off the fingerprints, and one of these days we'll figure out what "EAST IS EAST" means, right punkin? It's all a dream anyways. GLS

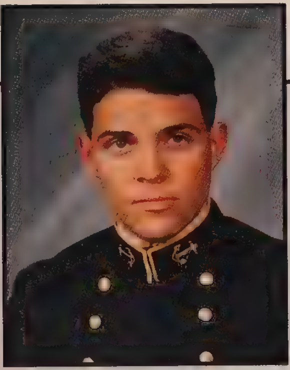
John Edward Kainer
Fairfax, Virginia
General Engineering
Special Warfare

Johnny K aka shortround, sparky, calvin, and nugget wrestled his way into the academy and his senior year to nationals. John was the only who cut weight by eating everyone else's food. Eventually he chose SEALS, which makes sense for a guy who could out run, swim, lift and do anything else physically, except ride with Fresh, with anyone and never feel the pain. For all his physical prowness, sparky never mustered that killer instinct in the classroom. Academics were just another obstacle in his path to becoming an officer. Sparky earned "party of the year awards" for all 3 years in 7th, as his parties were always out of control. The limbo, volleyball, The Dip, ping pong, and a plethera of drinking games were the trademark of a Kainer bash. Socially, Johnny K. was hard to figure out. He always complained of a lack of girls before the weekend, but always seemed to have a story after the fact. 1/c year discovered the joys of a jeep w/o a top...Usually in the rain. Our memories of John are of a great guy who would go that extra mile for a friend! And his Hummina Hummina, Haaaw Dude attitude that kept everyone laughing. Get some! LWWC JTO DGP

Michelle Claire Laduca
Burke, Virginia
Ocean Engineering
Civil Engineer Corps

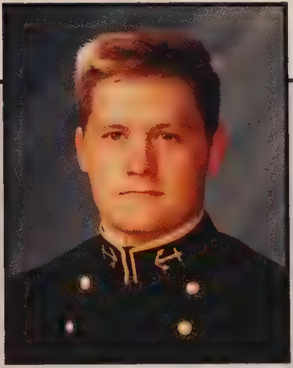
DO NOT PLACE YOUR FEET ON THE WALL

Her first year here, Michelle got hit with a UVA party, a 5000, and a car, and that was only the beginning. During 2/c summer, "Landuca" distinguished herself by commanding USNA's first amphibious YP. A glutton for punishment, Michelle suffered three years on the Severn only to quit crew for bigger and more unbearable things - Pre Bulldog. Yes, during a momentary loss of sanity, Michelle signed up for Bulldog (Oo Rah!), but much to Lt. Colonel Dad's (Class of '62) chagrin, graduated to become the gungiest staff weinie CEC will ever see. Finally, firstie year, when you though all surprises were over, Michelle made an announcement that shook the Brigade (and broke many a heart). No, it was not a good year for the mids: Not only did they lose football to Army, but they lost the "Duke" to a lucky Whoop. We wish you much happiness in your Joint Domicile. PAS & ARB



Robert Herbert Lewis
Denver, Colorado
Physics
Nuclear Power - Submarines

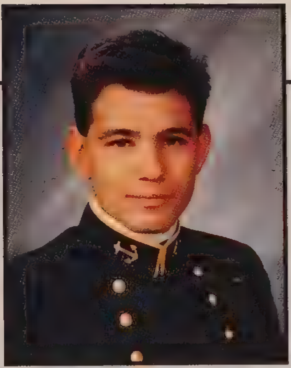
Rob claims to be from Denver even though his family lives off Exit 4 on the Jersey Turnpike. His enrollment in the Physics Department meant that no matter how badly he wanted to fly he was destined to end up boring holes in the ocean at four knots. Rob realized at an early age that every girl's crazy about a sharp dressed man. This "yupppie" factor led to his placement on every clothing company mailing list known to man. 3/c year, Bobby tried to hook up the ultimate stereo system. His fascination with progressive music and U2 left his roomies in awe(ful). His road trip to the Cape ended when Rob just didn't understand that the Yarmouth paddy wagon was definitely NOT a laughing matter. His "cute" red Cabriolet made him the envy of every girl he met, not that there were many. Cruising with the top down in all climates helped keep Herb a happy man. Even snowstorms couldn't keep airheads out of his backseat. 1/c year found Rob with 3-striper libs but with no concept of time. He received 96 opportunities to excel in Smoke Hall. Our boy almost made it through USNA without an error but the lure of a "local" girl proved too much for our hero! Best of Luck! TSM JTO



Timothy Sean McElligatt
West Yarmouth, Massachusetts
Political Science
Navy Air

FIGHTING 31
TOMCATTERS

A 5'10" senior weighing in at 190 lbs. (but he'll be at 180 any day now)... Plebe year, T.Mac roomed with some big boys and somehow got the impression that he was big too. At the end of the year, a well placed shot in Lax got Tim his first ambulance ride. Youngster year, Tim kept the spirit in his new company, and even earned some stars, only to trade them in the next semester on a slightly used rack. Fall of second class year Tim learned to juggle, won every 'gater, and never missed a road trip. Between keeping his roomies on a leash and keeping a few girls' names straight, Mac still somehow found the time to earn himself the title of Varsity Rack captain. Second semester brought long trips to G-Town and quick sprints from Gate 3. After a few cat-shots in the Persian Gulf, Tim spent the rest of the summer in scenic Annapolis, earning his pay by day and blowing it all by night. In the Spring T.Mac continued to chock up the bruises.. er, the saves, 4 Navy Lax. Even though he was #2 in the depth chart, he's #1 in our hearts. Best of luck. JS SV PZ



Jose Ignacio Morales
Seabrook, Maryland
Political Science
Surface Warfare

HO-B came to Seventh Heaven via NAPS and the mighty thirty-third. Never one to avoid an argument I'll always remember the night outside Karen's house. While with us Jose managed to go through more cars than most mids did girls. Speaking of which even though he talked a number of good stories we always knew his heart belonged to that girl from UVA, who even saved him from the call of the Dark Side. A great fan of classic rock you could always hear the sweet (?) notes of his six string Fender through our door, in the catacombs, and even on stage in Virginia, where the beer really managed to flow one night. Oh by the way, I'm sure the Wardroom Princess will miss your daily exchange of pleasantries, Ho. Never one to sweat the small stuff, Hose managed to slide through this place with a 2.6 in Poli Sci slinging it with the best of them and grabbing any angle, academic, financial or otherwise, that happened by. Since the Navy said he was too short to go air, the wardroom of the Spruance had better look out. Good luck and all our best, bud. TSB

Douglas Nekrasz
Portsmouth, Rhode Island
Computer Science
Nuclear Power - Surface

Hailing from Portsmouth, R.I., Pops quickly demonstrated that he was a born surface warrior. His "hereditary" SWO gut and love for coffee and donuts complement his career choice of driving boats. He is thankful that there are no cicadas at sea. He managed to make good grades despite an apparent lack of effort (maybe it had something to do with Group II) and eventually sold his soul to ADM DeMars and the gods of Nuclear Power. Never one to be shy, he frequently brought attention to himself by "just saying what everyone is thinking" (sometimes over the air on "The Rock 'n Roll Root Cellar") and he always let us know how irate he got with people who complained too much. A true ladies' man, Pops could hardly keep track of them all, much less remember their names (watch out for flying lamps!). A redneck wanna-be, Pops could be found sending his "Black Death" 4X4 off the side of many roads, including the first use of the new Rowe Boulevard exit. Pops is a real "Ahmahrican" and a great guy, just don't tell anyone. Thanks for the Portsmouth hospitality, and good luck in Orlando. JSB

James Theodore O'Farrell
Annapolis, Maryland
Political Science
Navy Air

J.T. had to take a long trip just to get back to his hometown. He tried ROTC life at VA Tech and the enlisted ranks before coming back to Crabtown. Youngster year, Jimbo tried to get some guns but only ended up with a washboard. His boyish charm and puppy-dog eyes never left him short of women--now if he could just decide which one to fall in love with. At Army-Navy Jim set out to do God's work; not even a pinky could survive in hell. 2/c summer, he suffered many a bruised forehead from the infamous Group 2 "highface". After "learning" the fine art of navigation and EE, Jim spent some time at the ultimate comearound-the dreaded AC-Board. Oaffer still managed to dance with the nose in Franny O's, and get his share of Fletch libs. Friday nights were usually spent in Sparkey's Jeep with a 6-pack and a Big Mac. 1/c year, JT made the Brew Crew's post-drill trip to Riordan's. His inability to make the 89-sec limit earned him the name SLO'Farrell. Though the outlook was bleak, unlimited billets gave Jim the chance to get an office with a view. Best of luck! TSM & JEK

Scott Thomas Powers
Kingsport, Tennessee
Economics
Supply Corps

Coming to Canoe U. via the farm club in Newport, Scott made the most of the opportunities afforded him on the five-year plan. By excelling at mediocrity, he became the only Econ major I ever felt sorry for, pushing the edge of the envelope for a year and a half, alternately worrying about grades, graduation, music and Missy. He kept his spirits high, and with his natural friendliness, things just seemed to happen wherever he went. "Gee Dad, I don't know how that dent got in the new van." (more likely, he didn't remember). Second class year brought the dreaded EE monster, the return of the "little woman", and many lessons on the art of handling a five-speed in traffic. He never needed help shooting, however, since he was good from a "thousand yards out in high wind", winning the SecNav competition as a segundo. Choosing the Supply Corps to fulfill his contract with Uncle Sam, Scott is anxiously looking forward to a six-figure salary, times when he can afford to keep a Porsche, and in a weak moment, a happy life with the "little woman" (Are you listening?). JSB

Joseph S. Smith
Salt Lake City, Utah
Naval Architecture
U. S. Marine Corps

Monchi came to Seventh from Thirsty 3rd still thirsty. Joe can only remember 3/c year through pictures and second hand accounts; however, somehow he managed to excel in academics despite a short attention span and a fascination with mouse traps. 2/c year Shaggy hung with the boys at 'gaters, in G-Town, and on occasional road trips to Delaware and Hood. Too bad Ghandi didn't understand that the chair asked him to fling it out the window. A lot of things talked to Joe that year: the Kahlua, some cheap sunglasses, a cassette tape... At Army-Navy he could be found on stage singing "LaBamba" sporting a diamond stud. Second semester the Gang of Four emerged from the Geek Barn on weekends to blow off steam and bend the rules. Once he grew up senior year, Joe was always there to tell us the error of our ways, and not let us forget it. As second semester rolled around, Joe-E assumed the conn and saved us from what might have ben. An intense guy, he had a habit of making late-night phone calls and weekend road trips to Florida to visit an old friend and his "family". Best of luck. OOHRAH! TM SV PZ

Piper Anne Smith
Decatur, Georgia
Oceanography
General Unrestricted Line

Piper innocently arrived at the Naval Academy from that bastion of southern culture, Atlanta, Georgia. She emerged from 2nd co POW camp as a motivated Barbon baby as evidenced by her first comearound 3/c year.(Chain of command, go!). 3/c cruise demonstrated her extraordinary grace, or lack thereof, (Get off my ankles!), on the sail cruise from Hell, Rattlesnake TRANSLANT '86; gotta love that Irish stew and tuna fish with relish. Rooming w/Piper meant always having a 3-man room. Piper & Piper's bass. How you are going to ship it: claim it as a dependent? If she wasn't on the phone with Keith, she would be wandering through co area wearing her men's size 9 Jack Purcell's and carrying her grimy coffee mug. 2/c year arrived and Georgia wasn't the only thing on Piper's mind. It seems that one of the class of '87 from Form-2 wasn't through with her yet. The ball and chain from her POW days is now on the 3rd finger of her left hand, (the Rock). Even though she bought a Suzuki Deathmobile, she has nothing to fear since she's insured by Jesus Christ Mutual Life. Her kindness and her faith made her such a good friend and someone you could count on. We'll miss you and your laugh. MCL & PDH

Grace Leonor Stover
Ellicott City, Maryland
Computer Science
General Unrestricted Line

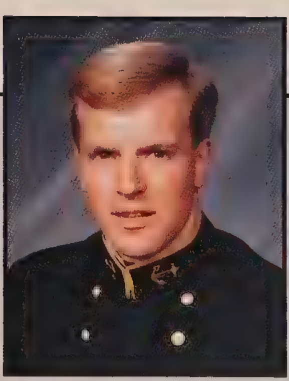
"Grapes", Miss smiles has brought a lot to USNA. Plebe year in 22, with T (wrong first impressions) and Smitty (remember the bat cave) was a year we could all forget. 3/c cruise to Bermuda with near escapes from death and moped accidents (never ride on the back of one), and D&B trips in the winter. 2/c summer, opened our eyes to the world with trips to Europe (never sleep in train stations in Zurich, Munich "gardens"), P-cola, and our favorite, Quantico. Spring breaks of course were always spent in Miami and on the beaches on blankets that usually held six. 2/c year (so what about KB?) and trips to N.C. with P&K or so K's parents thought. Finally the last (who said firsties don't work) year with SM the EA, her 100 "favorite" songs, chinese food gate #1 deliveries "Just a secon'!", prerecorded messages on the answering (Grace, I know you're just sleeping, pick up the phone!) machine, and LB coming out her ears. Thanks for the fun times - here's to Navy Intell and P-3 pilots! RGT CMJ PAB KBW

Jeffrey Michael Tomlin
Irvine, California
Aerospace Engineering
Nuclear Power - Submarines

Bobo came to the bank of the Severn by way of SoCal, the "True Cal" as he would put it. The confirmed Sea King and body surfer extraordinaire excelled for 4 years as a H20 polo star and lived to tell about the dreaded "early morning workout." To alleviate the strain of supporting stars as a 3/c, Jeff was either raging with the likes of Johnny K. or racking through a final. 3/c year also had Jeff making the conscious decision to refuse to "reach for space, the new frontier"; resulting in being banished to the realms of the earth's atmosphere for an eternity. As a 2/c Tomlinstein caught the fever and acquired a taste for stereo equipment, and 16 valves. 2/c year also had Jeff making up for his "red shirt" season of one year past. 1/c year saw Jeff getting the big "5" by being appointed COMREG ONE. Jeff will always be remembered for his quick wit, "Lat" slaps, and his human relation sense of humor. Best of luck to a good friend and remember always, XST- "Through Nuclear Power ...." VDZ & RHL

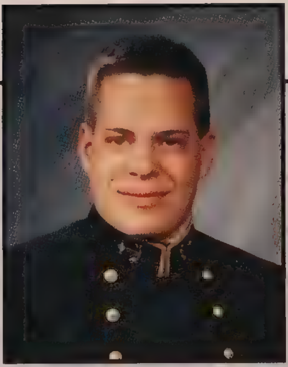
John La Roy Trower
Big Bend, Wisconsin
General Science
Surface Warfare

John came to the Academy via the scenic route : enlisted on the USS Midway, Boost, Naps, and finally the Academy. Plebe summer was an attitude adjustment stage for John, but he turned himself around and made his mark on several Plebes in seventh company. Youngster year was hard on John. After a brief bout with Physics, he focused on General science and Graduation as a major. John preferred liberty on weeknights to weekends, so being unsat really didn't phase him. After a couple of one-sided discussions with Captain K., John learned to stay awake during Saturday morning lectures and eventually even learned to part his hair on the side. As a night owl, John became so intimate with the stars he opted to take astronomy twice 1/c year. John was also a car enthusiast. From the $300 Rabbit from hell to his Mazda 323 3-door stunt car (which we understand also drives well on its side), John had a car for every occasion. John leaves us now to return to the sea. Let's hope he drives his ships better than his cars. Good luck and thanks for all the late night talks. Duke & Fish

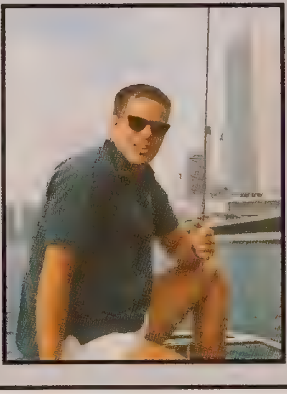


Stephen Gribbin Verner
Toledo, Ohio
Mechanical Engineering
Nuclear Power - Submarines

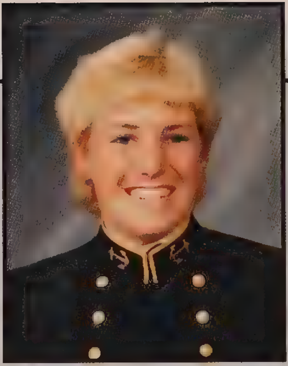
Vern hails from Toledo, Ohio, sailing capital of the Midwest. Steve made it through plebe year year unscathed after he found a way to COPE with the pressure. 3/c year, Steve's Tang bottle, headphones, and Metallica were out of arms reach. As sailing became his outlet, Steve could always be seen with a perpetual sunburn and windblown hair. Then the car came. Look out! Steve impressed his roomies with his ability to drive beyond all reasonable limits. 2/c year Steve finally got a reg haircut-but it didn't last long. On one to Gtown, Steve bid too low and only received a slap for his trouble. 1/c year, Vern continued to astound us with his driving abilities-graduating from the Cutlass to the Sushi-mobile and the MPU. By the way, was it the fridge or the bed that you wanted level? As firsties, we weren't sure which he liked more about being Sailing Captain-the fast boat or the 3-striper libs. Second semester, Steve took a final look West; however, after a substantial phone bill, a long plane ride, and a week in the sum, things were back to normal. Best of luck. AOOGAH! TM JS PZ



Gregory Stewart Wagner
Alexandria, Virginia
Mechanical Engineering
Surface Warfare

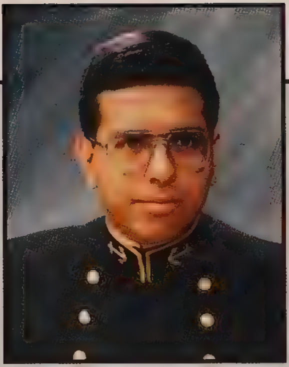


Ahh, another day, another disc. "All this can be yours for just $19.99. Order yours today!" Scramble, scramble, rush, trip, phone, ring, ring, "Hello.. Yes, I'll take two.. Ahh, Put it on my Master Card!" Your're a Flinstone. I'm coming back from class and studying... Wake up Greg. One timer, Two timer, Three timer, What would your mother say? I worked out with Ed... Why does my body hurt? No Ben I'm not sleeping on the floor, Give me the keys. I can fix it, I can fix everything, I have a cool set of Tools. Greg pick up your mess. Nice car to bad it doesn't work. Thanks for taking your mess home, Why did you bring it back? Buddha, how's Hanz Jr. doing? Are all these your guitars? Why do they only sound good when Hosea plays them? "I guess its the Music!" Pop's and Buddha's Classic Rock and Roll Root Cellar! No crap, No commercials, Just CLASSIC ROCK AND ROLL! Shuffle, shuffle, kick, Shuffle, shuffle, Slam! Thanks for being so Quiet. BBG & EJG



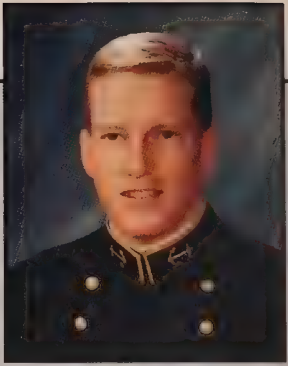
Karen Bernadette West
Alexandria, Virginia
Political Science
General Unrestricted Line

Westieee! Where do we start? We've been through hell. Indoc day, 33rd herd, Rock, LaChance, and the thing. 3/c summer brought experiments with cooks and markman. Loved that west coast especially Anchorage. But who ever thought you'd visit the Irish? 2/c summer and the camera scam which left you in debt. Of course, no one's perfect, ZSNFCK(Ha Ha). Too much baby oil and candles can be bad for your health or is it? Never got around to playing squash but played beach ball with MU. Can't forget Gremlin, Piggy, and Shehulk. Of course K was always failing her 10meterjump and flexed armhang. Oh NOOO! Not Cindy Lauper. Then came baby, mickilee, and cujo. What's that dog's real name?! Camping in PA, at your beach, and ladies' night with those home movies and carrots, and try not to break the garage door next time. Whoever thought you'd get b-ball capt. charlie co and 7th co subcdr? K was only in it for the stripes and libs, right? St.Thomas brought her back bronzed, blond, and smiling. By the way, are you a true blond or is that bleached? Thanks for your smiles, parties, and advice. We've changed our minds, you'll hitch the knot first. PAB GLS



Vincent Damian Zarasua
Fresno, California
Astrospace Engineering
Nuclear Power - Submarines

Vinnie hopped off the big iron bird from California and into the arms of the Navy straight from the raisin fields of Fresno. He got some TAD in Thirsty Third as a pleber, but soon reached his PCS in Seventh Heaven as a youngster. While the rest of us were asleep, Vince pulled a 4.00 out of the... sky, as an Aero, but soon joined the Space Cadets and was forever banished from inner atmospheric flight. Second class year treated him fairly, and bolstered his desire to fly LOW AND SLOW with the rest of the nukey dogs. "What's that, you can roll a sub if you take manual control of the stern planes?" 2/c year also saw Vince purchase THE LAKER RING, and his long awaited Ford Bronco II, even though he could have been in the driver's seat of a 1985 911 Targa. "What do you mean, I should have bought it for $10,000 ?" First Class Year had Vince designing his very own Satellite and pulling some sweet TAD back in the San Joaquin Valley. Vince will always be remembered for his laughs and rousts in the wee hours of the aerolab mornings, and all the times he helped us all out. Fair winds & following seas. JMT



Paul John Zippel
Westbury, New York
General Engineering
U. S. Marine Corps

A 6'4" senior from Westbury, N.Y. Zip came to USNA eager to earn his varsity letter in a sport. He tried them all; skating through plebe year on team tables. third class year brought Zip a new company, a new sport, and, as the human pendulum, an ever-changing attitude. 2/c year brought long 'gaters, longer trips to Gtown, and an even longer stay at GWUH. Zip, you should have bobbed and parried that blow. After the haze cleared, Zip's blood turned green, but no matter how much he worked out, the number two's were there to stay. That road trip to Delaware was good for the pictures only, nice form, but you got nowhere! 1/c year Paul took the conn and the abuse, as his thoughts turned to "local" girls. Who can forget about the adventure at Army. Who was that slapping your hand while you were working it? Once relieved of command, the true Zip came forward. Remember, nice guys just don't get it. Don't forget the soap opera he created himself - his sister, MuM's, and 7-3; all in the name of good relations. It must've been good! OOH RAH! and Best of Luck. TMAC JOEY & STEVE Gang of Four

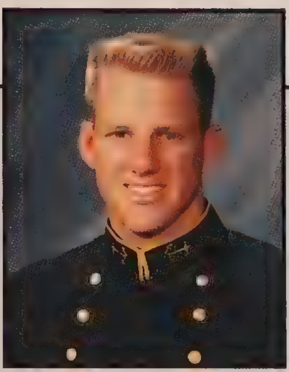
8th COMPANY

Paul Michael Basile
Garden City, New York
History
Navy Air

Base came to the Boat School from Garden City, New York wielding his LAX stick which helped him beat off the AC Board in 4 memorable visits. Besides getting to know the various Supes on a first name basis, Base almost got to meet the sneaker thief of Mitscher Hall. The only man in the NCAA to get 8 assists in a playoff game and 3 shots at Calc III. One of Jerry's kids, Base's parents made every game to see #6 play. To be sure he didn't forget his number, Spaceman had it engraved on his ring. Trips to Bob's often left Base checking the horizon. Never a one sport man, Paul liked to practice Baseball slides in the driveway for Mom and Dad. Base, most likely to marry a hometown girl, always enjoyed spending his summers at USNA and GTMO. Paul had almost as many guardian angels in LT Miller and MG as he had A's in 4 years. Base hates indoor plumbing whether while skiing or when in town. It has been great Base, I even enjoyed living with you when the Mets won the Series and the Giants the Bowl. Billy Fi and Jamie O.

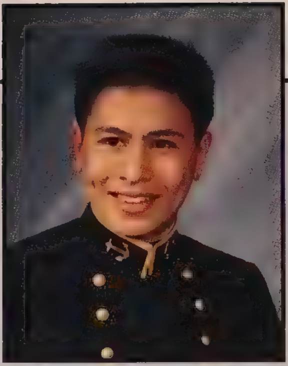
Nathan Emil Beltz
San Diego, California
Marine Engineering
Nuclear Power - Submarines

Anyone who knows Nate, will agree that he was sent to us from another world. Perhaps this is due to his ability to maintain exceptional grades by watching TV during study hour everynight. Or maybe it's due to his unique ability to build bombs and manage to startle an entire wing. Nate is the only mid in history to receive a revolving line of credit from the local "Mum's", as he graciously donated half his nuke bonus to the establishment. The other half was donated to the states of California, New York, and New Jersey to pay off speeding tickets and an occasional gambling spree. It was a miracle Nate survived plebe year when one of his roommates attempted to set him on fire while he slept. Nate was also in an envious position, plebe year, being in a four man room where he could annoy three other people with his talking alarm clock. No one was safe on red beach when Nate and a few water ballons got together. Long live the Ninja Brothers (Nate & John). OBC/ASK



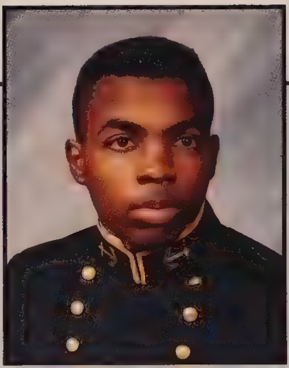
Donald Brant Brockett
Camarillo, California
Computer Science
Navy Air

Brant alias BBBB & Donny B. started 25th co. If his 1/c had known Big Bad owned ZZ Top's car, things might have been different. Brant's plebe year did wonders and turned him into one of 8th co.'s slackest 3/c. 3/c year didn't solve all Brant's problems concerning dumpsters and decisions to make about his '35 Ford, capable of 180 mph except for the imploding windshield at 160. He became active in organizations such as the Party Cows and the Glee Club (honorary party member.) 2/c summer had 3 high points for Brant: being CA on his YP, the demise of his co-owned (Ungie) youngster-mobile, even though it was seven more months until it finally disappeared, and the premier of his one true love. 2/c year was a blur of EE, parties, computers, and weekends. Brant won't forget driving to football games, spring break in Europe, and the futile Dead Week trip to C-burg (no sweat, we had 5 minutes to spare.) 1/c year started with the cruise in Japan, Christmas at home with the new interest, weekend trips, and ended in Navy-Marine Corps Memorial Stadium. Good luck in P-cola! BTM



Eric Martin Buenviaje
San Antonio, Texas
Ocean Engineering
Navy Air

Oh, lumpia,lumpia,lumpia. Buen, my Adobo bro', came to USNA via North Dakota, Berlin, San Antonio, etc. - a real Air Force brat. Plebe year gained him membership in the Asian Persuasion of 15th company. There he picked two things that would consume his life- at least until Bekki - Ocean Engineering and Fencing. His dedication earned him 3 varsity letters, an N watch, sabre captain, and two trips to the National Championships. The rigors of Ocean E transformed him into the T-squared O-squared (too task oriented Oriental). He was truly the pinnacle of practicality (he actually saved money as a mid) created in the likeness of Uncle Henry B. But he was no champion of persuasion, for when he returned from 3/c cruise, his lil' sis was a plebette. Eric "in the place 2" B always brought us loads of exotic foods and an aromatic derrierre. Oo das cole ! No one stole his food from the fridge- could be egg roll, could be Fido. As a "fatigued" firstie, Ehlic met his special girl- so special you might say she was a specialist. WORD! Eric, be all you that you can be and remember Kahlua milkshakes, "I don't THANK so," and wash, wash, wash . -APC-



Orin Brett Clay
Humboldt, Tennessee
Mathematics
Surface Warfare

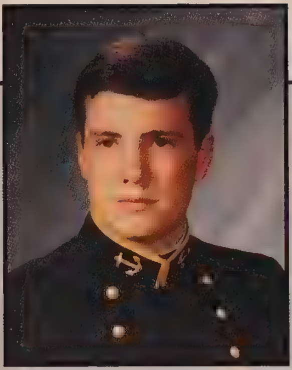
Brett reported to Stalag 17 from the strawberry capital of the world (so he says). Academically, he tiptoed his way to a 2.0 plebe year and he didn't pass a single swim test on his first try, "I don't know 'bout dat swimmin'". His academics would improve, swimming forget it. This aqua-rock knew every square inch of the pools in Lejeune. But OJ's luck with the ladies was a different story. Pakin' his way to the Bahamas on his YP Cruise he got the first of what eventually became a Dole Hat Trick. 3/c cruise begot him the nickname "Scorin' Orin", which he followed up with the nickname "Olongopo Madman" on 1/c cruise. Back in the hall, OBC was pretty quiet except when he would say "Hey man, that's a smooth mix", or "Can you tell I got a haircut". Of course not, he got a haircut 3 times a week. Professionally, he could bring Plebes to tear and laugh his head off seconds after they shoved off. And there's the Sharlene Saga... on again off again like a strobe light. But if there is one thing I've left out, it's that Orin is a true friend. He might not share his chips with you, but he'll be there when you really need him. Good Luck. (Scorin'). NEB&TC

Anthony Paul Cox
Panama City, Florida
Systems Engineering
Naval Flight Officer

T.C. came to us from the Redneck Riviera and plebe year in "good times Ten." 3/c? 'Bachi, Beth, and the Bible. Tone then went from piety to lasciviousness while maintaining something of a "golden boy" image. After countless circumvented regs, it was a wonder that he remained fry-free until 2/c year. Tony was the "little engineer that wouldn't," despite a misleading 2.7 QPR. Homework was never his forte', though he did learn enough to be able to integrate the room into the ERC-VCR network. His romantic efforts were both ardent and productive, presenting many girlfriends from Southeast Asia and Florida with such diverse interests and lifestyles as racing cars and marriage (one was and another will be soon). Half-dollar nips, Icicle, the Rhodian, Curries I, II, and III, Sandy Schpooey, and Multicolors will be remembered fondly. Tone's reputation as an ethnic and cultural chameleon spread far and wide--cottage cheese and curry were always his favorite dishes. He's been more than a friend and the brother I never had; he's been the maloderous realization of the proverbial squalor in domestic fester. -EMB

Evan Dayan Dash
New York, New York
History
Surface Warfare

The concrete jungle of Manhattan sent us the Bagel via the prestigious Bronx High School of Science. Funny-- he loathed everything scientific or technical. He got a D in Physics and Wires and seriously considered going nuke. He was a walking thesaurus, but don't ask him to spell. His driving was about as good as his spelling. We'll never know how he managed to spin out his 3-series Bimmer in rainy weather-- it had ABS. The car recovered, though, only to stay sheltered at various service centers for most of first class year for one reason or another. Evan's unlucky streak affected his health, too. Oddly, he was always incapacitated by the dreaded viral syndrome before P.E. tests. Luck or no, Evan could buy his way out of trouble (especially with his fiancee')-- courtesy Mom's Visa card; If nothing else, His appetite was good, for as he ate as much as the average two midshipmen when he wasn't on a starvation diet. The Lindower's cake will atest to that; and we'll atest to Evan's character, unconditional friendship, and vivacious, multifaceted personality. APC & EMB

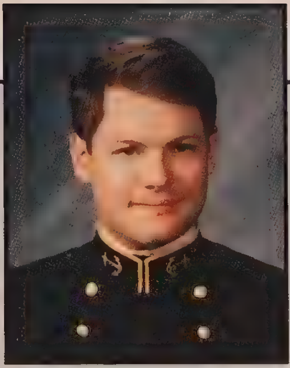


William Charles Filan
Reistertown, Maryland
Economics
Navy Air

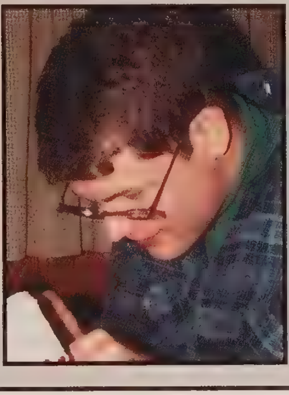
Semper Fi, the local boy, never was any happier than in the wardroom catching some TV--except when in Crabtown having a few beers. Bill's youngster year was unproductive, try over 500 days. Charlie Channel was always smooth with the young ladies but loved to burn his bridges--ruthless. I'll never forget the evening he was a slave. The Great Santini's son did have some questionable standards especially when fishing. We witnessed this at Army '88 and various pig pushes. Bill was lucky to have his family so close by because they shared their love with him and a few beers. The Schrup's open house enabled him to always relax, which Bill excelled at. His 21st was quite revealing; He showed his inability to walk and talk. Bill was never the same again. While skiing in P.A., the Big Chief was transformed into an Indian. His war paint was put on while he was scalped by his own tribesmen. Wild Bill loved football but never did have a team. That wasn't half as bad as seeing the O's go 0-21. Through it all, Semper Fi never let his roommates drag him down to their level. Thanks for the good laughs! Paul and Jamie.

Stephen Bernard Hackforth
Allentown, Pennsylvania
Political Science
Surface Warfare

Hack came to USNA from that garden of Eden that Billy Joel sings about, Allentown. Low rolling sewage treatment facilities plush asphault parking lots....one can imagine how hard it must have been to migrate south. But, he did nonetheless and joined us here at USNA on the modified four-year plan (two years at the academy, one year in the rack, and one year UA at Pete's house..). Always busy, Hack's agenda was packed with many diversified activities such as : sports information and Varsity athletics. Never known to be a violent man, he did, however, find it necessary to punish a certain desk door for brutal assault on his shin..." God, F#@&!%* door "..... Most of all, we will remember Hack as the kind of guy who was always willing to lend a hand, as long as it wasn't with the weekend duty section. Conceived to be a Surface Warrior with marlin spike teeth and all that, it will be a lucky fleet that inherits the " biggest " Naval Officer the Academy has to offer. Farewell hugeness, may the wind be always at your back. MAM & RLV.

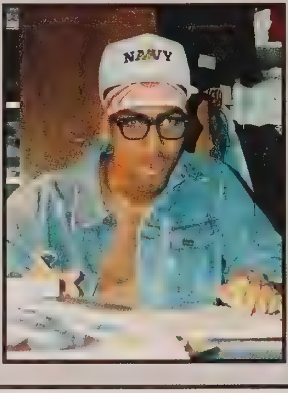


Kenneth Gardner Harris
Averill Park, New York
Political Science
Surface Warfare

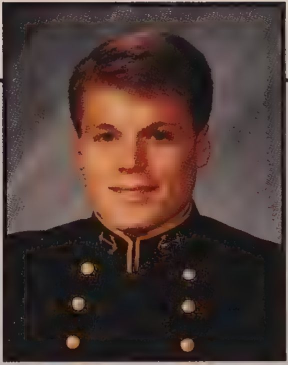


Ken arrived at USNA fresh from commissioning the USS DE WERT (FFG-45). He excelled in every facet of academy life (unless you're BG in which case nothing matters anyway). He never had trouble with anyone (except the Dunker). He spent part of youngster summer eating bugs and snakes out at USAFA. After that he found a pet kitten that he hasn't let go since. I still swear that he never lets me study. If Dragonzi hadn't been around I'd have never looked for the Knight. (Of course our friend would disagree). Ken didn't get enough of the bugs, so he went back and earned title as the Loco Squid. First Class year he started spending lots of time up at Towson (No! Not that Towson). By the way, tell B that the food was great! I'm not sure I'd put up with him again: That's why I'm going way far away! I know the Navy will never be the same again. Keep me in mind when you get your lucky stars. Congrats to the Admiral, she couldn't have found a better guy! I probably shouldn't say it, but don't throw me in the Lethe. No I'm not!!! KRS

Reginald Maurice Howard
Macon, Georgia
General Engineering
Naval Flight Officer

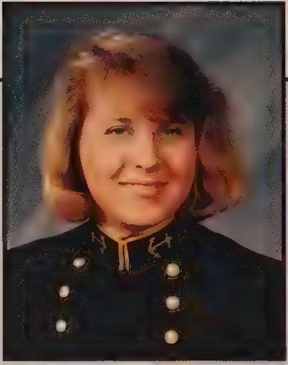


02 July, 1985, has to be one of the greatest days in Naval Academy history, for that's when Reginald Maurice Howard, self proclaimed ladies man extrordinaire, reported for plebe summer. Throughout his stay here, Reg continuously impressed us all with his time-management skills. Who else would actually study after lunch, after school, and yes, even between classes and during free periods. But he still had plenty of time to call J-word 4 or 5 times a week and even managed to find a little time on the weekends to hang out with the boys. Being the thoughtful guy that he is, he once watered the plants (and the people) at the 'Vous without even being asked. Reggie is probably the only guy I know who was in worse financial trouble than me, but he did manage to put enough money aside to occasionally get out to Denny's on the weekend. Reg, don't forget Karate, our rent-a-car wreck, godzilla, your special undies, backing Tone's car into a State Trooper, and a few gumby-snatches on a hot Bahamian day. First-class year is almost over and victorrie is yours. -WTI II



Richard Steven Hulit
Fallbrook, California
Political Science
U.S. Marine Corps

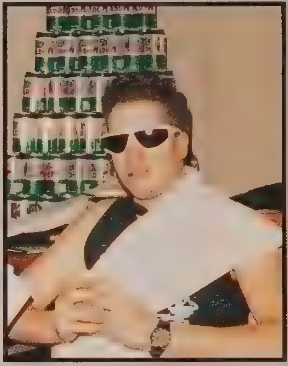
Young Richard came to Annapolis with one goal in mind: graduate and follow in his father's footsteps into the Corps of the brave and the bold. I first met our young warrior plebe year, where I can remember many a battle between him and the sleep monster. Needless to say Richie won few of those battles. We became roommates and best friends 3/c year after I served my tour of duty with the clowns (but that's another biography). He became the stud of the 150's team and its eventual captain. He was a hard hitter and had the hands of stone. It was really fun watching him play and hearing about his pre-Army game rituals. Richie's love life can not go without mentioning. He began with J-word and ended with K-word and a few barmaids in between. Yo, Rich been to Baylor lately? Thanks to Dan-O his eyes were opened to some of the better things in life such as special 2/c liberty, whipped cream, and cigars. Rich, don't forget Celicas (may they rest in peace), my 5 rules of life, the fellas, Mum's, Dakota's, GA girls, road trips, and time anywhere is not time in the rack. You've been a great friend, and I'll miss you. Take care, sweet-pea. RMH



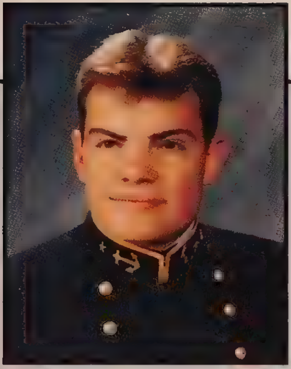
Nora Ann Huml
Millersville, Maryland
Aerospace Engineering
Aviation Maintenance Duty Officer

Nora Ann, Nora-Bora, Humblebee, Humms... came to USNA naive, motivated, and highly impressionable. Over the last four years, Nora's had lots of learning experiences (how about Billy Fi's party 3/c year?). Nora is known for her generosity, friendliness, and temperance (except that time she broke our door). Physically, Nora wasn't blessed with the best knees. Determination helped her recover from two orthopedic surgeries better than ever. Nora holds the title of "Mums Wild Dancing Woman" as she usually wears out 10-12 victims before she takes a breather. Nora can proudly say that she's never pulled an all-nighter (strong advocate of the well-rested well-tested theory). Service selection proved interesting for Nora. She finally got AMDO stationed in Hawaii when she found out she'll be joining her squadron in Alaska first. Pack up that baby oil and stock up on antifreeze! Nora is more than a super-technical aerospace engineer. She's an excellent cook (makes the best tuna-melts in town), an expert seamstress, and saved my life with her caligraphy. Nora has been a great roommate and I will truly miss drilling with her. Hey girl, stop the slaughter! H.P.

William Thomas Ipock
McGrath, Alaska
General Engineering
Navy Air



Ice, Icepick, the Ice Man came from the final frontiers of Alaska to spend four years by the bay. After graduating as the valedictorian in his senior class of four, he readily adapted to the large university atmosphere of USNA. He honed his marching skills on Red Beach plebe year following the "battering ram" incident. When I first met Bill youngster-year, I introduced him to the passion for the color purple. Ice has been to more movies than he's seen, but this professional preferred the pro-flicks. Diff EQ's sent him to an Ad Board and he received the General consequences. Second-class summer, Icepick found a home in Quantico as the "Gunge King." His karate demonstrations in the hall were surpassed only by his matches. Mastercard and Visa proved to be millstones around his neck as he drowned in a sea of financial ruin. Ice did a complete 180 during his 2/c year that surprised us all...Bill, that isn't what we meant! But, now his favorite uniform is WUBA. Remember- Anne's Famous Footlongs, carriage rides in Philly, cards, the time machine, Sid, Cork 'N' Keg, Rockage, Trader John's, the Beach, the Boys. Good luck. CAS



John Carl Lowrie
Denver, Colorado
Oceanography
Nuclear Power - Surface

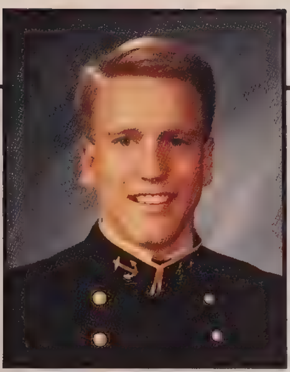
John Lowrie is one of the most intense persons I've ever had the pleasure (?) to meet. John's been an ace in the company, your not sure whether to keep him or draw again, but for all John's faults there is one thing that can be said about him; he's always improving. Throughout John's stay in 8th company he's picked up many awards: Youngster year- Best Haircut, Highest gross tonnage of chow packages, Most Roommates- did you ever room with anyone twice? Second class year John decided that Navy was lacking in professionalism and spent a semester at Army. There he received one of the highest number of demerits of any exchange student. Maybe you'll remember to keep your towel straight in the future. John does things in a big way; there's been many times when John's vision has failed him completely and he's challenged the laws of gross tonnage. Remember those seams that were busting under her weight. Good thing you were there to hold them together. With all kidding aside you've been a good friend these past years. Hope to see you in Orlando and maybe one of these days you'll see the Bronco's win a Super Bowl. NEB

Catherine Maureen F. Masar
Orofino, Idaho
Political Science
General Unrestricted Line

Catherine M. came to USNA from Orofino, Idaho, land of wooded mountains and bleating sheep, from which her hometown newspaper was delivered regularly (along with her daily pile of mail). Plebe and youngster years were tough on Cathy, and she found herself facing the possibility of the long, green table. The end of youngster year, however, turned C.M.'s life around as she discovered Vido and . . . the library! The latter (and a little hard work) gave her the grades to take weekends and the former gave her something to do with them. First class year found Cathy frantically making flights to Orlando and becoming the all-time racquetball queen of USNA. Cath, as you head off to the Far East and then to the Northwest, remember to take your malaria pills, watch out for Pumpkin Heads, and don't forget your buddy on the East Coast. Have faith in yourself and you won't ever get Smiley bangs! Thanks for putting up with the beggars and thieves that invaded our room, and thanks for being a great friend. Luv ya! HKR (H)

Mac Abelardo Mera
Guayaquil, Ecuador
Marine Engineering
Foreign National

Max came to us from Ecuador with a burning desire for knowledge, a strong will to succeed, and about enough coherent English to order a burger. Plebe summer found Max at a loss for many things...words mostly. Supremely macho in every way, while the rest of us were whining like ninnies about the heat, Max slept throughout plebe summer in a sweatshirt. Topping the list of his plebe year escapades would have to be the Barf March from 2nd to 8th wings... how did they ever catch you? Moving on to youngster year Max turned on the Latin body-rap and wooed a sweet young local into submission. You could always tell when he was meeting his love by the clanging sound of gold neck chains as he strutted off. So strong were his charms that not only was L.M. captivated, but so was her cowart in crime "THE BIG K." Many a mid can sympathize with the terrible scare Max got from the Latino Bambino. Well, now it's time to head back to the homeland and test what we've taught you. Time to go from greyhound of the Severn, to whippet of the Guayaquil. Best of luck with your coup - let us know how it comes out. Later, Rob & Hack.



Brian Thomas Montgomery
Chambersburg, Pennsylvania
English
Navy Air

"Monty" entered his plebe year with two loves a girl and his 66 mustang. He still has the Mustang. His plebe year in 36th was like summer camp with rumbles and carry on daily. The only thing that was victimized was his clock. His two roommates seemed to have nothing better to do than to take it apart or break it. The beginning of 3/c year saw Monty living on his half of taped lines in his room. Stars were his goal and stars are what he got. Problem. His roommate wouldn't let anyone with stars in the room. His biggest pastime was throwing paper airplanes out the window. 2/c year saw many glee club trips, about 5 girlfriends at once, and the final selection of his wife to be. 1/c cruise in Belgium became sort of a YP cruise and he obtained his pilots license-(paper airplanes). Every weekend has been spent either with the glee club or driving to Penn to see his sweety. One of these days Monty will lose the towel around his neck and let the sweat run into his shoes. He has been a good roommate and I hope he flies well in the fleet. DBB

William Edward Moyer
Hollidaysburg, Pennsylvania
General Science
U.S. Marine Corps

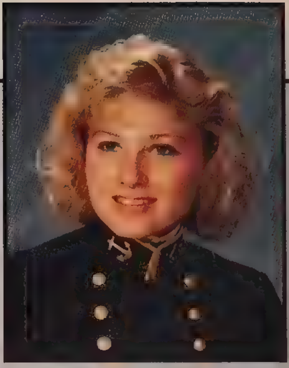
Big Rig came in pursuit of gridiron glory. Unfortunately "shouldering" the load at outside linebacker proved his demise. Being denied the opportunity to vent his hostilities on the opponent, he proceeded to take out his frustrations on his friends. As a 3/c, Bill served as judge and jury on Peoples court, sentencing the accused to exile (or did we move out?). Seeing that movie 3/c year with Schaef Dog, Ice, and myself left him so distraught that he didn't find relief until he got to Worden Field. Bill came back from Bulldog with a renewed sense of professionalism, motivation, and desire to prove he was the biggest dog in the neighborhood. RMH and JOG were the most frequent recipients of the wrath of Moyer (Fishhooks, Backbreakers, neck scars, etc.) When he wasn't at Penn State with T-n-A, he could probably be found with the fellas at the 'Vous or any number of local stablishments. Ski season took on a whole new meaning 1/c year. Bota bags, plastic bags and body bags littered the slopes after we were finished. Years from now we will look back at these years as the best times of our life. Okay, maybe not, but we had fun. Thanks. BL

Robert Lee Priest
Talladega, Alabama
Aerospace Engineering
Naval Flight Officer

Bobby Lee arrived from Talladega with the thought of graduating with a 4.0 in Aerospace, but that soon changed to just graduating. When we first met 3 years ago their was a third party that drastically hindered things. That party was exiled and Lee has felt alot better about shaving ever since. The only major crisis he has had was his wrecked Mercedes, the fault of some bimbo. With that behind him all he has to moan about is Penn State beating Alabama, and paying up on his lost bet(or vice versa)I've never seen a guy as happy as the night about two months after service selection when Lee found out that he had recieved an NFO billet and wasn't a SWO any more. Our last Army-Navy game will be remembered as a wet one for Lee. Aero proved to come in handy the night he had to pilot and navigate the shuttle during the P.A. ski weekend. The TV, VCR, fridge and blender-we were lucky. Ring dance-beach house, strep throat, mess dress swim. The #30 that came too late. And I can't let you forget the history movie after Riordon's. Well our four years together is ending and I wish you the best of luck. B.M.

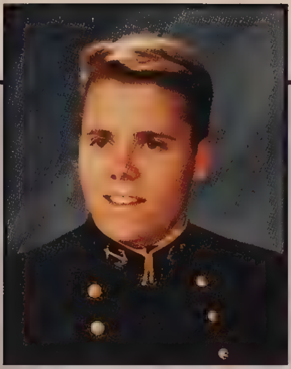
Heather Leigh Ann Purvis
Falls Church, Virginia
Economics
General Unrestricted Line

H.P. started out as Leather Pelvis at NAPS where she was introduced to a never ending relationship with the Marine Corps. Never Say No Purvis came to Navy as a swimmer and was, is now and always will be a party girl. Don't forget Secrets, Don Robbins, G-dog... You wild and crazy gal! I'll be happy with a pair of Wranglers and a frosty mug. Who would ever imagine her as a wife? "I'll never get married, never in the Naval Academy chapel." The famous last words "T.M. SHTR" Even engaged, the visitors don't stop...It's more of a challenge. Company commander first semester didn't stop the fun. Peanut butter and honey sandwiches. Where does she put them all? My personal financial advisor. I've taken care of her for three years. Tom, you've got your hands full! I expect she will be a hot shot legal officer in her top gun squadron in Norfolk, a fatal attraction for all, or I'll probably see her on the cover of Muscle and Fitness along with Corey Everson with a whole new line of vitamins. What will I do without you? I'll never find a roommate to match you! N.H.



Heidi Katherine Reinard
Socorro, New Mexico
History
General Unrestricted Line

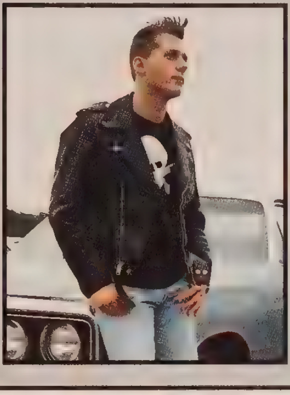
Hey-dee, Hey-dee, Heidi-Ho! (I just had to say that!) Heidi K., our Junior Miss from Socorro, New Mexico came to the academy with pompons in hand. She found her niche in cheerleading along with a highly compatible partner. After plebe year scrambling, she found herself in the Huppster's company, but not for long. HKR was shuffled into Skate Eight, where she was invisible until first class year. Firstieness brought Heidi company ops, weekends in Newport then Norfolk, and her 21st birthday! (Finally!) Remember the North and South Dakota educators?! It's been a rough four years at USNA, but you did it all on your own with no help from any flying witches from hell! You've been an excellent roommate and a great friend and confidante. Keep faith in your future marriage and work hard at your job -- stand by Sandra Day O'Connor, here comes Heidi! Love and Friends Always, CMFMM.



Loyd Perkins Rhiddlehoover
Colorado Springs, Colorado
General Engineering
Surface Warfare

L.P. Rhiddlehoover III, alias Trey, studmuffin, the human pear and mostly just the "Hoov". From 13, his roommates had to continually throw ice on him to cool him down because the hall seemed as though it were on fire. 3/c year was better. He didn't show up until the first day of classes and everyone assumed he had died. The Hoov set a trend for wearing baggy pants and fashioned clothes. He still thinks his music is best and his room can look however he wants. The "drink on the beach" is his favorite and his 21st passed by without him remembering much except being very charitable to the procelin god. Fatal attraction is how Hoov thinks his relationships should follow. But the studmuffin has found a diamond in the rough in Colo. He is constantly losing weight and if you added up all that he has lost it would probably be about 5 times his total body mass. Even though Naval Arch. was his love, he sank with it and now thinks general engineering is the best. 1/c year has brought joy to the Hoov because he can now wear what he wants and drive his convertable whenever he wants. Trey has been a good friend. Good luck in Japan. DBB

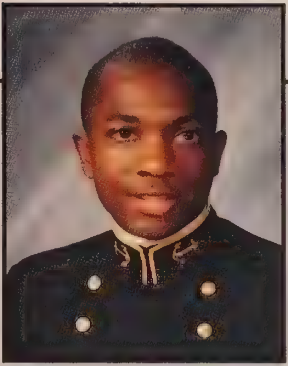
Christopher Alan Schaefer
Norfolk, Nebraska
Political Science
U.S. Marine Corps



Chris Schaefer, A.K.A. Schaef, Schaef-dog, or just plain dog, somehow managed to leave his Nebraskan punk-rock high school days behind him and join us here at USNA. It's hard to write a lot about Schaef without getting it deleted before it goes to the publisher, but here goes. Youngster year, I got to know Chris real well by continually bumming red-dogs from him, and we've been fast friends ever since. As second class, we could always count on the dog for a rousing game of cards at the Mabuhai Gardens Nightclub and Casino. His Saturdays were usually spent making a ten hour drive to Connecticut (I couldn't put that in here!) to visit dream girl.(I couldn't put that in here either.) During first-class year, we spent time together skiing, shooting, and when he was not with his first love - a 1962 Volkswagen Karmann Ghia - just plain hanging out. Schaef was definately a blast to hang out with, especially after a night on the town with the boys....have we got some pictures or what! Good luck in the Corps Schaef-dog, live fast-die hard right? 867-5309...enough said. Oh yeah, can I borrow twenty bucks? - WTI II

Denise Marie Shorey
Pasadena, Maryland
Honors English
Navy Air

Denise, Denny, "Bimbo", DaWife, DaPeeper, or DD is not your average mid. Not many mids called home when they nicked their coraframs plebe year, or periodically browsed through the regs just for fun (yes, she does know every reg!), or went from being a "Dahlgren girl" to being a Hop Rep, or cried when they got B's in EE, or walked in on every mid in their company at opportune times. (It's hard to believe but she has stressed out a few, well few hundred times!) Much of her time is spent on the Severn River with crew. She has managed to achieve a 3.78 QPR, 4 stripes, a ranking of 6th in her class, fame through the local press, a leather jacket, and a brown nose, not to mention the adoration of "the boy across the hall." He couldn't resist that 0700 reveille look. We have been through a lot together and I'll always remember plebe year, P-Cola, Hawaii '86 and your nap on the escalator, the many times I have played your mother, all our diets, and most of all your friendly spirit, our long talks, and all of the support you have given me. I'm going to miss you and I am going to be your maid of honor! -Karen NWC!



Yessic Cozay Spencer
Rocky Mount, North Carolina
Political Science
U.S. Marine Corps

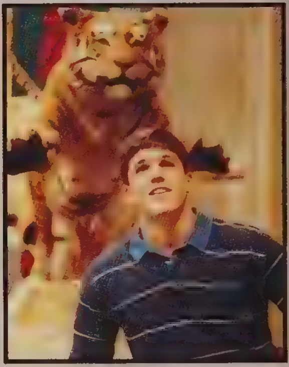
Y.C. came to be together by the bay from North Carolina via NAPS, and he'll probably never figure out why he had to enlist in the Navy to be commissioned in the Marine Corps. Y.C. readily adapted to USNA and promptly entered the dating scene during plebe summer. He lettered in karate plebe year after beating up a man in front of his wife and children. Due to his love of academics, Y.C. tried his hand at as many majors as midshipmanly possible: Mech E, Single E, and No E. After several attempts on the life of one of his youngster-year roommates with a flamethrower, he finally got that two-man room and kept it until the end. That room was a favorite during room formals. Y.C. will always be remembered for his exceptional spirit displayed at sporting events, and we will all make sure he never forgets it either. With less than two months left until graduation, Y.C. decided to double his debts and buy a new car. Y.C., you've put up with a lot...T.V., the 'fridge, Sid, card games, rain in Florida, all-nighters, sleeping in, and a liberty risk for a roommate for three years. Where's your ring? CAS

Kevin Ray Stafford
Alvin, Texas
General Science
Surface Warfare

Matthew Sutherland Sturges
Los Altos, California
Economics
Naval Flight Officer

Rita Geralyn Tauber
Creighton, Nebraska
Political Science
General Unrestricted Line

Matthew Harris Ungerleider
Spingboro, Ohio
Oceanography
Nuclear Power - Surface



Kevin came from the take-a-dive company (35) and followed suit for his youngster cruise (AROOOGA! AROOOGA!). He popped into the company at midnight when everyone else was asleep. He took a while to adjust to Skate 8 (8 to 1 odds? No problem! It's only '90.) By the way, do you really sleep in the top rack? Kevin took Second Class summer with enthusiasm. He loved NS301 and has run the system ever since. Grades took a new priority during Second Class year (At least HWH said they should). Hey Dino, are you sure we can't rumble? You do look wet! By the way - Why didn't you tell me I forgot my Anchors? - Oh! Never mind. You're not planning on a singing career are you? I'm glad NATS finally came up! (In January? Darn computer tech!) Don't forget, Lt L is on watch. Surface Line, Mighty Nine! The TOWERS is in for a shock! Beat Penn! Tag! You're it! KGH

The circus started six years ago in Santa Barbara. From the SAT's that never went up to the ale that never seemed to go dry. Parties at I.V and Jet Monsters. P squared's battle with a loaf of bread, scamming steaks from P squared's fridge, the shovelface escapade. THEN CAME BUN-BUN. From there it was on to NAPS, and the Rotten Bunch. Sturg stormed Canoe U. with a 3.0 but that didn't last. Parties at Erin and Arch's, painting the side of Geotte's car, wardrobe by Big Dog came into the picture. Dancing with the Rebel on Ungie's desk, get me a buckeye, Bimbo and the Pokey. 3/c cruise in Waki Waki. Dum-Dums in CA, "Models right?" Pitchforks and donut holes. Yardwork in Tuxson, Flying V, Dirtbags. Second class summer, living in the phone booth, "Well then I WON'T go to Ocean City". The BIG MOVE - where did Matt go? The wrist went limp, Rockin' Rooster, Redrum, a white cabriolet - still a girl's car. First class cruise and a tough job, driving every weekend to Jill. 1/c year and 150's, second team All-American, another limp wrist, and a great T-shirt idea, where are they anyway? Good luck with the Big "M". We'll miss you. UNG,Diamond,Bagman.

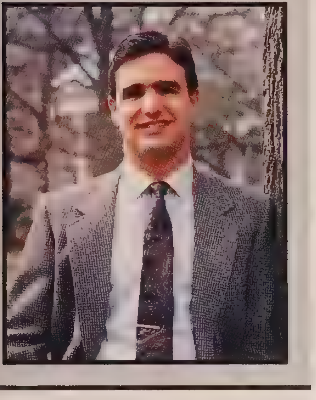
Rita bita aka metermaid came to us from far off Nebraska where they grow strawberries and cheer for the Big Red. Where is Creighton anyways? She was a prime candidate for USNA-two years majoring in music? Poli sci was definitely a step up. Four years with the D&B (Ops-aaugh!!), CA of YP#3, grp3 subcdr, and NAFAC was enough to keep her busy but there was always time to relax. Her sense of direction was at its peak in Spain, right T? Vamos a la playa (MPJ). Austrians, spanish traditions "I could get used to this", mac flights, road trips to Miami,Florida (the southern belles, tv show tunes, & coffee more coffee), and P-cola fights. But the barmaid soon found a new friend and a new service selection. She won't need to be issued flight gear. And with her love for the far east she'll end up in Asia for sure. Besides, you sure have the eyes for it. Is that why we called you the life of the party? Nee how! Thanks for being there, good luck with intell school, P-3's, and aviators. Stay smart and smiling. You'll always get the men without trying. I'll see you in Va Beach. Remember, it's always age before beauty. Oh pleease! GLS

Mr happy go lucky came to the Academy from a small town in Ohio with hopes of playing college football, but after plebe year decided it was not for him. He changed to track which lasted until 2/c year when he decided it was time to start having fun. He skated through plebe year in 36, so where did he acquire his professionalism everyone pondered? Was it his 3/c cruise in Gitmo or was it his quest to be CNO some day? After getting his hand slapped for playing with lasers 2/c year, Matt laid low for awhile. Ungie was smart with the books and always helped others in their time of need. Fonger the night before "Yeah Ung". His name was common on the Dant's list and always made sure his roommate knew it. Matt had his share of good times at USNA and the many broken hearts he left at Springboro, Hood, USNA and Miami are a testament to this. His trip to Europe was a driving experience he will never forget. Upon returning from the autobahn, he decided he liked going fast and with aspirations of going West bought a convertible 'Stang. Ungie Dawg acquired stripes 1/c year. His love for the sea was never a secret and as soon as he finishes Nuke school he'll have his dream. Good Luck. MSS

9th

COMPANY

Robert Louis Velez
Cortland, New York
Physics
Navy Air



The will, the hunger, the good example he saw in his father, and the thirst to become a pilot ...that's right, a Naval Aviator...,made Rob decide to leave the "Party Capital" of NY, Cortland, the town that looks forward to cow insemination day and weekend high school football games. His love for airplanes during plebe year made him have a very close night encounter with one of them which did not quite result in a broken heart. Youngster year came and so did his new love-...most people have to go to flight school to earn their wings. After being " such an immature a&&#@!' " for a year, he realized that fun could be found somewhere else..HOOD.. where he would find a place on which to test his EE knowledge: barrel-ito's little radio knobs. Rob will always be remembered for his study efforts, his will for knowledge,..if there was any gouge to be found Rob would have it. Now that you are going to P Cola we wish the best for you...keep your knees and eyes healthy, fly high and straight and watch your six. MAC & HACK.

Steven Patrick Baker
Ramona, California
Computer Science
U.S. Marine Corps

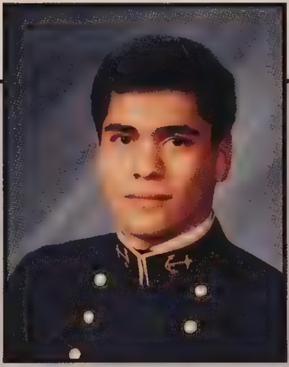
Some say he's changed, but I knew him from the beginning. There's only one true "Bake"--the restless renegade from Southern California. Steve was just looking for some excitement back in the old days. He occasionally found some, but by and large he relegated himself to some incense, a little fondue, and late night games of darts. Steve's crowning moment of rebellion (a 5-4 flight test of a Dant-homing bottle rocket) was what ruined his restless spirit and ultimately did him in. As his 50- day confinement ended, Steve sadly turned his back on the Navy and signed up for Bulldog. He even let Shupp make him Company Commander. No, Steve is not the mid he used to be--to the delight of his fiance, Deb, and the Corps. Yet, only his roommate can know that beneath that aura of respectability lives one more cry of "Anarchy now" and one more two-fingered salute (one on each hand) for us all. Good Luck roomie--you'll be missed. JFW

Faustino Mandapat Baysic
Pasadena, Maryland
Systems Engineering
Surface Warfare

Faustino Baysic (aka Foz), thought to have evolved from the equatorial tree sloth, never did like the light of day. LT Humpton best summed up Foz's daily state at USNA when he said "Hey.... Is he alive?" His only true loves in life were his beloved rack, fine food, his beloved rack, a few dog eared art magazines acquired on Catholic Choir movement orders and his beloved rack. His father, the Don of King Hall, made sure the servant's of the wardroom kept his son's squad well fed. Foz, a renowned sprinter, was never able to adequately perform at distances greater than 20 feet, the distance from the door to his rack. In fact, Foz was shocked into a semester long hibernation when he learned that the mile run was extended to a mile and a half. Foz is now in consideration for NASAs deep space suspended animation program to Alpha Centauri. The Death Van.

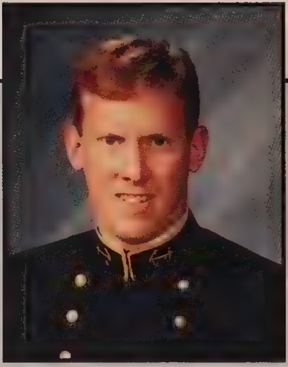
Stephen Paul Braun
Minot, North Dakota
Mechanical Engineering
Nuclear Power - Submarines

Stevie "Hoss" Braun came to the Naval Academy to escape the overcrowding problems of North Dakota. Stevie and I became roommates after both our previous roommates disowned us. Things worked out for the best, however, since we were both engineers and neither of us were the extremely social types. Stevie did leave his mark on 9th Co. Thanks to Stevie, Captains Shupp's files stored on hard disk no longer suffered the overcrowding problems experienced in Stevie's home state. After all, who would ever have thought that files named "drill" would have belonged to Captain Shupp? Though Stevie's done some strange things, such as accidentally catching his books on fire or putting glue on his face to see what it would feel like to peel off his skin, he's been an awesome roommate. He's always been a friend when I needed one, and I know he always will be. I'm looking foward to being roommates again at Nuc School [no, he didn't go Marine Corps]. JMW



Jeanpierre Jorge Brousset
Lima, Peru
General Engineering
Surface Warfare

JP you are the master of disaster. The women of America but definitely not Chile, will weep at your leaving us. If from joy and relief, we will never tell. Who are you going to stay up late and shoot the breeze with? Remember singing in Spanish on the beach at P-cola? The jellyfish? The big blue magnet? Could anyone sleep more? Who else could get a neck injury while racking? Those dreams of prowess really affected you. Remember Shupp and, "Brousset, you're fat!" "No sir, just bulky!" Your best friend, Captain Motrin, gave you chits the way you gave plebes a hard time. Results: appendicitis with class option for an entire semester. We will all miss you, until we realize we will no longer have to protect our food, sodas, and change. Good-bye and good luck you pizza. TH JJJ GBM



Robert Theobald Cassady
Chestertown, Maryland
General Science
Surface Warfare

He showed up on our steps from NAPS and BU And he came from an island where potatoes grew; He had long curly hair that was ever so red And his teachers claimed he was completely brain-dead. He dug rugby balls and cars with rag tops And liquids he drank made from barley and hops; When he imbibed, with beer goggles thick, He acquired lusty babes, some that earned him a brick. Then the day came when he was a bartender Serving hicks from the tap and chicks from the blender; His friends and family will give you the scoop- He was just like the fox in charge of the coop. Conduct and grades gave him no pleasure That 5000 fry was something to treasure; Now that its over and he's forced to go SWO, We say,"Good luck, Cass- Don't grow back that 'fro!" Sal and Jug

Noel Vanston Denney
Herndon, Virginia
General Science
Surface Warfare

From Virginia did Van come, unawares and not too keen Lucky for him he was placed in Sweet Sixteen. With Brad and Chris on 7-1 things went quickly day after day. Little did Van realize he'd be unsat for most of his stay. Then onto the Dewey, a ship sleek and fast He got switched into Nine, a change from the past. Van rarely wavered and considered restriction a threat Unfortunately, he soon became a bit of a sweat. He soon met Tracy and fell in love There is said to be wedding bells ringing above. ith the arrival of Shupp, Van fell in a rut He was always being told, "Get a haircut!" Late second class year when he was on a roll Dodged a squirrel, wrecked his Beemer on a pole. In his first class year quest for fun and play His general science major never got in the way. Van's four years here have been spent on the go and I wish him luck in his career as a SWO. CJU

Peter Allen Garvin
Boca Raton, Florida
Aerospace Engineering
Navy Air

Pete, striving to be ninth company's connoisseur of wine, women and song, in his own mind, took a close second to Cas. He is the only midshipman with a personal phone line in the company officer's office and would occasionally remind us of that fact. But who was he talking to? Kim, Becky, Mom, Dad????..... we never knew, maybe just a dial tone. Pete's style of karate-soccer was only matched by his financial skills which are the kind that get countries like Brazil into deep trouble. We all knew Pete thought he was driving a Porsche but his prior driving record and financial prowess trapped him in a Pontiac. Live fast, die young and leave a good looking corpse behind. Good luck in P-Cola, Pete. FB and The Death Van.

Thomas William Heatter
Tinley Park, Illinois
General Engineering
Navy Air

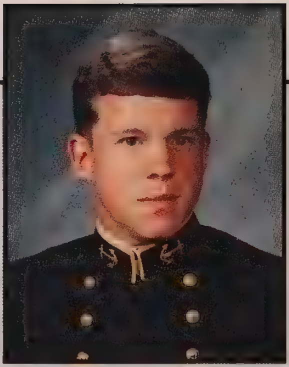
After having been appropriately named the Master-at-Arms of the E-Club in Newport, Tom came to the Boat School from the "real Navy" with high expectations that this place would be very similar. After coming to the shocking realization that he was quite wrong, he decided it would have to do for the time being. When he wasn't losing weight, and being cranky because of it, he found time to have a great carreer as a 150 lb. football star, even though he was about a generation older than his teammates. Three years of weekly workouts at his favorite local watering holes (mainly Riordan's), has fully prepared him to handle the "debriefing sessions" that will come with being an aviator. The past five years together have been fun, with lots of memorable times (and some we're not quite able to recall), but now we have to go our own ways. Good Luck and God Bless. JWH

John William Herman
Highspire, Pennsylvania
Naval Architecture
Surface Warfare

John came from a small town in Pa that had an airport and a nuclear power plant, neither of which would be in his future. After a short time as an enlisted man he realized that being an officer was the way to go for him. He started his glorious career at NAPS where he became known as the Bassman and the assitant manager of the enlisted club. Somehow he survived NAPS despite the adventures of Vermont and road trips with the baseball team. Plebe year was spent eating pizza and watching bad movies while trying to find a way to get back at Barbon. Youngster year brought us back together in 9th company. Youngster year was spent getting back in form at Riordan's and Fran's after a long year of abstinence. John met Jack that year and has been out of circulation since. Now his time is spent in the happy pursuit of a golf balls. I wish John fair winds and following seas in San Diego and beyond. Thanks for being a great friend. TWH

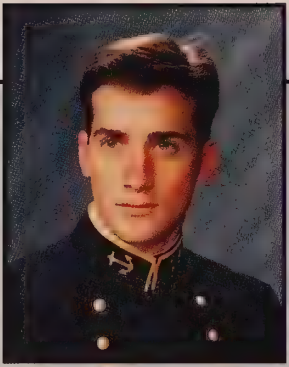
Tung Ho
Oak Ridge, Tennessee
Aerospace Engineering
Nuclear Power - Surface

Those of us fortunate enough to call Tung a friend know him for his intensity. It was only a slight height disadvantage that kept him out of the NBA. Thanks for the remedial ball handling lessons! Who else has had a medevac from the finish line of the O-course? Only Tung could walk into a nuc interview unsat and walk out with a check in his hand. Code name "Santa" in the D&B, he remained dedicated to his french horn the full four years. His adventures with his fellow blowers were too numerous to count. What was all that fuss at U of Air Force? How many boards Tung? Stay away from green tables in the fleet. The immortal dirty half dozen of PRO-TRAMID will never forget the Quantico mudhole. We will make it to the Bahamas someday Tung. By the way, can I borrow your car? mds



Jon Joseph Jerge
Grand Island, New York
Physics
Nuclear Power - Surface

I am convinced Beef is capable of only three actions: drinking, eating, and racking. Of all the great drinkfests and trips to Ram's Head, Jon never missed a beer(usually Brador). He went on every D&B trip, which is just an excuse to get per diem to pay for drinks. He is a KEGTREK '88 and '89 alumnus, although he spent a good deal of those debaucherous roadtrips alone. It seems that every time Beef entered a bar, all the women left. Whenever we did pick up women, Jon was an asset, because you could count on him getting the ugly one. Remember McGuire's? Jon, there are times you should never forget: coating the cars from the balcony at Red Roof Inn, drinking Oscar with Dubi at Daytona and passing out in the hottub; the hog hats; of course the song from hell: In-a-Gadda-Da-Vida. You've been one of the most talented musicians to come thru USNA and the D&B was lucky(fortunate) to snag you. Remember, you are a Tribeta CLANK until death! Shaft(CDG)

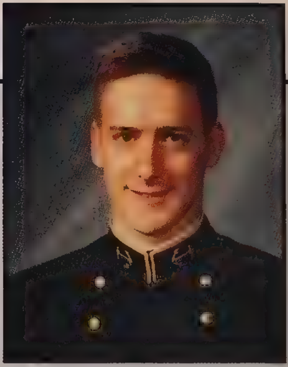


William Arlin Jividen
Wading River, New York
General Engineering
Surface Warfare

Bill turned down many track scholarships to serve his country at NAVY. Although he swore many times over in the Death Van that he would not return for a final season with Al, he succumbed to Al's magnetic personality. A typical Long Island yuppie, Bill sported around Annapolis Senior High in his light-colored pleated pants, Polo shirts, Izod sweaters, docksiders and his sickly black Saab. Forever in pursuit of money, his Juris Doctorate, and the perfect yuppette, Bill had many encounters with the womenfolk. Pretty-boy eyes led to many conquests, including one Southern belle who left him with a lasting legacy of love. Bill started out here as a EE major, slipped to General and now spends his spare time creating a new language, Jividish, much to the confusion of his peers. Despite his Long Island independent character, he was at last conquered by Cupid's arrow in his first class year. Good luck in California, just don't shoot for COMM O on the Marvin Shields. FB & The Death Van

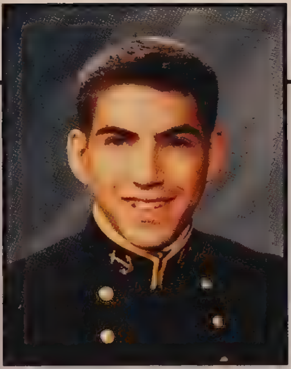
Jeffrey Wyatt Jones
Statesboro, Georgia
Oceanography
Naval Flight Officer

North he came from the land of cotton To learn good stuff at school His legend here will not be forgotten Not even by the dumbest fool. School days went by and we all knew his name Admirers watched and respect was showered When details of his conquests came Especially those of young girls deflowered. On perhaps the finest night we shall know We rode into town like proud Texas Rangers And without remorse, no pity to show We took the gift of love, from three total strangers. On the fateful night we chose our careers He was almost let down;left to feel screwy But he didn't foresee, as he left to drink Beers That aviation would come knocking, perchance to give him a Huey. Jeff Jones is his name; always a hero in taverns, in bars, his name brings good humor What girl could hold him? That number is zero If sometime you hear of his marriage, it must be a rumor. SAL



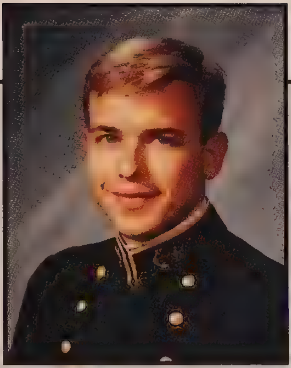
Thomas Albert Kubista
Eagan, Minnesota
Physics
Naval Flight Officer

Tom (Kubie, Beast) from Eagan, Minnesota arrived with one goal: to fly for Navy. Little did he know that his education would make him an accomplished Dodge Aspen mechanic. He switched from the gray monster to the turbo monster and soon became an accomplished body panel repairman, courtesy of the Navy-Notre Dame football game. To relieve the frustrations of physics, he worked out. He did this by pumping iron and visiting his steady, an enchanting beautiful girl. These visits were great cardiovascularly. He always returned in time to get the absolute last parking space and a sprint to Mother-B. They also made him the king of plastic, he was sooo generous. Despite facing the senior tower jump in a prone floating position, he will be an NFO for the Navy, but his greatest accomplishment was his affect on all of us here. We will always remember and thank him for his friendship. T.H.



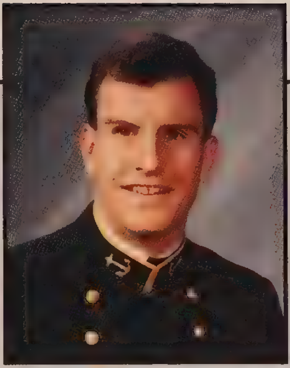
Aaron Steven Kushner
Skokie, Illinois
Computer Science
Nuclear Power - Submarines

Aaron brought with him a psychosis that far outweighed his "explosive" nature. His camera, tool box, computer, food and floor wax were among his first loves here at USNA. His second loves include a mid of different cover, travel to distant shores, and suitable applications of explosive chemical reactions. Let's just say he was the guru of applied weapons theory in the hall. His well known cornucopia of pleasure reading has many a borrower knocking at his door. A definite cyberpunk mentat, emotions were merely a digital intrigue and the expression of anger was an exercise in mutually assured destruction. Forever to be known for his change can/death trap, Aaron could not be accused of being a spendthrift. Computers were the means and method of Aaron's social interfacing, linking up and even having love/hate relationships over the wires. Good luck in Nuke school, and math for morons. Thanks for the late-night visits and intellectual discussions. The Death Van



Gregory Brian Meyer
Joplin, Missouri
Chemistry
Nuclear Power - Submarines

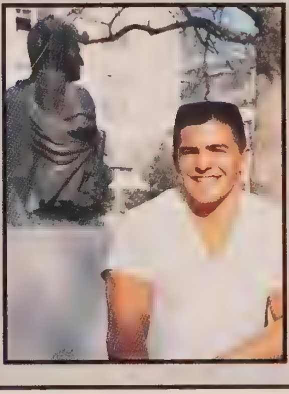
Despite a Plebe Year in the Stalag Company, Greg managed to step off on the right foot. He was adopted by the women of the third floor of Alcock House at the Pig Push. As a result, his social life was never lacking over the next three years. Greg was drinking buddies with half of Goucher and courted the other half. Russian majors and hairy buffalo parties gave him a new outlook on life until his eyes shifted South. Greg came charging into Cloud Nine with the fires of Seventeen in him but managed to relax by the time Second Class year came along. Starlight philosophizing on green beach cemented a lifelong bond in 5415. As a firstie, Greg proved '66 Mustangs are fiscal black holes and academics by crisis management can get one through nuc interviews. Tell the fleet and the foe to stand by. Go with God my friend, thanks for waiting at mile nineteen. mds



John Anthony Ostrowski
Libertyville, Illinois
General Science
Marine Air

How are you known Johnny O? Let us count the ways. Let us count the demerits of Second Class year and the stripes of First Class year. John played first base in Bishop Stadium until he was drafted by the company slowpitch league. Always in pursuit of physical perfection, he was an inspiration to all his PT partners. John showed his leadership during two years on Plebe Detail and in command of Cloud Nine for a semester. His dedication and hard work were always evident and his sword manual was worthy of Eighth and I. John, may your CO's always confuse your leathers with your 'frams. Your faith and your service to others will guarantee you every success in the future. It has been four years as the best of friends. You never know who you will meet at these DODMERB exams. mds

Ronald Bert Pangrazio
LeRoy, New York
Oceanography
U.S. Marine Corps



Pizza came to us from the thriving metropolis of Leroy, New York. He was recruited for wrestling, yet walked on the football team as a youngster. Pizza made all the nonbelievers eat their words (your too small) by earning 2 letters and being elected team captain.... Wonder what would have happened if T.B. would have shut his mouth!?... Wanna Throw?, Cmor.!!.... Win one for the Pizza!.. When Pizza wasn't running over opposing linebackers, he spent most of his time battling a severe case of Midstore Madness... He found a cure in the Bahamas. He will enter the Marines not via bulldog, but through the almighty N.A.A.A., the Corps will never be the same. How the heck are ya, Pie? Don't sleep in any more cars, especially when you're driving them!... What size are those shorts?.. I'm not Cheeseman!!.. I still can't believe it. It's been a heck of a ride Pizza, THanks for all the great times!.. I'll never forget ya! Good luck- GOD bless MRP

Christopher David Quilty
Gaithersburg, Maryland
Systems Engineering
Special Operations

Chris, whose bouts with ethanol always caused him to fall down the evolutionary ladder, was always a popular addition at company dining-ins and commisioning week parties. Many a nose was almost separated from his peers' faces before their time. Chris, following the gouge paved footsteps of his brother into the systems major, helped not only himself, but all the '89 systems dudes. Chris (and his cover) stood for all that was professional at USNA (Johny O., eat your heart out). Always the warrior, Chris waged a three semester battle against the rodents of Bancroft Hall. The valiant struggle ended with a final body count at 42. We will always remember the good times had at the infamous Quilty gators where the beer flowed freely and the company officers ran scared. Maybe it was the ten gallon hat. Yode yode yode yerch. Good luck and remember Martini's Law. FB and the Death Van.

Carl Brian Salazar
Santa Fe, New Mexico
General Engineering
Surface Warfare

If ever a man should deserve such glory, It's this fine Spanish lad, about whom I write my story. His deeds and adventures, they were not few So I'll begin my tale and give you a clue. Conduct and classrooms were not his forte. A lover not a warrior, he came here to play. For two things he's famous in these last few years: Like meeting new women and drinking lots of beers. In the bars and at parties his lines they were great, Like "Nice eyebrows baby," or "It's taps-and I'm late!" "Untouchable" he was until he missed Taps that one day. Dubbed Midshipman X for his conduct misplay. Exhausted by the girls who were knocking on his door He finally said "Take me away, I can't take no more." But under the knife his manhood prevailed. A legend among men, as he was hailed. We wish him good luck as a future SWO Onto a ship and down into the hole. To many people he was known as a pal, But as for all of his friends, we just called him Sal. JUG

Michael Dale Shoup
Bowie, Maryland
Systems Engineering
Marine Naval Flight Officer

From DODMERB to his retirement from the Navy on 31 May 1989, it's been quite a journey. Hailing from the far off land of Bowie, Maryland, Mike has been nothing but a team player, from standing holiday cmod's to running a taxi service from BWI. Plebe year marked the first and last time that Mike got stars. Coincidentally, it also marked the first and last semesters that he bothered to study. Youngster year brought the 5-3 players, while second class year brought a brief tour with the reveille crew. First class summer was a memorable one as Mike spent six glorious weeks in the sun in Quantico, then served as Charlie company commander. Many nights during the ac year were spent on sea wall runs in the rain or snow, training for the marathon. (remember mile 19?) Mike's time at the academy seemingly flew by, although not half as fast as he was caught going in Arizona. A man with greater convictions I have never met. He is a positive influence on everyone whose life he touches. You are the best of friends, Mike. Semper fi and vaya con Dios. GBM and JAO

Brian Edward Treanor
Smithtown, New York
General Engineering
Surface Warfare

Brian's dreams of becoming a beatnik were forever dashed when he woke up I-day with a clean shaven pate. This illustrious member of the brow-brotherhood hails from the G'island, where he picked up many a ...different view on life, especially when it comes to fashion. His obsession with clean feet would make a podiatrist and any foot fetishist proud. He aspires to live in the village, write books, and indulge in ah...forbidden fruits. His elderly style in driving has been known to elongate certain adventures, most notably in the Death Van. He has been known to take his medication seriously, even to the point of consuming regurgitated No-Doz. One of Brian's other idiosyncrasies which at first worried many of his compadres is his mummified, broken-neck sleeping position. We expect to find Brian in ten years wearing artsy-fartsy avant garde attire, hair in a pony-tail, and a pencil-thin mustache. Best of luck out on the West Coast, you were meant to be a SWO! FB and the Death Van

Christopher John Urinyi
Ramsey, New Jersey
Marine Engineering
Nuclear Power - Submarines

He hailed from New Jersey, this strapping young lad. He spent one year in sixteen with Van, Brad in a 7-1 pad. His features were many, but his one claim to fame Was that thing on his forehead, and "Unibrow" as a nickname. Then came youngster year, and up to 5-4 he and Van went. Where in 9th company three years they spent. Things had been good until over the wall he flew, 30 days of restriction and the conduct system he knew. After his time was served he received a four grand. One round with Tom, and 20 more days he did stand. At the last Army-Navy there was one little Miss, He pushed all the right buttons and spent time in bliss. Through Georgia he was clocked at one hundred and one, And the good ol' boy said "You're goin' to jail son!" Off to nuc subs and the world of depths down below. Good luck my friend. I hope your children don't glow. NVD

David Bryant Walker
Anaheim, California
Aerospace Engineering
Nuclear Power - Submarines

David, callsign Diamondback, began his tenure in ninth company with a Southern roommate. Just how far did he go to open your mind to country music? We will always treasure the memories of Bentley's and Spring Break '88. What kind of person asks for a six foot Gumby for his birthday? Dave left the rest of the company far behind in school as he pursued Trident fame as a true "Tau Beta". His success earned him a cruise with the Aussies' wet navy and a regimental staff billet, all on fourteen hours of sleep a day. Only a friend such as Dave could be so generous with his sister's cookies. Have fun with all that nuc pay Dave, maybe you could buy a car stereo that works! Have fun at Stanford. Let it all hang out - just like that last restriction muster. tak & mds

Thomas Douglas Wando
Dwight, Illinois
Mechanical Engineer
U.S. Marine Corps

Tom's unfortunate departure from the real military into the psuedo-militaristic, semi-psychotic environment of USNA only enhanced his easy going, nature-loving character. The military stifled his creative talents at interior decorating that he demonstrated at the occasional room formal. Every artist has his battle: Hemingway had his bottle and Tom had the mirror, the desk, the LAMP, the walls.... Crazy Leg's Wando, King of the 150's team, also envisioned himself a star lacrosse player. Tom had the tendency of spending his study hours doing such unsavory things as power geeking and making frequent rendevous in steerage with his midshipmen friends. Tom never hesitated to spend his vast financial reserves on ALL the women he loved. Good luck Tom, you are going home. May you never meet up with your old friend Uncle Mike. FB and the Death Van.

Jay Franklin Wigley
Madison, Mississippi
History
Surface Warfare

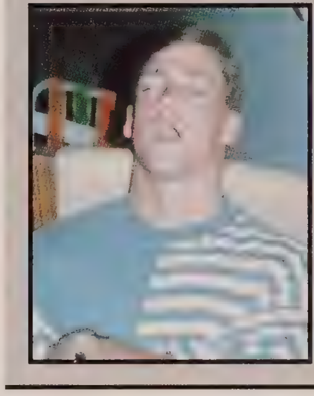
Wigs transferred to summercamp in Annapolis from a real school in the deep South. Jay had a harried plebe year in Hate (or is that Skate?) Eight where he spent the majority of his time hacking on Nats or racking. Of all companies to get scrambled to, Cloud Nine was Jay's absolute last choice. It turned out, however, to be tolerable. His two assigned roommates made him seriously consider punching but after a hasty room switch, Jay was set. He concentrated his studies in the bull pen but excelled in all aspects of midshipmanhood. Late night phone calls with minute tallies in three digits and two tanks of gas a weekend kept Jay financially humble. Jay left Big Nine as a staff weenie senior year and never actually came back with second semester spent on 5-3. Thanks, Jay, for putting up with me for three years. May your future as a swo and husband forever bring you fair seas and following winds (and cloudy skies to provide cover for amphibious landings). SPB

10th COMPANY

John Madison Wolfe
Cooper, Texas
Naval Architecture
Nuclear Power - Submarines

I first got to know John towards the middle of our 3/c year. Nobody else wanted to room with either of us. It turned out that both John and I were of similar attitudes about life in general despite the fact that John was from the South and that I was from the North. John has always been a hard worker, and over the years, his attitude of getting the job done rubbed off on me. During his 3/c year, John ran the 200 M Hurdles in track. Unfortunately for him, but fortunately for his grades, John suffered an injury which prevented him from pursuing track as a sport. Despite the demands of Varsity Track, John managed to maintain very high marks in his classes in a very tough major. I consider John my best friend, and I don't say this just because he and I have been roommates for close to 3 years. John has helped me alot through much of my rough times and through it all, he has shown me that we are not in this world for ourselves, but rather to serve others. By serving others, we bring meaning into our own lives. I will always thank John from my heart for teaching me that one lesson in life. spb

Scott Gregory Abel
Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania
Political Science
Navy Air



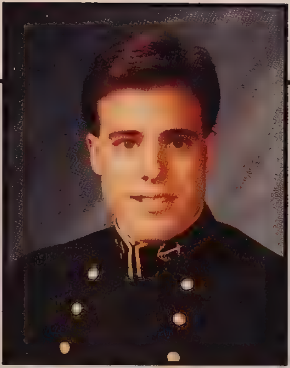
The best things in the world come from...western Pennsylvania, just ask Scott. "Well look", "that's all fine and good", but the true King of the Dirty Rottens did his home state proud. With 4 letters and 3 Beat Army stars he made his mark in athletics as well as every "rat infested hovel" and brewery fence around. No one will forget the Riddle riddle and "FYG". Scott also excelled in navigation- green over white, one liners- "mooo", and, well, everything else. He even got qual'ed twice. After a year at Pitt the 4 here must have seemed like an eternity, or was it the 23 days second class year and the 30 first class year? Boy, Froggy sure hooked him up. Not a week passed without some traumatic experience: "Do you think she will fry me for watching T.V. on restriction?", the "Battle in Bennigan's", or the mechanics of D.C. Scott, the last three years have been a blast. I hope we are just as rotten in 20 years. Maybe then we'll get a #14 and a chocolate shake. Bring the sodas, I've got the popcorn, Married With Children is on soon. Watch out Pensacola, the EX500 is fired-up and on it's way. RLP

George Alberto Acosta
Boca Raton, Florida
Aerospace Engineering
Surface Warfare

Once upon a time we came upon what appeared to us to be a walking talking love machine from the Colombian homelands. Boy, were we wrong! At least at first anyway. George could always be spotted checking out all the babes. "Man, I wouldn't mind taking her out..." This Latin Lover won the hearts of most of his women with his Monty Python sense of humor, his Burt Reynolds eyebrows, and his funky GQ wears. Needless to say, his women were the same way. George always had the money to wine and dine the ladies, and he always ate the best foods. "I'm going to get a pizza from Steerage" "Can you guys loan me some money until next week" Geo was famous for getting himself into compromising positions "Shorty I'm sorry but you know I'm weak" "Its her fault!" Whenever George wasn't doing homework (practically never) or thinking about the girlies, he could be found in his most sacred place, the rack. "Geo you had better get over that bad case of narcolepsy before you go aboard the Iowa!" Georgy Worgy, thanks for putting up with us through all the hard times. You are a true soldier. DCA & JCM

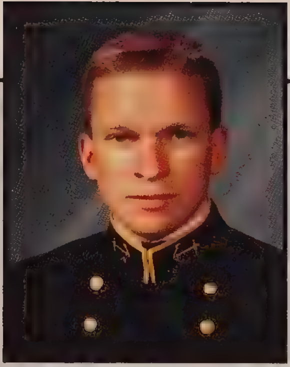
Darryl Christian Anderson
Baltimore, Maryland
General Engineering
Navy Air

Yo, when DCA came to us we were faced with one major problem, how to communicate with this man. "Yo homey homey two toney I booked the phatest babe, pheeuu!" Yo eventually taught us how to speak Balmer but the cultural exchange took a little longer. "Tus ojos son muy lindos." DC aspires to join the ranks of the aviation SWOs, P-3 aviation. His run in with the AXE board taught him to tighten up but he always knew that relief was one deck up... "Some day yo, I'm going to go up there and pheeuu... I won't be responsible shor!" DC also straightened us out with respect to stereotypes, "I thought latins could dance." Driving down the street with him cold be a pain..."Did you see that Porsche, there goes another one, pheeuu, and another...!" We're still trying to figure out what he likes more, Porsches or babes. Now that he has Big Red he usually concentrates on babes but we still don't know where they get their names, Digna? Bopeep? Reesee? Tennis Ball Head, you taught us alot and we'll miss you. GAA & JCM PS you're number two!



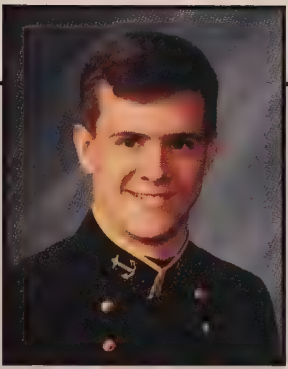
Matthew Cameron Bishop
Danville, California
Naval Architecture
Surface Warfare

Matthew came to the Naval Academy from the shores of Northern California. With him he brought his noble character and class. However, because of his expensive taste in women and clothing, he always kept Master Card in business. Though that did not keep Matt from enjoying the finer things in life. When Matthew was not out gallivanting around the world for romantic interludes with his playmate, he was dancing at Mums. During the week you could always find Matthew slaving away at his engineering books deep into the night, Though he usually did not get started until after his midnight calls to his girl friend. Matthew's stats at the Academy is quite impressive. He never got fried and always maintained high standards in his military bearing. He was on the Varsity Fencing all four years, earning three N's and was the captain of the Fencing team his first class year. Though it all may look impressive, one must know Matthew to know that things are not always what they seem (going over the wall, Baltimore, dancing on the table tops at Army-Navy, Gold Card/the head, Europe). Matthew, I wish you' fair winds and following seas. MSR



Bruce Jerome Black
East Amherst, New York
History
Navy Air

Leaving NAPS, Bruce arrived at USNA with more backbone than his body could handle. His plebe year was characterized by a cautious tolerance of upperclass, knowing full well that he would soon bring the place to its knees. His early morning Marine style runs prepared him well for that stuffy Army Recon with Joey. Leaving Rich for a more harmonious room situation in Good Times, he proved himself as an outstanding power stroke for Navy's own mini-crew. He participated in all the underwear wars but never got the boat he really deserved. He'd talk with anybody while on the town, but after a few shooters, it would still be, "... and here's to me!" Despite steep cliffs, dark tunnels, and a little desert from the Oxbow, he's always ended up on top and I'm sure he always will. Keep the nose up and the wings level. SKK



Steven Roy Boyles
Lewiston, Idaho
History
Nuclear Power - Surface

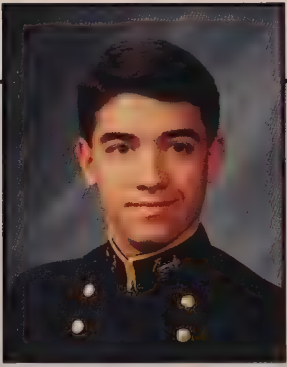
Steven Roy Boyles came to the United States Naval Academy at the young age of 18 with high aspirations to excel as a mishipman and to become the best Naval Officer possible. Hailing from Lewiston, Idaho, Steve had to overcome the culture shock of military life and the muggy Maryland weather. Little did he know, however, that his greatest challenges would arise from experiences outside the Naval Academy - Hooligans - candy store - Frankenstein's Bride - Notre Dame - Holiday Inn - Ostrich skin boots - "Ron, there's a fire in the car!" - Rum punch - P-cola - mirror - 5 to go - dead roses - Hagerstown - '66 Mustang - Little Marine - Prestone jug - Sig-Sauer - Steve proved to be very adept at dealing with the follies of life through his very nature. However, it usually takes a good cup of SWO juice to bring out his warm friendly self. Best wishes from the Hooligans on your future success!

David Edward Brandeen
New Brighton, Minnesota
Mathematics
Navy Air

The odyssey began six years ago at the Hoiby Hilton, S.B., Isla Vista, Georgette & friends, P 2, Reno's Bathrobe, fro a rock, Mao-Mao, Francis Fuqua seal team-six, don't ever, ever give up, Martin Dude! derby, give me those ears, the Hoibster, Taffy's, Earl, MTV at Erin and Arch's plebe year, Georgetown fiasco, going wacky in Wacki-Wacki, Hawaii, booze-cruise, buns and banana contest oops, Matt -you junk, shut-up, baby, woo, tv with Artzer/ Bob Newhart, clown suit, clown! darts with di & ana, sink it serg, grrr- I'm so huge! so many girls, so little time, models, right? Tucson - Flying V, dirtbags, the mayor, J&F's, Colorado ski trips with the Theta clowns, Rita's, Pcola - W.LA, Shanahans, heinz-beinz-beetle-beinz-give-the dog a bone, Whiskey-go-go, Panama City, Spinaker's, Yard work, surf nazis, let's party! bagman, lovers of Angus, unite, Gtown, 21st Amendment, the vous, the cellar, dirty-stinky crake, caaaactus, stieck around, dumb-dumb, I don't know, should I? You're a classic, Diamond Delectable Big Wave Dave. Thanks for the laughs. Chillster & Militant.

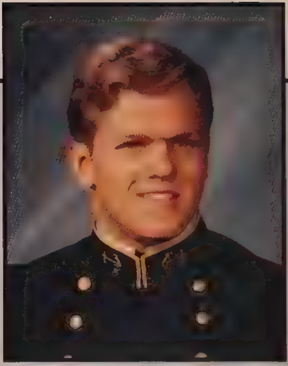
Barney Jefferson Carter
Bassett, Virginia
Mechanical Engineering
Nuclear Power - Submarines

Barney (Jeff to anyone from Bassett or farther south) came to 10th Company with a 4.0 in grades and attitude, but youngster year of boxing, Simon & Garfunkle, and D. Brown's 4AM study sessions started many changes. He soon ventured down the shaft to be introduced to Battleram and poker (equipped with crib sheet), and showed his moves at J.K. party #1 (both on video and out by the porch). 2/c summer started with Barnyard deciding between USMC and Civlant, but a memorable concert and a busted thumb (Not in LOD, due to misconduct) guided his decision to go Navy "until they throw me out." Barney survived the hassles of second class year: an extended 3....0....5, coaching Drewbo the ducker, and planning study time around lifting ("Plate to plate" --No contest). Avoiding further injury, (and fulfilling his secret desire to be an MM2) Barn chose to spend 1/c summer underwater with a small break out West (What, a Deal!). First class year has been filled with excitement (Lemek is still shaking, Rocket should be, and what about Notre Dame march-on?). Good luck in Orlando. GLD

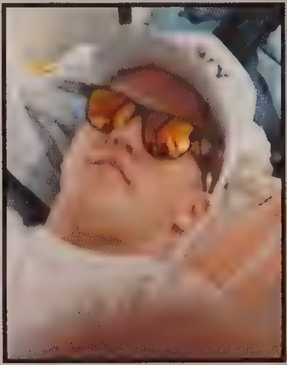


Charles Bradford Cooper
Montgomery, Alabama
Economics
Surface Warfare

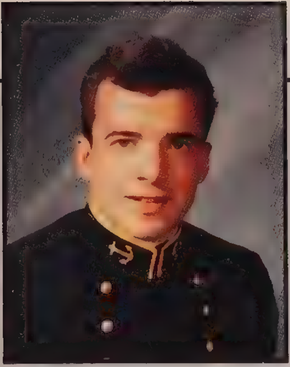
Brad came to USNA from down south with many high hopes -- to be a EE, row crew, get airborne wings, and be on Supe's list. He ended up ECON, varsity rack captain, and 2nd Batt Drill (sleep thru formation) Officer. Brad was a very upbeat, inquisitive character, never at a loss for words. He was naturally intelligent because studying was not his forte. He would prefer to play nerf hoops, rack, do nothing, rack, imitate people, and rack. However, he was always wide awake every night due to daytime sleeping habits. Brad was always fond of constellations, especially one particular Star he admired since high school. Looks like vanilla ended up the best flavor after all! He participated in various intramurals, all with a blue rectangular background. Economics fit his personality, for when it came to spending money, he seldom forgot to pinch the pennies. You've been one very cool guy and one helluva roommate. Good luck on the Gates. You'll have a great time! This time Susan will be at your side, but please don't show her "The Camel." KGS



Gary Lawrence Deal
Laverne, California
Marine Engineering
Naval Flight Officer



Given a choice between USNA, Air Force State, and Laverne, the golden boy took the road less traveled and headed east. A limited musical background was overcome with the introduction of the "Oak Tree". Lightweight football became a quest for Crazy Legs until a bad ankle and a big appetite put an end to all-night spitathons. Company sports were the way to go. Support the company and get your head kicked in. But he soon learned it is better to give than to receive- just ask the guy in 8th company. Youngster year brought new improved roommates who were quick to learn the reverse Carnot cycle but slow to make their beds. All night poker games made the time go faster and the money go farther. The "Earn While you Learn" poker school was a great idea. The flathead summer brought the water couch at Suzanne's, a ride with the Fish, and ultimately his own ride, the glory bug. A 3000 mile trip with a student driver brought it here and it immediately proved invaluable. The final summer brought the Bermuda that wasn't, followed by a ride on the "Mighty Mo". Pensacola will never be the same. BJC & SLF



Joseph Anthony DeSantis
Cleveland, Ohio
Physics
Navy Air

Jumpin' Joe DeSantis, Crazy Joe, B.C., Toad and the Egg; what can we say ? From the Vous to Rum-Runners to HammerJacks, Joe's always been a party. And as for the girls, well, they all loved the beer can. By the way, Joe, how did you manage to sleep through a rock and roll concert ? Still, even though Joe's a little wild on the weekends, we've gotten to know the flip-side of him during the week. This is the same man who carries a 3.6 QPR and studies until 3:00 AM. He also carries two calculators to every exam. And who can forget Joe's thrifty ways ? Yes, Joe has the ability to pinch pennies until they're black an blue. But, all joking aside, we couldn't have asked for a better roommate and friend than Jumpin' Joe. We know you'll make a great pilot, even if you do only have one eye. Best of luck always and remember, it's all for one, and one for all. MWS & MK

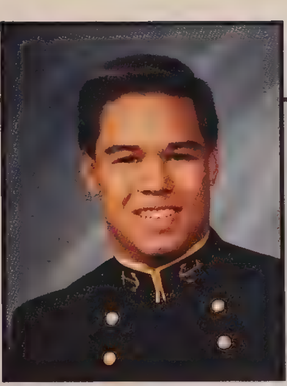
John James Drake
Chicago, Illinois
Political Science
Navy Air

ALLIED
CHECKPOINT CHARL
STOP

It's been four years of repression for this windy-city Weak-T. Despite a less-than-meticulous appearance, John unleashed several well-kept secrets. Most famous was his ability to begin the research for 4 lengthy papers (all due within a week) and complete them all a day later! Yes, and let's not forget the four alphas he received! "Why can't I get just one F?" Even John's athletic and romantic abilities astounded us, though he usually fell short challenging the S & Z men at Maggie's. LADIES! -- How long had it been? Where is that FAMOUS Ringdance date now, John?? You'll miss our perfect company, we're sure, especially after all the time you put into it...but hey, a real man is always "under a lot of pressure!" Yet, with friends like Aryan, Iranian, Mango, and ZZZZ, you never had to buy your own sodas. "Do ya - - LIKE THAT?!" Watch out for those double yellow lines, CRASH! Keep a heads-up in P-Cola, and double check your calendar next time the ship moves! Chill and Kill, MADMAN, life in the fast lane is a HorrorShow!! "It just goes on and on..." CJZ, JJS, JAI

James Louis Flautt
Gilroy, California
Physics
Nuclear Power - Submarines

A recruited football player from the golden state, it took Flautter two years to transform from a bulky 225 pounder into a sleek, 185 lb. roadrunner. Plebe year was a breeze in seven heaven, always ranked numero uno. When weren't you ranked at the top? Youngster year always meant sleeping through reveille, except the day of Whitenack's ambush. 2/c summer led Jim "over the wall" to meet the wife, Emily, and the branches have grown thicker ever since. Jim stayed on 5-2 for 2-1/2 years, until the move to 4-1, five stripes, and second in commmand. Don't worry, the secret wipe technique was never known outside of "10." We missed the all night political quarrels though, the Republicans vs. the sole Democrat. Trips to G'town in the Malibu were "classic" and don't forget the extra fan belt. The opener as Letterman was a big success, but quickly ended. With an "A" in nearly every class, Jimbo is off to continue his studies in Cambridge, England. After time overseas, nuc power awaits! Our friendship will always last and I wish you only success with married life and your naval career. DBO

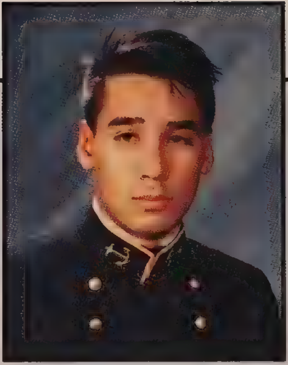


Steven Li Fong
Troy, New York
Oceanography
Naval Flight Officer

Steve didn't follow his brother's footsteps, coming to USNA a scrawny plebe. Youngster year introduced him to many things: the weightroom (getting huge and legendary), a cover throwing Marine captain, and his rack. 55 yard field goals were not enough to land a spot on the FB team but, Donger has still been noticed at the stadium being the only humorous '89 W-gang member. 2/c summer found him with Lantzcorperez and the Law-lawsubcal, drinking white clautices with Valerie, and heading to CA for some fun. (Paco didn't come close to the bug, and anything you wrote about Suzanne's couch is a lie). After 9 days of leave during his first two summers, Steve began 2/c year with another skillful dodge of the AXE while working part time as 5th wing candy-stripe before inspections. Weekends have been spent showing off his moves to lucky women. Steve's attempt for anchorman was thwarted and his dream duty on the carrier was also crushed when presented with the final additional NFO billet. Now he's bound for Pennisacola, and the pilot who has Steve checking his 6 will be lucky! (Outta HYueough!). GLD & BJC

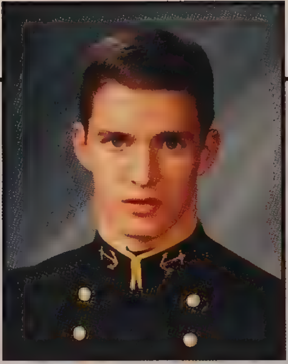
Charles Sean Gray
Metuchen, New Jersey
Aerospace Engineering
Marine Naval Flight Officer

The transition from "God's Country" to the Boat School was a little difficult for Charlie, and going into Form-2 with Rich Barbon as a squad leader didn't make things any easier. Youngster year saw Charlie in 10 with Capt. Whitenack. Charlie soon learned that the high and tight didn't just keep the gas mask on. Not to argue with success, Charlie has kept the cut ever since. Not one to rest on his laurels, (or to rest for that matter, you know those engineers), Charlie bought "the shoes." Now with "the haircut" and "the shoes" Charlie was unstoppable. Let's just say he did alright for himself. Second class year saw Charlie go to USAFA and return with "the Mazda from hell." I will never forget driving roundtrip to Metuchen using the brakepedal only once! Our final three semesters at Navy saw Charlie and I take enough EE to get a minor and the acquisition of the final weapon -- "the Jeep." I'm proud of Charlie for gaining his aero degree and joining the few and the proud. Most of all he was always there when I needed a friend. Your done.... I said you're done. Semper Fidelis. JAI



Mark Arnold Hagler
Copperas Cove, Texas
General Engineering
U.S. Air Force

Quickdraw Hagler graced us from the land where everything's bigger and better -- Texas. After a year of respectable slinging at UT, he changed to Navy green & white and joined the ranks of the Dirty Rottens. Plebe year found Marvelous Marvin as a Golden Gloves runner-up, which served him well in his pugilistic encounters at traffic lights and clubs. This crowd pleasing Laytona Beach stud's John Holmes style dirty dancin' won him a three-finger fling that ended with a fouled dress, fouled girl and fouled wallet. Gurk, gurk, gurk. Maybe better luck with those Southern Blue Belles. Get off my boyfriend . Don't worry, it gets bigger. Next time, if that eye is dried shut, Haggies jump that one-eyed strut! But seriously, you're the greatest. No, you're doggin' me. Unsat hotel rooms. O.K. I'm done. If you want love, get a puppy. Well, you got what you wanted even if you'll have to settle for wings of lead, but wings nonetheless. (The only 20/70 pilot in the company) Fly high and remember the slingers of Navy when the bus drivers union goes on strike. JBS DS/USN

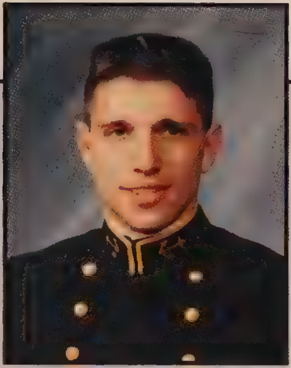


John Steven Hammes
Madison, New Jersey
Chemistry
Medical Corps

John arrived on I-Day with a bucket of ice in one hand and a towel in the other, and he has yet to wipe down. To make matters worse, for the next four years, words like Butyraldehyde, Dipropylene glycol, and Naphthacene have become a part of this chemistry major's life. Now he wants to be a doctor. Why? Why a big suit? But Hammes has had an enjoyable time here, evidenced by his airborne and scuba pins. Then there was the music, the most incredible music -- WHFS, REM, and the Dead Milkmen. Who can forget Ondine's with Glatt, Damien, Weasel, an Francine -- on the table and around the table shouting "anarchy". Besides being somewhat of a sweat, Hammes had this feeling of being "pennied in," and let everyone know about it! First class year Hammes laid down the rule -- "no racking allowed" -- while a light vacuum existed across the hall. It was this year that Hammes enjoyed the warm breezes of Southern Comfort just a little too much. You are J.Hammes, and best of luck at Med School -- I hope I'm never your patient. Please, don't be one, and don't mess with the missionary man! Carpe Diem. MVM

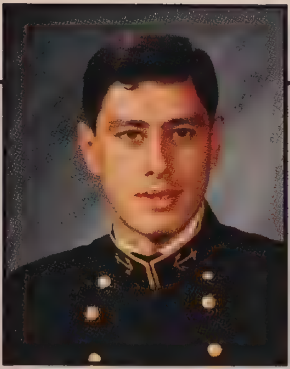
William Miller Harber
Birmingham, Michigan
Political Science
Surface Warfare

Welcome to S.B. Where did you get those bright-green pants and navy tie? CoCoa. Martin Dude. I am the Rene, you are not! SPEEEEAK!!!! Give me your ears, Earl #34, candlelight dinner at the Mission - hurtin!, I'm the mixer man - stop me when I'm mixing a shake, 666, Mao Moao, Get 'em Marine, on to Kalamazoo, who's this Bob Marley dude? plebe year -- no more G-town for you, Nerf Hoops 'til 2-O'clock A.M., Waking up Ski, many beatings for Jeff, MTV at Griffins, Riordan's for many bumps, Navy Rugby, meet my good friend, Jose-Jose Cuervo, the Tripod meets Tucson, Anna Cana Pana Chapstick, Ring Dance, I'm in love. Dave, I think I found the one with Lisa? What about Marianne?, 3-D Loser, Vous, Cellar, Bentley's, Cancun - you were THE BOY, Navy Air lost a good man! Good luck in Pearl. My Dad's the one with the video camera attached to his shoulder. "Oh Bill" says Peg. Stay Chilly. MSS & DEB



James Alireza Imanian
New York, New York
Political Science
Naval Flight Officer

The Iranian descended upon USNA from the lofty heights of a 33rd floor New York penthouse apartment. Emerging from plebe year as a Poli-Sci, he endeavored to defy the tradition of Q-Per high. Diagnosed 3/c year as needing to loosen up, he thought that a break from his other half would be the answer. The next week found him every shade of yellow and green and dehydrated. Luckily by finals of spring semester he had been NURSED back to health. James' quest for frivolity reached a fever pitch on Andros Island. Erroneously thinking the native drink to be the magical elixir he had been searching for, his subsequent homage of cold porcelain indicated differently. Deciding that he needed a break before continuing his quest, James decided to go on a string of vacations to world famous resorts: a semester at West Point; a summer at Quantico; and Christmas at sea. Then, while KNEELING? in his chair, engrossed in EEEE, trying to decide between SWO and GRUNT, a voice from above provided our misguided hero with the answer to his indecision and the object of his quest, NFO! Vaya con Dios James, and best of luck! CSG



Edgar Antonio Jimenez
Quito, Ecuador
General Engineering
Foreign National

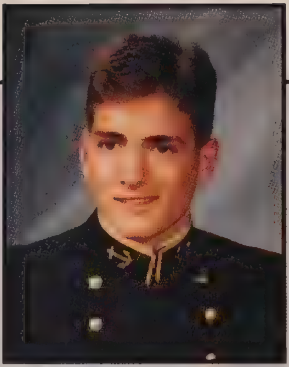
This drill madman "immigrated" into USNA already with a plebe and youngster year under his belt, courtesy of Ecuador's naval institution. The EDGE soon mastered his fifth language and set forth to teach Americans how to play soccer and to bring back a prestigious BS degree to his PBR (i.e. patrol boat, river) navy. Ahh, those LATE nights with Mech-E and the HP. Well, at least you still have that HP! Well into 2/c year, HEADGEAR was still desperately seeking weekends, though weekend liberty didn't stop the famous LATIN LOVER in him from breaking numerous hearts at nearby colleges. Was it those pajama shorts or your melodious spanish guitar-picking? 'Bout that company picnic ... a 3-striper? ... Where are your car keys? ... Nice passenger seat, EDGE. Don't hide that ring much longer in your locker, "Grandpa," and watch out for that blood in defending the "ENERGY!" "S., Drill, and R & R!!!" Adios amigo, and keep Ecuador safe for democracy! CJZ & JJS

Andrew Mel Kenny
Farmingdale, New York
Aerospace Engineering
Navy Air

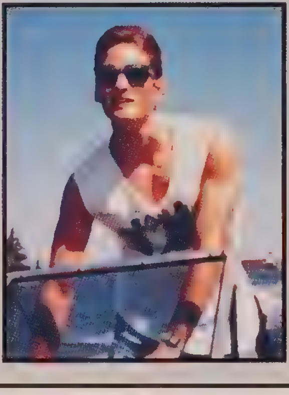
Drewbo came via NAPS via Longung Guyland. Is it the Yankees or the Mets you like? Being an even-tempered guy, Mel Jr. never got RASH, except when you sit his rack or endear to call him Andy. After a try at baseball, AMK took Duff's suggestion to pursue other sports. Rugby was a pain in the neck and boxing a sport Drew decided to duck. Hitting plethoras of dingers and catching TD passes are his specialities. With his Irish senorita, KK, supplying Nutterbutters and Heinekens Drew was able to roll with changes in forward directions. He's at his philosophical best with his nocturnal soliloquies. The ORIGINAL BUGGER with PIRELLIS was replaced by Cherokee Jeep. After breeding stripers for 3 and 1/2 years, Drewbo got his shot at CC in '89. YO! A-TEN-HUT! He got lucky when he Trumped the Ball with partying dolls in D.C. Pcola will never be so clean as the former dirty-rotten-leg starts flying. Maybe a future Long Island-based beer distributor? Drew's a great roommate and the best friend one could have. Good luck, buddy. Fair winds and following seas. Maybe you can get a real tan in Florida...JLF.

Michael Knowles
Cleveland, Ohio
Aerospace Engineering
Naval Flight Officer

Knobhead ! Outstanding ! Three little amigos brought together from Northeast Ohio. Big Knowles riding around USNA on rollerskates. The Brigade is still trying to recover from the days when you rode around these sacred halls with three stripes. M/Lt., the only thing more frightening is your next title, Ensign Knowles. Indeed, rock soldiers come and rock soldiers go, but you always heard the call so who will ever know ? The WHO, now there's a concept. By the way, did you even see the faces of the children . . . ? Poor Tommy, how can he be saved from the eternal grave ? Five in one, one and five, no one gets out of here alive. It was the battle of everore, but I'm free ! And now, about the women in your life (Don't think your getting out of this one). "I want to spend some time with my family . . . " When can we use those coupons ? Ann! (Honk!) Ann! (Honk!) Big Mr. Tough Guy swept away by one of those Muldoonies. We got to admit though, there's just something about those Mulherin girls. Believe us, we're still looking. Finally, our credo ! Best of luck always. It's all for one, and one for all. JAD & MWS



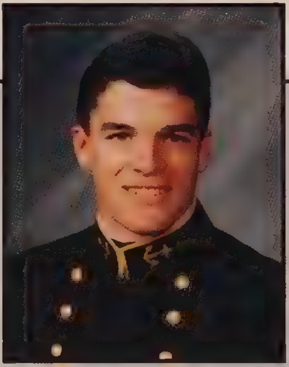
Mark Vincent Metzger
Chardon, Ohio
Political Science
Nuclear Power - Surface



You are M. Metzger! Having been scrambled into Ten, Metz could ask only one question -- Why? To satisfy his curiosity, he made frequent trips to Nimitz library. He found romance here and continued to pursue an answer to the original question. He also pursued a most triumphant music collection and some historical 14 year-old trophies. His tendency to clown went unnoticed by many, but did not escape the attention of Oscar Mayer and the Acme Plastics Co. I once saw him at Ondine's with a pickle in one hand and Weasel's contract in the other. This juxtaposition resulted from a bit too much inhibition of Mickey's Malted. Mark's agitation led him to Murmur "I wanna be sedated," in a manner somewhat reminiscent of Chronic Town. As Brigade Honor Secretary for 88-89, Mark was also widely respected for his integrity and ability to get the job done. His success as a Naval Officer is inevitable. GL, Carpe Diem, and DMWTMM! (JSH)

John Carrol Mohn
Maumee, Ohio
Systems Engineering
Nuclear Power - Submarines

When we first met John we weren't quite sure what to think, on the outside what we saw was a walking talking reg book. What we later discovered was that he was the coolest geek that we had ever met. John was always there when we needed him: "Could you clean the puke off of my shoes, I got a date.", "Yo shorty, you got some food?" When it came to the dating arena John had us vexed for a while with the famous Mohn Curse, but the curse was broken with TLP. He's probably best known as the crow of King hall because no one can scrounge the way he can. On weekends he can be found dashing in his Midtona to points south but always with the smoothest mix playin, that lovely Indiana Jones hat, a pair of Brut bikini briefs, and the scent of the HAWK about him to help him pull up the phatest babes!?! During the week he usually chills hard with his computer "It's the only thing that'll always love me." Best of luck in subs. PS we have our swords ready cause you're going to be the first! DCA & GAA

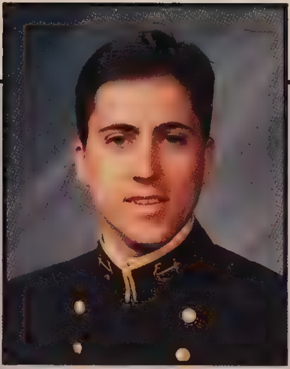


Ronald Lewis Pawlo
Petaluma, California
General Engineering
Navy Air

From the land where everything is perfect (Oooo! you're from California!) came the ultimate con man. If only Drapper - Kauffman could have seen you on your birthday. What was it, Ron? 12 Bars? Regardless of the SIZE or the age, "Hey man, exactly what is DF?" this Ninja ridin' flyboy will take on anybody. Too bad he couldn't remember where we parked my car or he may have taken on someone else. As a member of the dirty-rottens, Ron adopted a never-say-die attitude, and from Baltimore to Myrtle Beach he could always be counted on to light up the old green over white. Oh, and let's not forget the infamous highway back from hog heaven, huh, Ron! A competitor in all aspects (maybe the only person I've known more militant than me) Ron is someone I'd want on my side in any contest, even if it's 12 against 3. Hold on to that pop tab, it must be good luck. Let's kick some in P-Cola. SGA

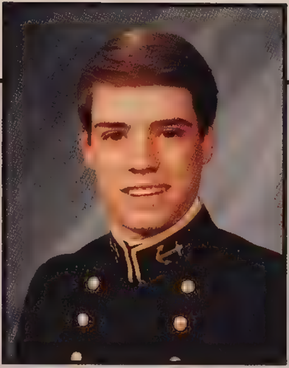
Douglas Gordon Perry
Alexandria, Virginia
Aerospace Engineering
Nuclear Power - Submarines

Dougie Fresh was raised with Nuggett in Rock Hard 33, although not very high. We could always count on Doug to plan to be two places at once, and neither one on time. His plans of wrestling glory were grounded when CLAUTISS clipped his wing. But he hit the big time using his greatest asset. OH SAY can you see. Doug now practices his opera with a captured audience on the third wing terrace. Rock that boat baby, Suzanne. The mouse that roared, on and on. Always an individual, he used Perryregs as his guide. I was sorry to lose him to 5-0 second semester. He was a great roommate, with an overdose of optimism. Hot for teacher K.F. Partying with K.P. & Biking in Bancroft. Think of it as an investment. How about that Jeep - the money pit. The Perry's, a long (albeit short) and distinguished line. Good luck down under. Enjoy the job because you've already spent the money. JJT



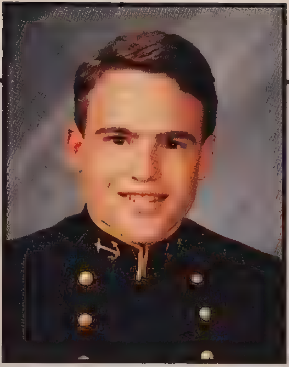
Mark Steele Rawlins
Perris, California
Mechanical Engineering
Nuclear Power - Submarines

Great grampa, Mark Steele Rawlins, is a true hooligan through and through. Mark Sailed the seas for Navy and could navigate any local water as if it were the back of his hand. His ethics and professionalism are always impeccable, maybe that's why everyone thinks of him as perfect, but I know otherwise; just ask him about what we did to him on his 25th B-day, yes 25! and afterwards searching all night for the meaning for life in our waste basket, or snaking in Michelson, playing in Thailand, and getting me lost in Italy. What a trip Europe was, have your knuckles gotten their color back? Our friendship has grown over the years to the point where we are the best of friends and will be for life. I've slung some dirt, but than that's what this is for. Seriously, anybody who can ride the rocket without falling off will go far. I know your aspirations, and if anybody can do it its you. Look out 2008! Good luck buddy in Orlando, pray to that thermo god one more time and get an L.A. out of S.D. I wish I had half your integrity. MCB



Mark William Samuels
Boardman, Ohio
Mechanical Engineering
Navy Air

Little Mark Samuels playing with his match box cars wondering how he could get the real thing for 75 cents. The answer is what brought us here, Four Years Together By the Bay. The only place besides prison where fieldball is a sport. Well, Mark, we really don't know what else to write because you practically slept through your four years here. A twenty-one rack salute from across Bancroft Hall. But there was enough wake up time to go out and meet those lovely, warm, BIG, and cuddly women you seem to attract. The only problem was with me in the car -- it was never a sure thing to get there. But it was nice to meet Namhyui Kim once again. By the way, tell your friend Charlie.... Youngstown, Ohio and the only loves of my life. hey kid, can you get me a .... Mark, all alone in the world with the Big Sheedfield Muffin. Mark, above and beyond your duty as doorman at reveille you were always the team player among us. Just a little word of advice from two of the most self-centered people you could ever know and love: It's all for one and one for all! JAD & MK

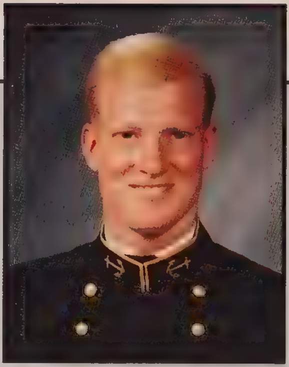


James Brian Schroder
Vancouver, Washington
Systems Engineering
Nuclear Power - Submarines

When Schrodies first came from Vancouver, Washington, he was a young, inexperienced D.S. The son of a Naval Aviator, he set his sights on becoming... a bubblehead? Well, he did become a bubblehead, and he did become a D.S., and when he looks back at his four years here, he can say "Yeah, I've slung some." Hey Jim, you're the greatest. No, you're bananas. But seriously, the light was green. Speaking of green, you've spent many a night with green over white. Remember Pete Rose, Duke, the broken leg, and the windpipe wonder. Was it Oxford or Kindergarten, Jim? Fancy that, you're fly is unzipped! I don't think you know who you're speaking to, and by the way who is this clown? Well, it really doesn't matter because you're SPETZNATZ. Oh yeah, too bad about the Rat. It served us well. Hags

Kevin Gerard Shanley
Annapolis, Maryland
Physical Science
Surface Warfare

He is K. Shanley. This Rhino from Annapolis walked across the street after high school, fulfilling a life-long dream by coming to USNA. On the academic front, Kevin graduated Magna Cum Laude as a physcier. On the athletic field, Kevin skillfully served as Nap's 6th string backup, and later as 10th Company's intramural messenger boy. Professionally, Kevin was without peer -- "What does an oiler carry?" Serving as president of the Plebe Wardroom during youngster year, Kevin opened up his heart, as well as his rack, to his brother and his many freshmen friends. Remember those undercover ops second semester? "Are we gonna crash?" Hey, Kev, what is it with you and your friends' sisters? As a firstie, Kevin toted his "big gun" to the home football games and got his first command as CO, Pleasure Platoon. Kevin was the "Home Body" type, but the female magnet always managed to attract the babes. How ... I don't know! I will always remember Kevin as a great roommate and a close friend. Go SWO! See ya in Norfolk on the ZOO with Jay. Lights out! DINK, DINK! Should I? CBC II

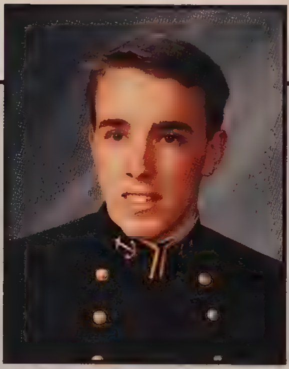


James Joseph Snare
Leavenworth, Kansas
History
Navy Air

Already a hot-roddin' boozin' drillin' USA brat from Leavenworth, Snareman checked into Mother B aspiring to fly Navy Hornets someday. This P.E. stud soon learned the unexpected hardships of mid-life. What little time he found after track he spent hitting the (thick) books -- not so successfully, though. Discovering that mech-e + track = 4-digit-club, J.J. opted for other more welcome challenges -- history, rugby, and finally, weekends! Kicking off a new life with the Ringdance Madonna, Jim weathered a tough 1/c cruise at Trader Jon's, then catapulted into Panama City to make a joke of scuba. With those glittering mir stripes and satness, Jim enjoyed more than just rack and Tau stereo system, at least as much as koon's repair shop would allow. Only-20-weeks-after his 65-stang turned a darker shade of red, the wheels began racing again enroute to where? How many coors? Who's that Venezuelan babe? The future MRS S? You're not ready! Fly straight and sober, big man! Best wishes. CJZ

George Thomas Spatig
Huntington, West Virginia
General Engineering
Navy Air

Pennisgeorge came via West By-God Virginia (hey, the Duke carried WVA). Happy to have shoes to wear and plates to eat off, G.T. entered 10th Co. with an aspiration (obsession?) to fly. Flash Gordon and EAS took their tolls, the stars burnt out, but Tom GENERALly did well. Poker marathons tested our stamina, remember 2-22 apartheid! 2/c year HVFB fell short of the title as Tom went deep for Flutie. 1/c year the man with the hands moved to QB and led us to the finals. WATCH THE KNEE! Now it's triathalons. Getting a good bike is key. Maybe some magazines would help. Mr. Consumer, George never lacked mail, particularly the junk. Handwritten notes from Tulsa and Auburn now frequent his mail box. G.T.'s aviational expertise will get him the F-14 GeorgeCat he longs for. But beware of low-level spaghetti fly-bys in Pcola. How will he survive wthout CADIG? Tom's one of the most mature persons one could meet, maybe it's the hair (or lack thereof!). USNA fosters many acquaintances, but Tom stands out as a true friend. Good luck Pennisgeorge, you'll succeed in all endeavors. Thanx for the Rabbit, JLF.



John James Tregoning
Mendham, New Jersey
English
Navy Air

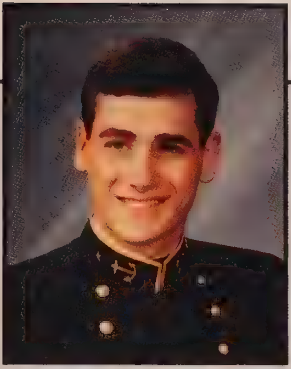
John aka 'T-bone' - is the suave catholic boy trying to find out if life really does begin at Mach 2. Coming to Canoe U an enlightened engineer out of Lehigh, he feared the geek factor and chose that other, other E-major: English. This decision was no doubt influenced by his grueling Plebe Year in Fubar Five with K.K. After an equally rough 3/c cruise in Bermuda, T-bone returned to the Academy to commence Rack-Shack Ops on 5-2 for all of Youngster Year. Undaunted by his un'LAARGE'ness, Pennisjohn threw, caught, ran, and hit on every (prospective) champion intramural team from Ten. A little overzealous sometimes, T-bone has even been known to CRUSH the volleyball net at the CDR's. T-bone sweated NS to become a great YP-driver but still can't navigate a yawl to save his life. A great friend, hard worker, and avid sports fan, John just needs to keep working on the pushups and pullups for P-cola. Once he learns to control his bodily functions, he'll be the model gentleman, and T. George's beloved Jeep will be all the better. Thanks for my chance at-bat. Get-Jets!! DGP

Christopher John Zito
Windsor, Connecticut
Computer Science
Nuclear Power - Submarines

ZZZZZZ came to USNA out of high school having actually studied in a previous life. While being repressed as a plebe, he minimized his academic habits. Incredibly, his grades stayed high. With the extra time garnered from doing no studying whatsoever, the Z-man selected a SHWEEEET sound system and traded a pig-pushee for her (ex-) best friend. Geeze, when you bought that ring, we were nervous! Soon, due to the bad influence of his roommates, Zeets found himself awash in malted beverage (the back of the bus on Spring Tour will never be the same!) Somehow Z's grades still stayed high, with double As in EE. Thanks for the E.I., though we still screwed things up! How 'bout that first-class blotter! "Somebody's been sleeping in your rack!" "Was it a dieeeesh shhmokah, Z?" A car loan (and then some) found the Z-man cruising his sleek, low-slung, red Z-MOBILE, in which he placed another premium sound system. Ten's first (and probably last) Room-inspection GURU, singing Barbershop, and chilling as the company's SUB. Not a bad way to go, Z. Good luck in Orlando, fella. We wish you and the MRS all the best! JJS & JJD

11th

COMPANY



Paul Klaus Averna
McLean, Virginia
Aerospace Engineering
Navy Air

Glenn Allen Barker
Powder Springs, Georgia
General Engineering
Surface Warfare

Oliver J. Block
Greenwich, Connecticut
Political Science
Marine Air

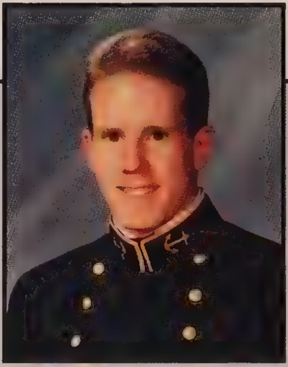
Midshipman Rear Admiral Select Paul Klaus "Richie" Averna hails from McLean, Virginia, Brussels, Belgium, and his car has New Jersey license plates. Maybe his fragmented youth is the reason why Paul never had a complete thought in four years at U.S.N.A. But seriously, Paul is the best Brigade Commander we've ever had as a roommate. In fact, Paul had been doing the job a semester before and a semester after he wore the stripes, at least he thought so. So what kind of car does a man like this drive? Only the best, of course, a Saab Turbo. Not just any Saab either, one withan enhanced computer chip, a 150 watt stereo, and two kinds of protection, one under the seat, and another in the glove compartment. Ready for anything, hey Paul? Now what kind of woman would a man like this want? Well, rumor has it, virtually any, especially airline stewardesses. So how old was she Paul? "Thirty-six, I told her I was an F-14 pilot." A little early on the pilot stuff aren't you Paul? Right, only a matter of time. But we know Paul will get F-14s beingan Aerospace Engineer and all. Knock 'em dead in P-cola. -RSG JHstC

Glenn was probably best known for being able to sleep in every class, which was to be expected since he stayed up to 3 a.m. every night. Though he started as a Mech E, after a year of spending two hours per diagram on problems that took him ten minutes to solve, he went General like the rest of us. But before he left the Mech department he left his mark as being one of the only people to get a test grade curved up by Wild Bill (up to 0 from -7). Though he could always get a parking space close by, his car prefered a restful stay in the auto shop to Glenn's driving. After three years effort he finally got his silver wings. Glenn is off to the Iowa where he hopes to play with the Marines in two years. Good luck to you in the future Glenn; stay away from the turrets. JPP

O.J. descended upon the academy after living in such diverse locations as the Philippines, Saudi Arabia, and finally Greenwich, Conn. He is one of three Blockheads to attend the academy, each pursuing an amphibian sport. In fact, the only physical characteristics separating O.J. from his siblings were his smelly feet and big lips. If O.J. wasn't playing polo, he was eating. If he wasn't eating, he was sleeping. And finally, if he wasn't sleeping, he was playing polo. That pretty much sums up O.J.'s four years by the bay. Of course, there were weekends along the way, but if having fun meant spending money, O.J. didn't want anything to do with it. This meant O.J. never had a girlfriend, too much of a financial commitment of course. O.J., tu eres un hombre, nuestro amigo. You put up with Bulldog and the reward was Marine Air. Good luck to the best roomate we ever had. DLC & SDP.

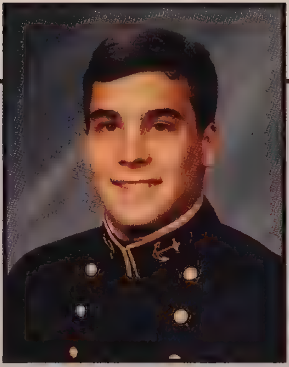
Clinton Andrew J. Carroll
Virginia Beach, Virginia
Political Science
Surface Warfare

It is rumored Clint showed up for induction day with his surfboard sticking out the sunroof of his BMW 2002. Clint hails from VA Beach - where it's not a place to live but an attitude to live by. Plebe year was Kent, Kent, and Clint up in a room on 6-3. All of us were unsat, all of us were varsity athletes. Nerf hoops, joking, wrestling, rapping. Clint was a big part of keeping the sanity - or insanity in the room. Humor is an important element of life and it is to Clint's benefit that he has accomplished it. Clint will always be remembered by us for his quick wit and his inability to say the word g——lfr——nd. Clint was famous for his reg haircuts-longer than woman standards. Everyone was jealous of all the mail Clint got - all hate mail from Visa and Mastercard. Clint will continue the proud tradition of naval service started by his father. Good luck in the fleet, brother, for you were one of the best parts of USNA. NOID KRB DLC



Randall Douglas Casement
Poughkeepsie, New York
Oceanography
Navy Air

Randy joined our home by the bay from NAPS, but he was still a New York slugger at heart. Living next to him for a year was one thing -- just hearing the way those two New Yorkers tortured that Indiana boy convinced me he must be ok! Not many 3/c had such a ready means of transportation, but of course, whats good for a plebe is good for a 3/c. Randy introduced me to my first Budwiser hat; I returned the compliment by introducing him to a little blonde. Whoops, no hard feelings, ok Randy?! It turns out he didn't need any help in that department, maybe some advice in timing but hey, whats a little restriction among friends! Randy and I became roomates for what turned out to be two years. For a guy who found it impossible to leave the soccer field without a bruise or scratch, he's the most level tempered guy I know. He could teach a file cabinet something about organization, a vacuum cleaner how to clean better, or a library how to study harder; but underneath, he's still a beer drinking, Monte Carlo driving, & cheeze eating loyal friend. Perfect credentials for a Navy Pilot! Thanks for three years, lets continue in P-Cola and beyond! RCW



James Andrew Caufield
Glen Rock, New Jersey
Computer Science
Navy Air

Road trips to every college on the East Coast. First I'd drive and he'd sleep, then he'd drive and we'd both sleep. I think I cured him of that though with a few bruises as reminders. He drove a little brown rustbucket named Ollie like A.J. Foyt and made even the heartiest passengers kiss the ground at the end of the ride. He ammassed enough bricks to get a good start on his first home. At RIT his exploits with women earned him the nickname Octupus by his brother's fraternity. His one true love was his computer though and between it and his rack he never saw the light of day. Things didn't always go smoothly and we had our fair share of rumbles but in the end we were still friends. He was always willing to type papers for people($) and his generosity was amazing (When his food disappeared he could be heard for miles). Impressions: Road trips, Rum, Rasta Jam, Rack slug, Rug burns at Lynchburg, Grain party, Darts, Private electric bill, Fix-it man, Mile and a half (x3), Ollie, Music trivia, PRC, No drill, Twice injured sleeping. They can edit the words but not the memories. CLW

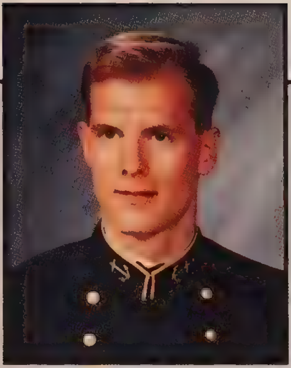
David Lyman Cloe
Birmingham, Alabama
Political Science
U.S. Air Force

Cool Dave Cloe came to USNA from Birmingham Alabama. His early career at the Academy was an academic nightmare. How can you get a 12 (twelve) on the calculus final? Grades like that make us curious as to what Dave did at the library and Dave likes to spend time at the library. He has become an aficionado of libraries, having visited everyone within a 100 mile radius of the Academy. His travels did satisfy his thirst for records as it was common for him to come back from a road trip saying "Well, I didn't get anything done, but I did buy these" as he pulled out 20 records. By his senior year, he had finally found academic nirvana thanks to poli sci courses. He had many hobbies besides records. An outstanding athlete, he played varsity soccer and highjumped on the side. Senior year also brought another taste, one for women of the rowing persuasion. You could claim Dave is unorganized in many areas, but he keeps all his women in the same boat. The ultimate nonconformist, Dave went to Bulldog, SERE, and almost chose Navy Air, but in the end went Air Force. Fair Winds and Following Seas or should we say Aim High? OJB, SDP

John Phillip Coney
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania
Economics
Supply Corps

John came to us from Philly via NAPS, and he'd be always sure you knew it! Plebe year in Stalag 17 trained him to be the strict disciplinarian that he became. After a year of crew, he decided to give his athletic ability to the 150 lb. football team where he eventually lettered and was named all-league his senior year. He was famous for his Army-Navy parties and his ten mile stare (unless, of course, you went to NAPS!). He was always in a good mood, unless he was sucking weight for 150's, especially first class year! Second semester '89 brought him the two stripes of a platoon commander, drill, and...restriction. Good luck in the future...the "FAMILY"...Linda...Bambinos(?). Remember the good times...Babe...backgammon...Wubzilla...300ZX...popsack...president of the 'Wiseguy' club...DR. LLOYD...scuba diving. You've been a good roommate and a great frien. Always remember the famous ancient proverb, "A man can do anything he sets his mind to!" SCC

Thanks mom and dad...Kathy,Peg, and Col...Linda...for all the support and love..Love lots. JPC



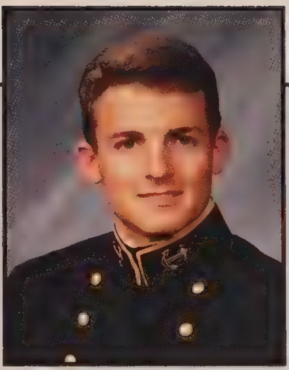
Stephen Carl Cook
Pound Ridge, New York
Electrical Engineering
Naval Flight Officer

Steve came to the Naval Academy after spending a year at TUFTS University. It was a tough choice between the frat brothers of Delta Tau Delta and the Midshipman of the Brigade ... but the choice was made. He spent most of his ECA time on the open waters of the bay and did will enough to gain a varsity ... the best of his time was spent on various intramural activities ... with the second semester of first class year came a sub-commander position ... and drill. Steve seemed to have a bit of difficulty keeping in step due to the size of his feet ... it seems that when everyone else was placing their right foot on the deck, the rest of Steve's left was just getting down. Steve has been a good roommate over the three years, even if he was an EE major. Good Luck in the future ... Shannon ... Virgin Gorda ... Hot Tub ... Scuba Diving ... trips to Atlanta ... station wagons ... Lake Placid ... Trump ... "A man can do anything he wants to once he puts his mind to it." JPC

Thanks for all the support Mom, Dad, Beth, and Shannon. I Love You! SCC

Bruce Alan Czaja
Tampa, Florida
Economics
U.S. Marine Corps

Bruce was trained in his strict disciplinarian attitude in thirteenth company. He will always remember wild times he had with the Pit Crew, especially his USMC idol T.H. These good times lead him into all sorts of trouble including performance, conduct, and academics. Youngster year Bruce enjoyed Physics so much he took it twice, and a curse by some jersey girl for his foul mouth led to many moons without a date. He was always the first to christen our new cars with a beer. Although he wanted to be a marine, he drove Dad's car into a lake ("So who's the U-boat commander.") He will always remember the good times drinkin' and ruckin' with the Rugby fellows.("A little rugby, a few drinks, and bam-we hit the night life!"). We will always remember his stinky feet, and his snoring from the "nine" times he slept in Zak's rack. His hobbies include golfing, and mexican food. Key phrases: alarm clock from hell, fifty-yard line, "A little restriction never hurt anybody", Rum and Vice Night, BJN, Nina/Fairfax, REM, The Vous, Bad Luck Schleprock, heavy metal, West Berlin. "If it itches, scratch it." JMH & TJM



Stephen Michael Dininger
Indianapolis, Indiana
Political Science
Navy Air

We knew that rooming with Steve was going to be eventful. We will always remember the trash can. We will also remember Steve trying to keep up with John in the "rack wars." The events that stick out most in our mind, however, are the day Steve ceased playing Backgammon when John succeeded in tripling him and the day Steve stopped playing cards once everyone got good enough to beat him. Steve also had an uncanny way of expressing his wishes, especially through his dreams about a corvette which he unfailingly told us about the next morning following one of his dreams. Steve displayed many traits while living with us, but the trait that Steve displayed most often in the room was his undying devotion to Sandy. Steve's love for Sandy was evidenced by his frequent 18 hour round trip drives to Clemson, South Carolina on 2 day weekends. Although we chide him constantly about his upcoming "marriage," we know that he and Sandy will be happy together. Good luck and God bless. "May the winds be forever at your back." Peace and KIT WMT and JER

Roger Scott Galbraith
Little Falls, New York
General Engineering
U.S. Marine Corps

"The Shrubber" a.k.a, The Man With Tact. One only has to look to his humble beginnings to know him. We're not sure exactly when Roge decided that the USMC was his calling, but we suspect that it was more genetic than anything else. After all, there is no real proof that his hair was ever longer than a high 'n tight. Considering all the long-haired hippies up there in Upstate who have this thing about close-cropped hair, well, you can see where Roger got his amazing running ability...running for his life. The only place he now stops is in Reinsburg, Pa., the home of his fiancee ("Is she a mid? She looks like one..."). It's hard to believe that Roge has opted for the (gasp) married life at such an early age. Before he met Janie, he could be found getting sick in the back of his roommate's car. Then again, attempting to get through the Mech E(eeeeeee) major would drive anyone to those ends. With all the newfound freedom that came with the switch to GE, Roger now spends all of his waking liberty running around his fiancee's kitchen being chased by his future mother-in-law, rolling pin in hand! Semper Fi! PKA, JHStC

Roberta Mary Hahn
New Hartford, New York
Computer Science
General Unrestricted Line

Roberta, or Bert as she was affectionally known, came from the cold northeast and fell in love with Annapolis' long, humid summers (especially the first one.) Being on the crew team plebe year made life nice and she loved rowing; but when youngster year rolled around, it was time to give up all that running and head for Halsey and the aerobics club (exercising to music is so much nicer!) Pretty much a typical mid, she survived youngster and second class years without being swallowed by the rack, destroyed by EE or dying of a broken heart from disastrous love affairs. PE tests were always a hurdle, but with two months of worry and frantic exercise preceeding each one, she always triumphed. Youngster cruise decided Bert against a career commanding YP's, second-class cruise decided her against a career flying or crawling around in the mud, and first-class cruise made her a definite no-SWO. With only a LMD (large mahogony desk) left to command, Bert gladly dedicated her career to the General Unrestricted Line and now all those shore commands better watch out! -RMH

John Martin Hunczak
Woodbury, New Jersey
Oceanography
Surface Warfare

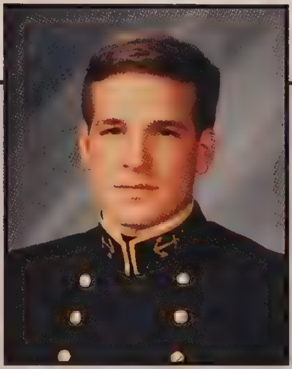
Zak came to USNA after spending a couple of years as a Hutton adding to his suave Jersey vocabulary. Zak was quite a womanizer whose idea of class was taking a girl some "roses and a six-pack." Zak never struck out at Maggies, but he was thwarted one time at Catholic. In order to continue his "festivalities" he found it necessary to have five credit cards and three bitchin' Camaros. He put a lot of mileage on his first Camaro making road trips with the Pit Crew. Since he was getting too many tickets with his second one, a 5.7 litre IROC, he decided that a 5.0 litre convertible would be more economical. When he wasn't in the weight room working on his "16-inch guns" Zak could be found in his rack. Thanks to his guardian angel, Zak has never stood a day of restriction, despite being one of the biggest criminals at USNA. However, his luck ran out on the soccer field when he tripped on a blade of grass causing two knee surgeries in one year. Key phrases: "I would have been your father if the dog hadn't beat me over the fence," squid, mental midget, beer bottle massages, "'Zak, that place is a meat market. - So, who says I'm a vegetarian?'" Rum and Vice Night, Teeny-Bop Rock, West Berlin, Towson, and all the Bimbos. BAC & TJM.

Michael Christopher Ladner
Yarmouthport, Massachussetts
General Engineering
Surface Warfare

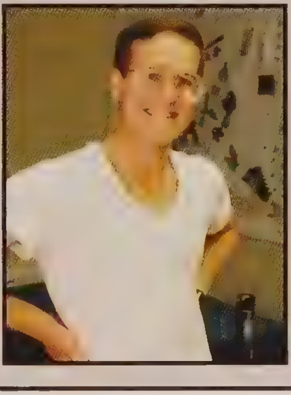
He came to the Academy as Mike and left affectionately known as Noid. Hailing from a town not far from Chappaquidick, his driving skills deteriorated soon after he traded his Ranger in for a Midstang. Boxing while legally blind. Hating my guts youngster year. Reading books written by an author on acid. Nubile vixen JH. The "G" word. Acrobatics into the shoe rack. Chasing me through Georgetown. Lobster aprons. P.S.-Grow up! Forged notes from the company officer. Altered musical tastes. Wire frames to tortoise shell Lauren's. "Hey Noid, can I borrow a few bucks? Sure, how much? Um, two-hundred dollars." The Scrogmaster. The trip back from Florida. Kamikazes and Woo-woos at Army. Beach chairs, the garbage can, and a Mickey Mouse shower curtain. Teenage Mutant Ninja Turtles. "Well Gus, looks like I won't be company commander." Whatever you do don't let anyone else read this letter. Once the company introvert, he eventually became the person people came to for advice. You've helped me through some pretty tough times the past two years. Best of luck, love, and friends - CAC

Thomas James Munro
Ramsey, New Jersey
Mathematics
Navy Air

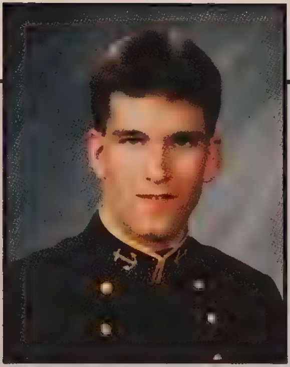
Tom started his USNA career in Six, and with the help of the Pit Crew, he perfected his cocky, insensitive attitude "like no man had a right to." Road trips gave "Slab Jackson" plenty of opportunities to hone his dancing abilities. Unfortunately, Tom's weekends were few and far between 2/c year because of his affinity for parking in the Chaplain's parking space. Tom didn't mind restriction that much, however, because it gave him a chance to raise his 11 average in Steam. Helping Tom keep his sanity at USNA were all of his buddies in the Rugby Club. A 1/c sailing cruise almost wrecked "Wack's" sanity, along with his stomach. Thankfully, he had Scott and Rick along, and he'll always remember the great times in port. Tom brought back a Mexican blanket from his cruise in Hawaii that he really liked alot, but, so did Reggie. His car served him well on his trips to Vermont to see the Snakette until someone broadsided him at a light in D.C. Golden Boy haircut, pretzels, mustard sandwiches, "Pine you are not weak!" Blue stone in his ring to match his eyes, Rum and Vice Night, surcharge, heavy metal, the Vous. SWW & BAC



Stephen Dennis Palmer
Woodstock, Vermont
Political Science
Surface Warfare



Explain the following: Why does a junior U.S. Olympic ski team member choose to go to a college where you can't even ski. After plebe year he landed in 11th Company and for three years survived in our room despite repeated conflict over how far to stray from the regulations. Steve won as his roomates were deprived of several electrical appliances so that his professional reputation could remain intact. All the perseverance in regards to the Midregs won out though - Steve's now Company Cdr. and the company hasn't self-destructed yet. Now that he's got his coveted billet, Steve loosened up a bit, in more ways than one. During spring break at Jackson Hole he found a female who can ski as well as he. Steve always said skiing was business, not pleasure. Now maybe he'll mix a little "business with pleasure." Steve picked Seattle as a port of call, so he'd be as close to the slopes as possible. To bad he forgot to read the fine print at the bottom, where it was stated that his MSO spends four months out of the year in the 120 heat of the Persian Gulf. Bon voyage and good luck. OJB & DLC.



Joseph Peter Parks
San Jose, California
General Engineering
Naval Flight Officer

Joe Parks came to 11th after a short stint in 30th and a life time of strange places in California. Along the way to graduation Joe spent a semester at West Point. Rumor has it the class of 91' up there made life miserable for Joe during Army week, and some say he's never recovered. But others know the truth. Joe has been doing strange things since he got here. One recalls his habits of playing B.A.D.'s first album at least 100 times in a single month, or reading 15 or so novels in a semester and then complaining about his grades not being better, and getting kicked out of Mech E.(Notice above major). And who could forget Fred the Hat. What sort of person worships a San Francisco Giants baseball hat like a demi-god, wearing it constantly, repairing the thing like a surgeon, and even wishing to be buried with it? Joe, thats who. But all in all, Joe Parks has to be one of the most decent human beings you could ever hope to meet. He will be an excellent addition to the Surface Fleet(Whoops), I mean N.F.O. community. All the best. DLC.

Roni Sue Plautz
Memphis, Tennessee
Computer Science
General Unrestricted Line

Roni came to USNA from the Volunteer state with the dream of becoming a Navy Basketball player, but ended up serving as team manager, mother, and mathematician. Ronafilia's memories of this time include three victories over Army, road trips, "Where's the bus?", and a half time shootout. Exotic and not so exotic places visited were Halifax, Hawaii, Florida, California, Mexico, Maine, and New York. When not on the court, Roni spent uncountable hours editing the world's largest yearbook. Yes, she did work for that phone in her room. Her hobbies included: picking on her guitar, cruising in her firebird, playing with her dog Willie Wonk. listening to Amy Grant, talking on the phone, and visiting a certain 2/c in the battalion. Forever joking, while always serious, Roni remained predictably unpredictable. Mom and Dad, I love you. I'ts too bad that you hurried out of the Corps, Dad, I would have enjoyed returning your salute! Thanks Jo, for your support. Lord, be with me always, and continue to guide me in the days to come. RSP

John Eric Ries
Hillsboro, Oregon
Oceanography
Navy Air

We knew something was wrong with John when he took 25 hours of class our first semester rooming together. But this was just the beginning. John took intense pride in the notches in his headboard representing each plebe he sent to medical (he left off the ones for his numerous trips). Of course, John will always be famous for the infinite hours he logged with his purple security blanket in the rack, his incredible ability to find something wrong with any situation, his minuscule amount of work on his Trident project for the first seven months of the year, and his many days without the use of that foreign auto--the Jag. John committed the ultimate stab-in-the-back by coming up with the Dartmouth graduate scholarship and leaving Steve out in the cold in P-cola. Despite all this though, we couldn't have survived without John's loyal friendship. We miss you--give us a call in seventeen years! SMD & WMT

Lisa Marie Skaggs
Indianapolis, Indiana
English
Surface Warfare

Lisa, the only theater and music major in the class of '89, came to us somewhat dazed from her experiences in Form 2. Her first year in 11th company was spent with Wubzilla and the Guatemalen, need we say more? Second class year saw a bit of an improvement with her new roommates or did she have roommates then? First class year brought out her hidden professionalism and drive for excellence. "Daisy" finally had canteloupes in Rhinoceros and "Annie" brought down the house in Annie get your gun. Her fame continued inside Bancroft as well, being chosen 2nd Battalion paper shuffler. She became a drill stud despite her love for purple fingernails. Her favorite weekend pastimes were drinking exotic beer with Wes in The Ram's Head on Friday nights, then taking a certain hockey player there on Saturdays. She kept a shrine of pictures of her "flame" in her room. We hope her luck is better with Adam than with Toyota Corollas. Her "cute little car" caused more problems than it was worth so she got a red sports car like her roommates'. Good luck Lis. We hope you achieve your dream. KMS, BAS.

Barbara-An Sousa
Hudson, Massachusetts
Mathematics
Navy Air

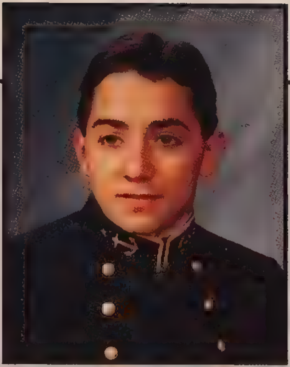
Barb the Dinghy (sailor) came to Us-nah from Hudson, Massachusetts with a box of crayons and a passion for Mickey Mouse. Youngster year saw her keeping secrets from Navy (MEAS) and losing McChicken chunks in Georgetown. Partying in the streets of New Orleans closed out 3/c year with Mardi Gras beads, parties, and sailing with (sp)Ed, Captain Dinghy. 1/c year brought butterknives and squats. Runt's future in Navy Air will be fruitful despite her desire to remain childless because "kids cramp my style!" Barb's little sister Sue has always been very dear to her heart and her picture caught the attention of quite a few midshipmen. (and 1 officer) Pictures weren't the only thing in her room that was an attention getter as Will can easily vouch for. Her passion for fast cars helped her survive Sunday evening meal formations. Things to remember: bus ride to Army plebe year, midshipman music room, keep the door open, 400 miles for a date, sailing and skiing inverted with Weasel, "One of these days ...", the silent wonder. Crash and burn Barb, and beware of little DD's. KMS

John Hartfelder St. Clair
Greensburg, Pennsylvania
General Engineering
Navy Air

John Hartfelder "The Chest" St. Clair- So John, what are you doing this weekend? Bike Racing... Oh, we'd never guess. To our best knowledge, the only thing John has ever had between his legs for the last four years has been a bike. So women of P-Cola, if you want to get in good with this prospective Navy Pilot, paint yourself like a Schwinn 10-speed, and hang on for the ride. But honestly, what could we do without that "Snoopy Vulture" leer in class. John was the only man we know who could get 8 hours of sleep a night and still fall asleep in every morning class. It must have been all those boring General Engineering classes. Just like you said all along, John, you should have been an English major. John comes from a place where men are men and the women know it; a darn fine situation, don't you think? So what kind of car would a real man like this drive? Seeing as they were all out of El Caminos at the time, he bought the next best thing, a Saab Turbo, no other auto could fit the chest, and the Nose of Justice. So John, have a Coke and a smile-Best of luck in P-Cola! PKA & RSG

Kathleen Maria Stepien
Caunemaugh, Pennsylvania
Mathematics
General Unrestricted Line

Kath came from the booming metropolis of Caunemaugh, PA-...where's that? She came to run and gun for Navy hoops but somewhere along the lines picked up aerobics and became roboroommate. Kath was never happy unless she was sweating up a storm or eating a bag of peanut M&M's. Hey Kath, remember Thanksgiving youngster year? Well, maybe not. Speaking of youngster year, she acquired a knack for Ski...ing. But that soon melted with the oncoming spring. Second class year passed uneventful except Kath learned the meaning of the word "ruthless." First class cruise brought her to GTMO on the Guadalcanal. There she met Eric and learned the meaning of DEATH BEFORE SWO! Go GURL! First class year brought us Roland. The room would never be the same. Kath got on the marathon kick. She ran a half-marathon and placed third. But wait, you say there were only 3? Things to remember: wrestling with runt, marker wars, clinging to the ceiling, twinkie, chewing gum, the red 'Lude, "leave go," "one of these days," wingnut and weergun. If you only knew how much...Good luck spying with NSA and remember, have fun! BAS



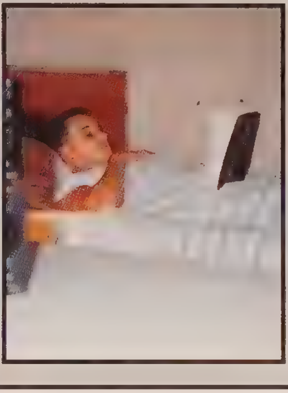
Paul Joseph Tortora
Alexandria, Virginia
Mathematics
Nuclear Power - Submarines

According to Greek legend, a man (Tuga) came down to the River Styx (Severn River) to be ferried across to the region of the departed spirits (graduation). Charon, the kindly ferryman, reminded him that it was his privilege to drink of the waters of Lethe (Chesapeake Bay), and thus forget the life he was leaving (being a midshipman). Eagerly he said, "I will forget how I have suffered (mono, broken knee, narcolepsy, Nice, Adv. Calc, & Queen B.)." "Remember too that you will forget how you have rejoiced (Army-Navy, pit crew, Spain, sun & fiestas, freshman year)." The man said,"I will forget my failures (Brigades, clean-room, polished leathers, and cheerful morning moods)." The old man added, "And also your victories (Sup's, Dant's, Calvin, chicas guapas, overcoming severe mono and tough Spanish classes)." He continued, " I will forget how I have been hated (East Berlin, mas chicas, 'Are you going to write me?')." "And how you have been loved (mom, HP et al, master card/visa, AT&T)." The man (Tuga) then paused & decided to leave the waters of Lethe untasted, retaining the memory of USNA's loves and joys and everlasting friendships. RWS w/ PJT

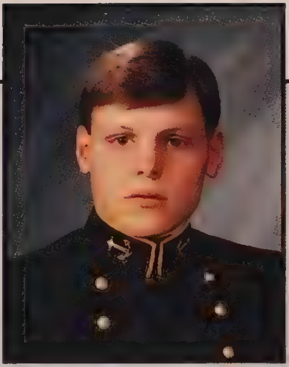
William Melvin Triplett
Baltimore, Maryland
Political Science
Surface Warfare

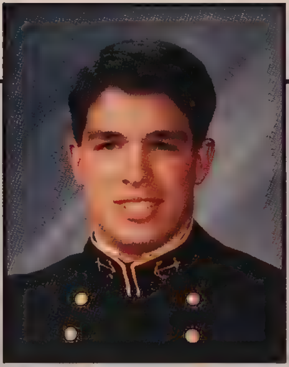
Expecting to room by ourselves, 2/c year, we were surprised to acquire Will as our third. It's been a good two years, but Will has made a whole-hearted effort to prevent either of us from setting any racking records. Waking us up five minutes early, Will would stun our grey-matter with his incomprehensible bass beats. Despite our begging for interpretations, Will would instead give us his John Travolta imitations. A famous qoute of Will's goes something like this, "I'll never need celestial, why should I study it?" He said this, of course, before he decided to SWO it after Bulldog. Will had 3-striper libs as company commander first semester, but we could only recall him using them once, we had to drag him to Mum's on his 21st birthday. Will kept to himself. We still don't know the composition of his family. Was that a "Little Brother" and one brother or two brothers or what? He never would talk about his track accomplishments, but we knew for fact that he won a N* and was on the record-setting 4x100 relay against Army as a 1/c. Good luck, and stay away from ragheads with bombs and semiautomatic weapons. JER & SMD

Raymond Eugene Vuicich
Pulaski, Virginia
Mathematics
Supply Corps



Fashion is a chain of the soul. It is a yoke laid by superiors on inferiors, through opinion. It disposes of our time, attention, powers. It puts the stamp of worth, dignity, happiness, on actions and conditions, and prevents us from judging for ourselves. Originating with those who are raised above natural wants, and in whom the spirit of self-sacrifice is lost in self-indulgence, it give currency to factitious, selfish pursuits, and enjoyments. Thus the mind is perverted, contracted, filled with false views, and grows mechanical, torpid, lifeless. A society is improved in proportion as individuals judge for themselves, and from their own experience and feeling, not according to general opinion. wec



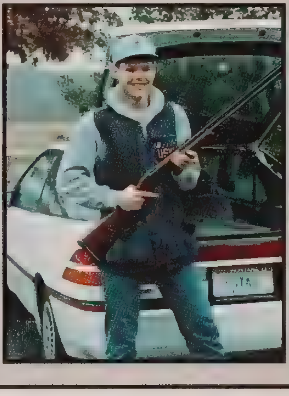


Carl LaVerne Ward
Missoula, Montanna
Mathematics
Surface Warfare

Richard Charles Williams
Longwood, Florida
General Engineering
Naval Flight Officer

Scott Wellington Wine
Dayton, Virginia
Economics
Supply Corps

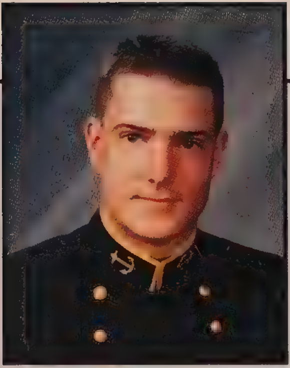
12th COMPANY



Carl originally came to Club 34 from Big Sky country. On his arrival to Elevenworth, where 3/c year may have been tougher than his plebe year, Carl's new roommate found him sitting on a ledge and knew that he would be in for an experience. 2/c scramble for rooms found us together, along with a Woop thrown in as a referee. It was during this year, that Carl finally succeeded in being on a Brigade Chapmion team, with PT and the rest of the 3-on-3 team. Carl is a jack of all sports, if not a master of them. Several road trips later, we can still tolerate each other, though he has problems hooking up with my friends. Carl very rarely studied, and 1/c summer found him both here and with the Dutch Navy. Unfortunately, he was here at the request of the AcBoard. Fortunately, the Dutch treated him a whole lot better with Nickel drafts and some of the best babes he had ever seen. Roommates again, 1/c year flew by. Carl had his eggmobile, with the plates aptly identifying him as the Psyko he is. Carl still could not study and spent 2/3 of the first semester sleeping here. Second semester he is sat, and enjoying life again. Good luck. jac

Anyone who practically gives away their car to a person he has known for two weeks can't be all bad. In fact, I have been a close friend of Rick for three years; two of them as cohabitant of room 5120. Our friendship probably began on the soccer field our 3/c year. Rick was probably the most dominant force on the field. Two years in a row we made the Regimental Finals. Finally, in our third and last season, we broke into the Brigade Championship. If there is one trait we shared, it was coming from behind to win. But Rick always was one to get off to a slow start. He began his Academy days with an ancient Celica before acquiring his monstrous Grand National. He struggled through an Academic Board before reaching and maintaining the ranks of 3.0. Rick even enjoyed spending one summer with several First Lieutennant friends. Rumor has it that they liked the color of his "N", which matched his GN. Now we must leave our Academy days behind us to venture to his homestate of Florida for the ultimate dream: WINGS OF GOLD. Go for it! RDC

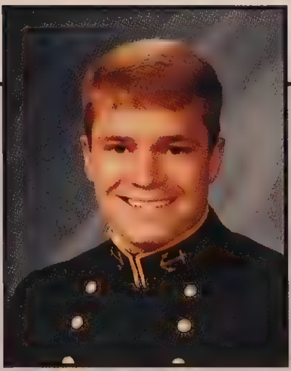
This happy go lucky redneck survived 33rd company and rooming with Bigby as a plebe. Weekly packages from Mom were "quite a delicious treat!" As a 3/c football player he developed a healthy "Hey, they'll get over it" attitude. He enjoyed football until a "sickening" 40's test at the end of the summer. 2/c year began his conduct trouble when his squad leader, M/Ens Dork, noticed him excelling at drill. Troubles continued, bolstered by a bad luck girlfriend, including reckless, careless, and altogether irresponsible driving which did not go unnoticed by Virginia's finest. A boot to the face led to high dental bills as well. While sailing to the Bahamas with Rick and Tom, Scott's patience was put to a test. 1/c year "Pine" was rudely reminded that Cinderella Libs didn't start until after Spring Break, with more restriction and a near Christmas vacation at USNA. Road trips to South Carolina and Moloney's. Key phrases: Donna, JM's, The unexpected Spring Break in WVA, "You can't hurry love, or bourbon, especially bourbon. We know Scott will do fine "Cause the Good Life is just a dream away." TJM,BAC



David Leo Anselmi
Littleton, Colorado
Electrical Engineering
Nuclear Power - Submarines

A man of few words, one thing Selm will never be short of is brain power. Not everyone can keep a 3.7 in EE while spending every study hour participating in his favorite, uh, extra curricular activity, in Selm's case, the girl next door. One would think that Dave was in training for his intended service selection - USMC, but after a semester of sub-squad and a day of Bulldog, Selm realized that maybe the callings of the Silent Service suited him better than the Corps. After living with him for a year and a half, I can honestly say that the Selm is one of the kindest, most considerate people anyone can know. Selm, I wish you the best of luck in whatever you do. Try to take it easy on all of the "idiots" of the world.

P.S. Thanks for teaching me aerodynamics when no one else could. PAG.



Anthony Wade Bogard
Vandalia, Ohio
Mathematics
Naval Flight Officer

Bog's came to USNA from Vandalia, Ohio. Big number 61 started out in ten and then found a home in twelfth company. Bog's loved academics so much that he became a math major. He used his superior analytical skill and reasoning to formulate the laws of Bogativity by which we all live our lives. Athletically Bog's was a supreme specimen who brought the fieldball team from the cellar to near respectability in earning "Coach of the Year" honors. On the weekend Bog's could be found out wandering around East D.C. swilling on a Shorts with his pants ripped. Luckily he didn't become a statistic. That night was only topped by the weekend in Virginia where he caused a car wreck (JJ's), had a talk with a policeman about watering someone's flowers, and went a few rounds with Ivan Drago. (Where was Flan then?) We all wish Bog's plenty of luck in Pensacola. He'll do just fine as long as he stays out of the water! Finally, the brigade will miss it's most accountable member. He's exactly what chicks dig!

Brian Jassen Britton
Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania
Systems Engineering
Naval Flight Officer

Bri came to us from God's country, the Iron City. He has managed to maintain an incredibly professional, motivated, caring attitude throughout his tenure here. Brian shares a degree in Systems Engineering with the Legend, while still managing to log the fewest study hours of anyone in the graduating class. Bri's wardrobe usually consisted of either an orange net laundry bag, or nothing at all. Brian is the best looking guy in the whole world, just ask him, he'll tell you so: "There is no black and white, only shades of gray." The master of the party weekend, he could easily outdrink all of the rest of us combined, just ask him, he'll tell you so. After a hard night's partying, Brian usually got home at 2 o'clock the next afternoon to the astonished cries of "My son is drunk!" The eternal optimist, Brian amassed a huge QPR, with quotes like, "I'm gonna fail!", "I really hate it here!", and "I'm never gonna graduate!" We wish you the very best of luck in P-cola, and in everything you do. WDT, AWB, JJW, GDP, PMD.

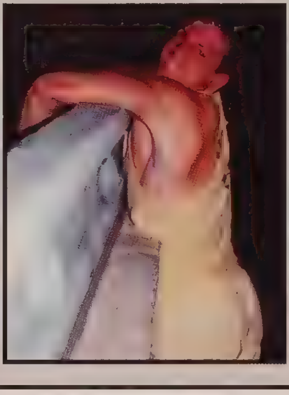
Kevin Bruce Campbell
St. Louis, Missouri
Mathematics
Surface Warfare

Kevin Bruce Campbell came to us from St. Louis, Missouri where he was well known throughout the city. Peer pressure guided his entrance to the Naval Academy, and now he's glad it did. Starting with lightweight football and then going to track and Batallion wrestling, Kevin has worked out strenuously and faithfully for the four years. Kevin plans to stay with his friends after graduation, by going to SWOS in June with the rest of the Academy, and his first ship being the USS Josephus Daniels. Hard work and dedication have paid off in the past for Kevin and should continue to do so in the future.

Paul Willard Cook
West Simsbury, Connecticutt
Physics
Nuclear Power - Submarines

The "Cooker" came to USNA from West Simsbury, CT, having turned down Duke for a life of Navy Blue. Paul did his time on 8-4 in 33rd with the rest of us, and somehow managed to preserve a clean conduct record (we both know how got them all!!) Remember, the Roman baths, iced coffee on Sundays, airborne mice, some awesome banana-nut bread, Maggie's - "Paul, Kevin, have a beer," sailing every weekend, and thanks for cleaning the room - I still owe you. Three years of sailing included Bermuda (twice!), countless weekends bouncing around the bay, and finally, a letter sweater. A mid of many talents, Paul taught skiing, sailing, calculus, learned the guitar, windsurfing, spent weekends in Texas, and still majored in Physics. Don't forget 2/c summer, the Hobie in P-Cola, "y'all squids?", fish treats, your first Saab, Tippy, the F-10 keys, and I don't want to go running! Paul leaves here for the Silent Service..good luck, and take care of the "child bride!" --KML

Brent Warren Courier
Petaluma, California
English
Navy Air



Hey, Tiger, you've come a long way from that tanned and bulky California boy who used to fall for my tricks. My how you've changed. What? You, a schemer? No way! I think you DESERVED the money from the EROTIC experience and your lost watch and it wasn't your fault that you had such car trouble. Unsat was no fun; thank God for duty. I guess you've taught me a few lessons, like "Pals before gals". I'd never met a guy who would turn down a gorgeous girl because he hadn't had enough beer. You're an impressive role model. Will you ever be satisfied? Will one ever be blonde and skinny enough? Thanks for dropping by Ring Dance night; Sorry I wasn't dressed. Great night for you though, finding two California girls. T-Roy's tall tales, Bob'll get you out of jail, Giving jerks their fair due, Stealing all, available brew Mom's Visa to the max, Back in a few, JIM.

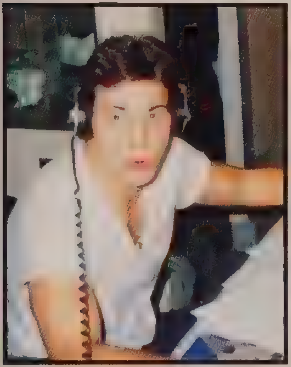
Paul Michel Dabbar
Bartlesville, Oklahoma
Marine Engineering
Nuclear Power - Submarines

The Arab oil sheik came to us from the backwards, tumbleweed-swept podunk of Bartlesville, OK. Armed with his "Nixon in '88" bumper-sticker, cheesedip, and sandbags, Elbow proceeded to apply himself both academically and militarily during Plebe year. Unfortunately, he ended up in 12th company, where all forms of professionalism ceased to exist. Halfway during his term here, Elbow suddenly realized that the true love of his life was Jane Fonda and that he was actually a Democrat! Luckily for him, his friends pulled Elbow from the edge of the abyss with such chants as "F.S.C.R.A" and "Vote Republican." He recovered fully to pen the now-famous "Conservative Battle Cry." After the tortellini debacle in Daytona, Elbow resorted to P.O.H.A.! Mother El, surmising that her son and his friends were under great physical and mental duress, always managed to keep them well-supplied with the hottest guido mix with Arab sauce ever made. Best of luck in Orlando. "I don't know where he is; he said something about he can't take it anymore, and he's jumping the wall." AWB, JJW, WDT, BJB, GDP.

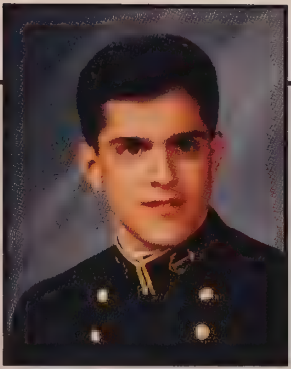
Michael John Elton
Ocean City, New Jersey
Oceanography
Surface Warfare

Mike hailed from the great state of New Jersey, South Jersey that is. Like IROC he spent a year at NAPS before coming to USNA. Mike entered as a hot football prospect tipping the scales above 290. An unfortunate knee injury and five operations ended his career. Not to worry he found other uses for his time; lifting, eating, and sleeping to name a few. However, his STYLE was probably the biggest use of his time. Those of us who know what Mike's STYLE is understand, those who don't just ask him, I'm sure he will tell you all about her. I'll never forget the trips we made to the shore. The debauchery at Maloney's and the breakfast, lunch and dinner from mama Elts. The three of us met youngster year and made it all the way to graduation. We had some arguements, but we always looked to Mike because he knew EVERYTHING. Then again there was always the threat of being punched in the throat if you disagreed with him. Well Mike, good luck in Norfolk now that you popped the question and I'll see you at Maloney's. B.S. & E.I.

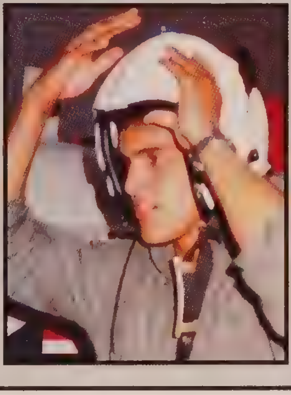
Todd Joseph Flannery
Alexandria, Virginia
Political Science
Naval Air



The son of a flag officer, Todd came to USNA from all over the world. An aviation wanna-be from the start, he chose poli-sci and four years later has a 2.3, 20/20 vision, and a flight billet. Life at USNA was not too tough on Todd; an unmade rack, blocked haircuts, a waxless floor, and 2/c Friday night hockey made life bearable. A fallout with his girl youngster year initiated revenge: crab races at JMU, beached whales at Myrtle, Kent Island beauty queens, and "high-fives" at Maloney's are a few of his sordid adventures. Cinderella finally settled him down. Todd also enjoyed an occansional beer or two: the Legion (Post 584) and Sunday morning softball, parties at JMU, and Busch Bangers in Paradise City will never be forgotten. As you head to P-cola, you best forget the lessons learned from your buddies "the Cat" and LT Urinalysis; follow their lead and you might get HELOS!! Maybe someday you'll have enough class to enjoy coffee and country music. Until then, best of luck and I'll see ya in P-cola for a few Bud longnecks! WPP (a.k.a. Irwin M. Fletcher).



Javier D. Garcia
Guaynabo, Puerto Rico
Political Science
Navy Air

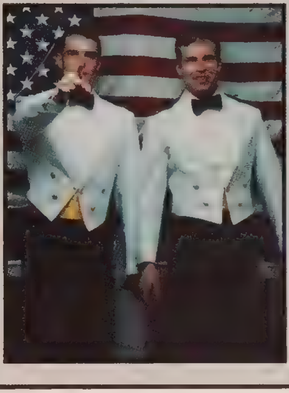


After a three month delay because of his very low ASVAB score, Javier was sworn in the Navy as an enlisted man on September 1, 1981. After arriving at boot camp from Puerto Rico at the age of 17 with $20.00, a toothbrush, change of underwear, and the clothes on his back, Javier quickly made it understood that he was ready to make the best of any situation. Having completed Yeoman "A" school, Javier was given orders to VR-24 in Sigonelly, Sicily. At VR-24 Javier put himself to the task and made things go his way. In only a year and three months, Javier made petty officer third class. While at the squadron he was named the sailor of the quarter and the sportsman of the year. After several attempts to enter the Naval Academy, Javier was finally granted his wish. On August of 1984 Javier embarked into a new world known as the Naval Academy. Although not the best at academics, Javier has managed to keep his head above water. Javier hopes to fly the P-3 ORION in the future. If not, He'll take whatever the Navy has to offer. After all, he's been doing it for the last eight years. Good Luck Javier.

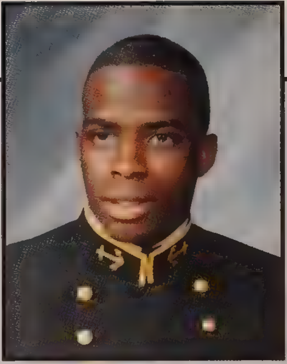
James Warren Gay
Columbia, South Carolina
Chemistry
Surface Warfare

When I first met Jim, he was marching behind me during "indoc" at NAPS. I couldn't figure out why this guy wouldn't stop kicking my heels. "Spicy" as I was, I spun around and called him some nasties. Jim hurried to his room later to watch me doing my dandy pushups for my outburst in ranks. Anything for a laugh, anything. Nothing, and no one is sacred. Flow he didn't go with--so naturally everybody just thought him a loner or a #1. Loner no, #1, of course! Can make friends with anyone, but hangs with few. Will sell and make a million, spend 2 million--then make 3 million--(then repeat). Best talker and listener I know, but never loses. (who finally won the hand race up the denim?) STUPIDS! No compromise with anything, unless for a night. When down, everything balances. Only guy I know who got on restriction for stretching his (Uh Humm) stomach out and coming back next Mon. morn. Did he ever study? Ever need to? Is he buried under his black hole(from T-Roy)? Will miss him, Bob (the SACK! Aye yiletc.) and I hitting Pete's on Sundays, picking on and up Vous girls, and financial balancing miracles. Brent & T-Roy

Paul Andrew Ghyzel
Rochester, New York
Aerospace Engineering
Naval Flight Officer



"SLEAZEL" will forever be known as one of the two slowest men of earth. This was not for a lack of effort however. The Sleaze-man was never afraid to ve like the bumblebee. There are alot of things Geez will be remembered for. Certainly his Batt commander roomate will remember the present Geez left for him one morning and who could forget his classic performance at "The beer garden." Without a doubt, Paul is a great guy to party with, and he never ever lets a sarcastic word slip from his lips. But as Paul makes the transition to the fleet, he will be better remembered as an intense, honest, dedicated man, who takes his duty seriously and has the competance to achieve any task beset him. The NFO community is gaining one hell of an officer! And I, Earl, will remember a great friend, and hope that as the years go by, the distance doesn't become too great.



Kenneth Rodell Grimes
El Dorado, Arkansas
Computer Science
Surface Warfare

The first day we saw Kenny, we thought he was going to finish us off. He had fire in his eyes and his fists were clinched shut. Suddenly, Kenny started to walk towards us and as we were ready to run he opened his fist and exposed .50 cents. He went by us and popped his change into the "GeeDunk" machine. Kenny put his hand into the machine and with a big smile pulled out a package of Pink Frosted Coconut HoHo's!! At that point we decided to relax, but not Kenny. Kenny has been the charging force of the 12th Company for the last three years. Kenny had a slow start, but found his way to becoming the most improved player on the two-time Brigade Champion 12th Company Lightweight Football Team. In addition, Kenny went from the position of Company Sub-Commander to 2nd Battalion Operations. One hardly ever gets to see a midshipman go from two to three stripes. Kenny has always found the way to impress us here at 12th Company and throughout the Brigade. Of course I still remember the day I found Kenny, "Mr. Pep", standing on his rack. He looked at me and said, "I swear I saw a mouse in my junk food drawer!!"

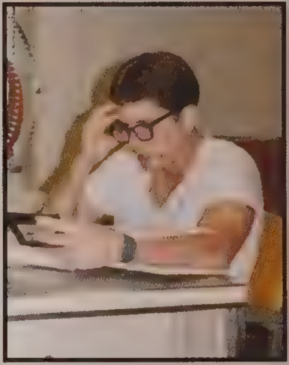
Troy Ellis Holland
Warner-Robbins, Georgia
Physical Science
Supply Corps

T-Roy came to Annapolis as an over-confident Georgia hick and left as a confident All-American. He takes this aggressive attitude into everything he does, and it shows; he wins. This down-home Casanova perfected his art of picking up any girl he wanted at Chicago's. Whether its going from Dirty D and what's her name, the one with the hole in the back of her head, to Tammy and Dana or from the Monte to the '81 to the '85 Vette, Troy is always striving for the best. There's no doubt that Troy will rise to the top. I won't say don't let anything get in your way, because nothing can. And remember Troy, if the whole world were perfect, then we'd only be average. Forty or Fifty feet, it doesn't matter, because you know that a friend in need is a friend indeed. jim

Edward Joseph Iocco
Corning, New York
General Science
Navy Air

Eddie I., a.k.a IROC, tied the knot ten days after graduation. It's a good thing he's married to Kim because they are both in love with the same guy. The lax player from Corning came to USNA after a year at NAPS. He entered with aspirations of being an engineer and a pilot. Well he is a pilot. Being the smartest in a room of geniuses was probably due to the fact that he and I stayed up to about 2:30 AM almost every night. We saw Cheers, Benson, Hill Street Blues, and who can forget Night Heat. All were very educational shows. None of us will forget his great taste in clothes (although he did share them with Kim) or the way he disappeared on weekends. Besides his degree from USNA we think he also holds one from Hood College. Eddie was a competitive guy but I'm sure my name is on the list more than his. Well if you step onto a C-130 someday and hear, "This is your pilot Commander Iocco," get off. Good luck to both you and Kim and don't forget us. B.S. M.E.

Herbert Earl Jones
South Pittsburgh, Tenesee
Electrical Engineering
Nuclear Power - Submarines



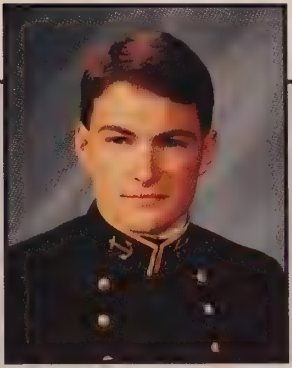
After a brief stint as a working member in the World's Greatest Navy, Earl came home to Maryland to take a shot at getting his commission. And take a shot he did. When he wasn't out winning one of his 4 brigade championships in 3 different intramural sports, chances are he was busy studying to stay on top of the Academy's hardest major. Don't think Earl is all work and no play, though. If you need proof, just ask SWOSS to tell you about the Great Orange Fight of youngster year or eating soap at the Beer Garden. Despite the rigors of EE and training(?) for intramurals, Earl always had time to be a friend. Well-liked by everyone in and out of 12th Company, Earl is one of the best friends I've had during my four year stay here by the Bay, and one of the most decent people I've ever met. Those of us who have had the pleasure of knowing him will remember him as a hard-working, dedicated, and loyal friend to whom little came easily. We wish him all the best in Orlando and afterwards. Forever slow, Geez.

David Allen Laderer
Towson, Maryland
Mathematics
Navy Air

David Allen Laderer comes to the Naval Academy from the "infamous" state of Maryland. At any time of any day you can find someone dogging Lad's home state. From the 0-21 Orioles to the traveling Colts(Why would they leave this fine state?.... common sense) the state of Maryland is fair game. Mr. Laderer started his Naval Academy career with a 5000 love note for extracurricular activity inside the stadium...after taps!! Then he moved to the real company "12 Company" home of the renowned "Cat" After choosing the best major at the Naval Academy(Math) Lad learned to heed the professional advice of another fellow, yet superior, math major NIX. Nix somehow got Lad through the following three years. From Matrix theory to Mylander, Lad miracuously held on to NIX's shirt tails and survived. In conclusion I have to honestly say that Lad made this fine institution bearable and almost fun. I can undoubtably say that Nix and Lad are the only mids in the history of the Naval Academy to play nine innings of baseball in Chauvenet 205. Good luck in Pensacola and you are getting a he.. of a woman in Kathy.

David Micah Maxwell
Stillwater, Oklahoma
Mathematics
Surface Warfare

Dave and I have roomed together for three of the four years at Boat School. In those three years Dave has matured from a country kid from Oklahoma to a sophisticated man of the world. Although a math major, he has a keen appreciation of fine literature. During free periods Dave could be totally absorbed in some of the world's finest periodicals. He claims that intoxicating beverages have absolutely no effect upon him. This might be believed if you also believe that he finds bathroom floors a comfortable substitute for a mattress. Until his junior year Dave was sort of mixed up--he was dead set on becoming a marine. Fortunately through the benevolence of Bulldog, he wised-up. Now upon graduation Dave will be sailing the seven seas and partaking in the brotherhood of Surface Warriors. Thanks for the wake-ups everday and learning to deal with my somewhat unpredictable temper. You are a true friend! Take care and don't tie the knot too soon. See Ya' in SWOS, roomy. KBC



Marko Medved
Minneapolis, Minnesota
Ocean Engineering
Surface Warfare

Fleet Adimiral Guido, our brethren ROTC CNO that saps from Minnesota arrived in Annapolrock with the mission of "SUBS FOR THE MONEY!" Paired with a brain-dead, walking sloth of Nelonic origin and a rodent, our fearless leader wasted no time in rack assignments, Buddy. The cult desires of air faded after the interrogators a Naval Inquisition, Bethesda said that Guido was allergic to life. Anyway, Marko Medved (Oops! forgot the middle name) grabbed a sailboard and hasn't looked back. He became ring leader of a fanatical posse of smurfs that worshiped a Scottish Guru and verbally thrashed scuba sloths. Their antics involved the conquest of shredding waves and wind with the pilgramage jaunt to Heinous Hood River. Our chameleon could transform into the realm of sophistication by sporting a BM'er with portable brie picnic kit for the trips to the toxic waste pastures of the Chesapeake.-MWR Weeee! Oh Joy! Happy Day! and a great big Yaaah! Me, Me, Me and you do what you want, ok buddy, whatever's best for you. I'll miss the bitch reciprocity. Stay away from English majors and follow the wind! Happiness-BWC

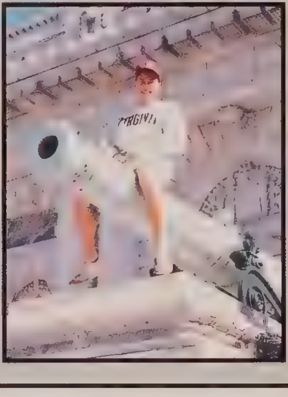
Jarrod Michael Nixon
Harrisburg, Oregon
Mathematics
Navy Air

In the beginning was the Word, and the Word was multiplied without meaning, and it was twisted beyond all recognition and multiplied again. And it was without form. And man looked upon this incoherent jumble and said, "Bull." And the Bull major said it was good. And many men used the Bull, and they were artful with it and could make it flow like poetry and smell like roses. From among these many practitioners in the art of Bull arose one who was without equal, a true master, a king of fling. And his name was Nix. And the Bull made Nix great. For though Nix was small of stature, the Bull gave him the appearance of strength. And though he did wrong, the Bull made him seem right. And there was one named Matt who lived with Nix, and Matt needed large rubber boots, for the dwelling they shared was so full of the Bull. And Matt became huge, for the Bull was heavy and Matt frequently carried Nix. And because Nix was the king of fling, he always had the last word with Matt. And then there was the bio'... And Matt said, "Just kidding, Nix. Good luck at P-cola. Hit them beaches hard." MJS

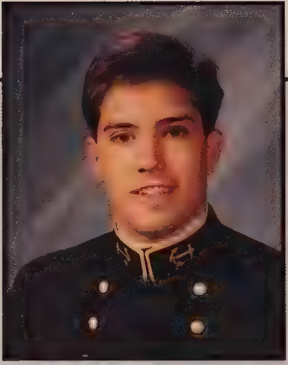
Dennis Francisco O'Leary
Manhasset, New York
Oceanography
Navy Air

At first sight you'd think Mrs. O'Leary was not aware that her little boy had left home. Dennis arrived at the Academy with a baby face, lightweight body, an attitude, and of course a set of the thinest legs you've ever seen. Those legs would never serve a pair of Bermuda shorts their justice. Of course "Bugs" was a pretty bright kid, but sometimes we all had to wonder what was his driving force. As a plebe, Dennis decided that it would be great to drive his Mustang GT on the yard. It would have worked out except for the fact that his license plates read "USNA 89"! Nice job Den. Through out his year at Naps and time at the Academy Den never lost sight of the light at the end of the tunnel. Majoring in sleep and rowing crew Dennis worked his way to the hat tossing ceremony as well as to his Navy Pilot billet. Of course we must mention his favorite hobby, either arguing or not, Wendy. As far as Aviation, Dennis will make a tough F-14 pilot one day. FLY NAVY BABY. JDG

William Paul Pennington
Wilton, Iowa
Economics
Navy Air



Will came to USNA via the psuedo-Midwest: Wilton, Iowa. Playing for the Cubbies was his first dream, but he later discovered his real love was flying, interrupted only by a quick 9 holes. The Cat loved him and Will skated youngster year Second class year ushered in the era of the real Will, an era which has yet to end. Even the Cat saw through his smoke. In between VTNA and the rack Will found little time for classes. However, senior year was, by far, Will's shining moment. With Lou firmly in control, Will never found time to make his bed nor for classes, but found plenty of time for MAJOR fun in Annapolis, JMU, and The Paradise City. Who could forget the FYCs and the Fosters silos. Dinners with his sponsor, trips to the State Capital, and private tutoring sessions kept him busy between trips to Tabor's. Will leaves the Boat School bound for TOP GUN with two pieces of luggage that were beyond his friends' wildest dreams: a pair of boots and a fiancee. Fletch (Lives) Truly Defines Grace Under Pressure. SWOOPS DOWN! FLAN.



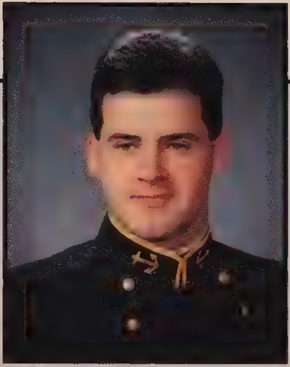
Gregory Donald Potteiger
Elizabethtown, Pennsylvania
Systems Engineering
Nuclear Power - Submarines

Greg came to USNA from E-town, a booming metropolis also known worldwide as the "center of progress." After partying through plebe year in 10th company, Greg found himself in 12th for the remainder of his sentence here at Navy. Dismayed that he would actually be required to demonstrate professionalism and military-bearing, he retreated into the welcoming folds of "Bogativity." Academically, he decided that he wanted to skate through his college years so he went Systems, where he piled up 4.0's while maximizing his weekends. Revered in 12th for his sparkling performance as QB for the two-time brigade intramural football champions, Greg decided to rest on his laurels after graduation and was chosen for Nuke Power. Good luck in Orlando; I hope the drought ends soon. By the way, why do they call you the "Legend"? "I will not be your doorprize for the weekend!" JJW, AWB, BJB, WDT, PMD,HEJ

Matthew John Shade
Sarasota, Florida
Chemistry
Nuclear Power - Submarines

Shade-Mo came to us from Sarasota, Florida. After four years I have found a roomate who puts up with my ....stuff! After a uneventful year of fries and conduct experiences in 13 company, Matthew John Shade unknowingly entered the "hobiecat" den. His first course of action was to chase out one of the "most organized" members of the Naval Academy. Also during 3rd class year, Matthew learned how to survive in a room with Mr. Honor(ie. a pain in the a.. from Michigan). After another year with Mr. "pain in the a..", Shade-mo finally found a roomate who he could always try to emulate. Although he constantly tried, he always was one step behind the NIX curve. Matt enters the silent and deadly service, and they better stand by because they are getting one he.. of a guy. One final note: and I am making a big concession with this statement; it takes a lot more guts to do a gainer from the 10 meter board than it does to fall out of a little helocopter flying at 2,000 feet. Thanks for the great year, and NIX says "Have Fun."

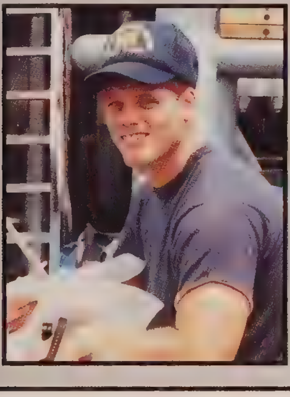
Robert Emmet Smith
Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania
History
Special Warfare



Dennis Walter Sullivan
Andover, Massachusetts
Economics
Surface Warfare

Daniel Thomas Thoele
Chicago, Illinois
Political Science
U.S. Marine Corps

Wade David Turvold
Aiea, Hawaii
Oceanography
Naval Flight Officer



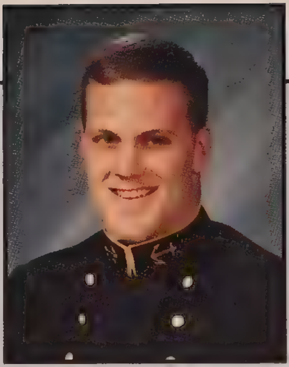
Bob came to USNA via Pittsburgh, PA and the most liberal prep school in the country, Choate Rosemary Hall. We will always remember his impeccable lack of neatness and never cut hair. Weekends at Maloney's with SW, WP, TF, and ME will go down in history especially the night Bob ran home 15 miles on the bridge over the bay in 20 degree weather. Bob was a football player and wrestler here, but his toughest match came after the season at Juniata college when Bob met the Big M. Although Bob prevailed he never wants to be faced with a rematch. Who could ever forget his most recent fling and the red satin boxer shorts that were delivered on Valentines day. If this future SEAL plans on making it through BUDS he better never get caught wearing those shorts. Good luck and watch your lack of sleep and late night television. ME.

BM3 Sully's second visit to USNA came via the warship WADDELL (DD-24). In between spitting beer at the Vous and terrorizing the University of Maryland in a shower curtain, G. Gordon Liddy found time to fix the seventh svetzer valve and play rugby. (Sheesh, you should see my shoes!) After three long years, John Cocktoesen finally reached first class status. Along with his promotion came even more stories about the WADDELL's finest: RS3 Ellis, BM3 Stiggers, and ENS Grothe. After his commitment Sully plans to join his former classmate Sparky Renforth (88) and open the Claude Emory Smoot Rehabilitation Clinic for the Disabled. Until then, bouts with the Zakster's preference and Vonz's mentality will keep Dr. Rosen-Rosen from using Ted Underhill's American Express. Want the number? Elmer Fudd Gantry and Nostradamus (WPP,TJF)

The first day we saw Dan, we thought that somebody had made a mistake. His voice sounded rasp and he had that funny look about him. We still haven't figured him out. Of course, we failed to see that Dan was to be the Marine Corps' best representative at the Naval Academy. As soon as he had a chance, Dan completed Airborne school and later continued to jump in order to qualify for his gold wings. Dan didn't have enough to keep him busy, so he decided to go to rigger school, jump master school and bulldog. Dan also attained the titles of Semper Fi Rep., Trap and Skeet Club Vice President, and the Airborne Training Unit Commander. In addition, let's not forget that he was in the Combat Pistol Club. The list of achievements is long and incredible to believe. Dan once asked why his grades sucked...AHA!! He better keep record of his extracurricular activities: maybe's he'd realize why his academics took a dive. Of course Dan is still graduating, which is the most important equation in the outcome. The Naval Academy has never had such a motivator. A gold nugget is on its way to the Marine Corps once again. JDG

After living in Hawaii for 18 years, Turv had difficulty at first in adjusting to USNA's pleasant climate. Wade was a fish major. He has learned much at The Boat School and has developed many talents of which the most impressive is his ability to press out an empty one whenever he pleases. "Mr. Clean" spent half of his day picking up after his roomie, Thunder, and his roomie spent half of his day wiping up Turv's trail of sweat. How his fellow comrades loved his parties at the Flight deck! This future NFO plans on taking the plunge immediately after graduation without prior "experimentation." We can only hope that his bachelor party has prepared him for what lies ahead. Good luck, homeboy!!! BJB

13th COMPANY



Kevin Paul Voss
Trenton, Michigan
Systems Engineering
Nuclear Power - Submarines

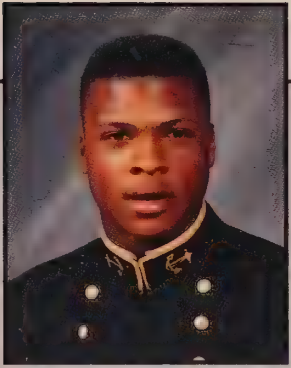
Kev is a quiet, gentle, handsome, and aromatic lad who came here to USNA with the primary purpose of playing football. He no doubt succeeded in his efforts on the field. In fact, his numerous pass receptions in Navy's high powered, wide open, wishabone offense earned him Honorable Mention All American honors. Somehow, in between football games, football practice, and football meetings, he also managed to get excellent grades as a Systems major. Of course, he did have a little help from the "Legend". Marriage and the Marine Corps went out the window during his 1/c summer. Now, his biggest worries will be trying to unload an extra engagement ring, and fitting his huge body into a nuclear submarine. Best of luck Kevin! JJW, WDT, HEJ, GDP, PMD, AWB, BJB

James Curtis West
Grosse Pointe, Michigan
Aerospace Engineering
Nuclear Power - Submarines

Curt, you asked me to write your bio', so here it is in a more personalized format. You did good. I have to admit that the three years that I've known you can be summed up by a series of jealousies on my part: "Okay, so he's got a better QPR than me, but that doesn't mean he's a good writer too. All right, so he's a good writer too. He got four stripes? Four? Don't even tell me, the lead in the musical. He can sing and act as well. Big deal, at least my leathers are shinier..." But it was too hard to stay jealous for long, because you always made me laugh: falling in love with every pretty girl that you saw, playing computer games endlessely, turning the heat on in your car so that you could drive with the top down, and watching you struggle with the struggle. Several words come to mind with the mention of your name. Smart. Outgoing. Nuke (Ooorah!). But most of all, friend. You helped make the Academy bearable, Curt. See you underwater. MJS

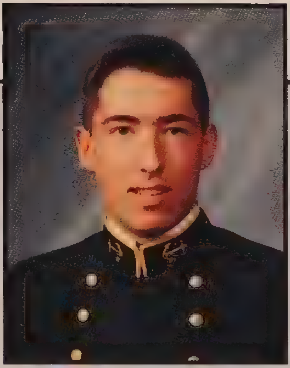
John Joseph Wilson
Baltimore, Maryland
Physics
Nuclear Power - Submarines

J.J. came to Annapolis U. from New Canaan, Conn., or Huntington, New York, or Baltimore, Md., who knows? Unlike most of his pathetic male friends, he came to 12th company innocent to the ways of the world; that's before Legend got a hold of him. Since that time, his neck shrunk to the size of a pencil, he's lost his wallet and cover at least 100 times each, he inherited a shoulder twitch from his father, and he drank "gallons and gallons." J.J. spent most of his nights at USNA deriving his homework solutions from F=ma. He finished his majors requirements by the end of 2nd class year, but he still geeked hard every night right up until the end, except when he was doing his John Orr imitations. J.J.'s going to do great down at Nuc school and he'll do fine in subs just as long as he doesn't get lost on one. By the way, why did you say "While I am sober, I'll be faithful"? PMD, WDT, AWB, GDP, BJB,HEJ



Luther Archer
Richmond, Virginia
Economics
U. S. Marine Corps

Luther arrived at the Naval Academy talented and anxious to achieve. His longterm goals were quite typical-success academically, athletically, and socially. The adventures began 3/c year when Luther decided to sharpen his writing skills...in poetry. He composed those romantic gems by day and devised a plan whereby his artwork would be delivered covertly by night (0300!). This clandestine wooing came to an abrupt end, however, when he later met his “whirlpool” love. 2/c year witnessed the rise of the Stealthy Entrepreneur and forever proved the practicality of the Group III major. When 1/c year arrived, the star of the 150# football team received orders to report to the varsity squad and play ball with the Big Boys. Always a competitor, he then took his 4.3 speed to the track team. Accustomed to throwing feints on the gridiron that neutralized defenders, his track coach reciprocated and showed him a cut that left him in Dahlgren while the rest of the team went to compete. Despite this minor setback, his accomplishments at USNA were many. Remember the full seabag concept. Long live the Body Shop. RDG



Michael Alan Ballou
Framingham, Massachusetts
General Engineering
Surface Warfare

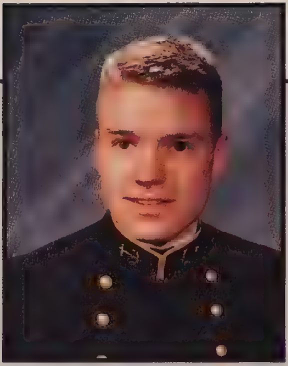
Mike hails from the politically inbred state of Massachusetts, and perhaps this is why we habitually got lost in places like DC and Philly. He pursued the engineering discipline with a passion despite the Rocket's best efforts, but he never lost sight of the truly important things in life like rack ops,("an hour of rack is an hour of rack"), and eating big to get big. He enjoyed lifting everything from a good drink to a good set of weights, and never lost his sense of humor despite the Navy's determined efforts. Other golden memories: crew, NESA, tennis,"Sometimes you say the damnedest things!", “Underway on rack power”, West Indies, Philmont, Japan, EIT,S-CUBA. Mike sets sail for Mayport as a Surface Warrior soon, and I wish him the best of luck. Thanks for everything, Babaloo! JED

Robert Buell Bassett
Pensacola, Florida
Economics
Navy Air

"His real name was Rob, but everyone called him Rob." Yah, yah...I know it's from George/Mike and the 36th co '86 men, but they'd be proud of us now, even if you insist on stealing my/your choice jokes & one-liners. Work on your delivery technique. They taught us the most important things here: laughter, friends, laughter, not taking yourself too seriously, and of course, laughter. Hyena. Hhherrrrrnia! Yah bbbbbooooooyyyyyyyyyyyy! Yah, git sum--I know if Roddy or Frankx2 did that, they're stealing our--I mean my, I mean YOUR material. How about the cruise director, MANUTE BOL, Hardbody, pre-Bulldog, and 2/C summer--you owe me a Khaki shirt. “Oh, temporary gurlllfriend?” Whose B-52's disc? Where is it? Can I bring my mother? You're the duty room lumberjack!....."Sir?" You know what Hod says, “Oh... you're the best” “I hate you Mr. Gomez” on National Chemistry Day. the Romantics at breakfast. Good luck with Navy Air, make it a career--you owe nine years. Good luck Pepe, “Hi. I'm Pepe. I'm from France.” Yes, it worked. You're the best. jae

Jerry Ray Boster
Norco, California
Mathmatics
Surface Warfare

Jerry came to USNA from Norco, Ca via NAPS(down there). I knew he was destined for greatness when the shish-kabobs got the best of him... and the guy next to him. About the time he became head basketball manager, he began dealing in the “black market.” What did you say you needed? If he wasn't in the locker room, he was trying to conquer advanced calculus, which eventually conquered him. This is about when Jerry decided he liked four digits and eagles. We all knew he was quite capable of better, but he'd much rather spend his time reading a novel. Things to remember: runt, tag team wrestling, dried fruit, the little rock, elk skin boots. Jerry always cared alot more than he would lead people to believe and if there was anyone who liked this place, it was him. Now Jerry's off to Japan to drive one big ship and to learn to drink coffee and eat doughnuts. Good luck and don't do anything I wouldn't do. BAS

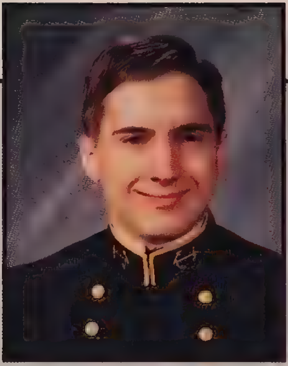


Kent Robert Brown
Ross, California
Mathematics
Surface Warfare

It wasn't enough that his brother warned him; Kent still packed up and headed to Canoe U. (via a one-year tour with the Texas Border Patrol undercover as a wanna-be marine at MMA. If Kent wasn't sleeping, he was eating; if he wasn't eating, he was rowing, and if he wasn't rowing, he was complaining about rowing or not getting enough to eat or enough sleep. Plebe year was the three musketeers: Rollo, Rufus, and Tyrone. Frank Perdue. Blistered hands. Toothbrushes out the window. Yoda. Shocker. Erg. The D's. Jodi. Avocado salad. "Ain't my fault." Bish. Brisbin. Spooning Ledesma. Second Class summer. Rastamid. "Dude, I was the boy; I got wasted." Two-handed stiffies. Brownstein. "I rike you Joe." Autobahn with tumbleweeds. The 914 headache. The Ford aspirin. Paying our nation's capitol five bucks for crossing the street. Shopping at Mr. Speakes' fashion boutique. "Hey, nice topsiders, they go well with your Levi's, Polo shirt, and jean jacket." Jess. The Tecumseh. Brownie, Annapolis won't be the same without you, and San Diego won't be the same with you. Best of luck, love, and friends. - BBN CAC

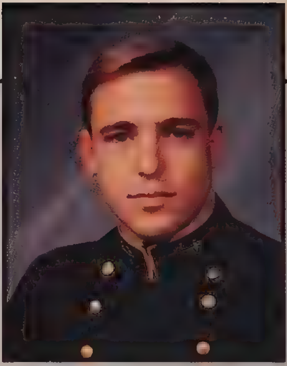
Brian Kenneth Burke
Elm Grove, Wisconsin
Economics
Surface Warfare

Bri was a 3 sport stud from cheeseland before entering the Severn Higher Institute of Technology. He made it through plebe year on a football ride. Brian was scrambled into 13 but no one knew who he was until 2/c year since he hid out in 5th wing with Hanch and Uls. He sprung into action on his 21st eventhough he had to throw out his sheets. How about that home-cooking on our camping trip? Bri surprised us all by volunteering for Ploob Detail-more yet by showing us his temper, "What did you do!?" 1/c year he developed into the company's authority on 'Cheers'. Econ seminar proved to be a major headache 2nd semester. Too bad his spring break was shortened by a blizzard in Arkansas. He did get to see Karen though, otherwise he would have been unbearable to live with. We reaped the benefits of fine Mexican food on the way back from NYC with Hod, Chip & Brownie. 8 Knot Burke picked SWO and says he'll be out in 5 but I know he's a lifer. "Hey you scratched my anchor!" Thanks for putting up with the 0500 workouts and most of all for being a great friend. "Most outstanding my friend." Good luck, so long but not farewell. FUSS/ KAK.



John Thomas Buthod
Evansville, Indiana
Political Science
Nuclear Power - Submarines

Hod, Toad, Butes, Butthead, . . .even an ocasional Tom, came to USNA from that Midwestern center of mom, apple pie, culture, and a certain Yankee first baseman. After plebe year in slack six, Tom joined thirteen. He quickly rejected the hard-charger leadership styles of '87 and '88. Despite this Hod never stood a day of restriction, but his mouth led him to being the recipient of several taggings. 3/c year was routine, except for a painful trip to Bloomington. The highlight of 2/c year for Hod was his peaking in the company bowling championship, leading Los Dudes into sports history. 1/c year found Hod fascinated with Joe's Greg Brady impersonation and his unforeseen wet encounter with Wads. Hod will be long remembered for his love of Cheers, Letterman, Bloom County, and Playboy. For three years everyone felt Hod would fly, but suddenly $$$$$'s and his love of studying (i.e. Nuke Power School) led him to subs. Hod has made 13 a cheerful place with his love of laughter. Twenty years from now, if Hod is not down deep, he will either be on the PBA or attempting to survive on his linguistic skills South of the Border. Good luck & remember Jim lives. RLM

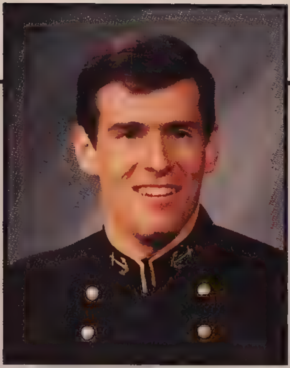


Brian Charles Canova
Longmeadow, Massachusetts
Aerospace Engineering
Navy Air

No one knew too much about "What the hell, Bif Cantrell" before he arrived in 13. Most reliable sources suggest that he had a grass-roots upbringing in the Deep South (PO). Bif excelled in baseball, playing the position of catcher. He did so well at Navy that he played 1 game. It didn't take long to learn Bif's little quirks like his tilted cover and "THE ITCH." 2/c summer he met the best looking girl in the world, named "Bif's Wish." 2/c year brought the good, bad, and ugly out of Bif's bowling, and aero weekends with the Mac. Firstie summer Bif was a squad leader and resided on a CV. Although Bif was the only aero in 13 to survive the eye test, no one really knows why he wants to go C-2's. We guess its because C-2's fly pies between Longmeadow and Patty, Ohio. Bif will be remembered for his bald spot, the human blow torch, and most especially his plastic-ing. 13 is still angry that he didn't get the part of Cliff in "Cheers." Instead they gave him Batt-ops. Huber, Rodman, Swofo, and Madman say, "Good night, Bif, and good flying!" -FJM

David Leon Cox
Burlington, Massachusetts
Computer Science
Nuclear Power - Submarines

Using Dave "Coxy" logic, is completely clear why an individual who has an uncanny ability to walk on the bottom of any normally filled pool, would pick an academic institution which totally revolves around aquatic activities. Coxy grew up just outside the "Cheers" town, in Burlington, Mass. He spent his first couple years at USNA chasing his life long dreams of fast machines, high amp stereos, and woman who could tolerate his table manners. To Coxy, any sport is a contact sport, which may explain his frustrations with golf. He trained many nights with a steel bar across his chest only to come to the startling realization that in one hundred years we will all be dead and no one will really care. At the end of his second class year he finally threw away a bottle and got serious. Suddenly his life was ruled by women, which attests to his sudden investments in precious gems. Karen is a lucky girl but why she picked Coxy no one will really know. I suppose that someday we will discover something new about the man I call my best friend. Good luck, God's speed, and take care of that hair. CTO

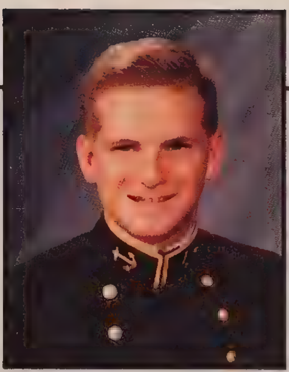


John Anthony Czajkowski
Walnut Creek, California
English
Special Warfare

Beneath the resolute, austere, and courteous veneer of the above-pictured, lurks a creature with the duplicity of Dr. Jeckel: the Hydish apocalyptic being listed Northern California as it's official HOR in July 85; however, all hands soon realized it was a creature not of this earth. A strong penchant for stealth river crossings, late nights, early morning heavyweight crew torture sessions, and a flair for the ultra-violent, all enjoyed to the tune of chain-saw hyms, divulged it's alien amnesty. The driving force behind many an infamous crew party, it left the untainted (who it had tricked into coming) shrieking into the night with ears ringing and horrid visions of hair on fire, violently slam-dancing like hyenas gone insane. But at one such a function, it was charmed by a Scandanavian fair maiden in a moment of weakness, and has since learned an appreciation for the finer things of terrestrial living (ie. reported interests in literary works of Faulkner and Hunter Thompson, and Germanic culture). It is recently showing a capacity for emotion and responsibility with June nuptial arrangements involving the said maiden. WMR

James Eugene DeMott
Shawnee Mission, Kansas
Aeronautical Engineering
Naval Flight Officer

James came to Canoe U from Kansas; one of those indistinguishable states in the midwest. His plebe year roomates introduced him to the concept of floor wax-James still hasn't learned how to get a good shine. I guess all of the floors in Kansas are dirt. James breezed through the Aero major. Luckily, he had already been accepted into VGEP before he discovered the rewards of the rack. When James wasn't "underway on rack power," he spent his free periods listening to WHFS, the Greaseman ("We all pray for Deliverance"), or trying to culture me with classical CD's ("Mozart who? Isn't he dead? There aren't even any word in this song.") We found very unusual routes to our destinations. The trip to the Kennedy Center for "PDQ Bach" just wouldn't have been the same if we hadn't gone via the middle of Virginia. James was responsible for the "organized confusion" of the NESA Jamboree. Always remember, appearance is more important than reality. Other memories: our excursion to Shenandoah ("If I never see another beer or another pretzel, it will be too soon"), Tennis, "Todo, we're not in Kansas anymore", "Go Terps", "Go Sweet Brier." MAB

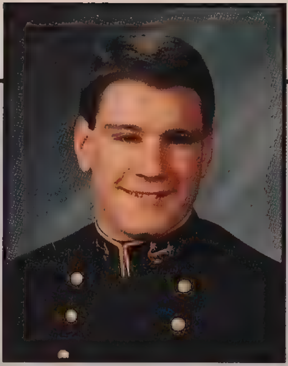


James Ronald Dotter
Trenton, New Jersey
General Engineering
Naval Flight Officer

Jim came to the boat school from New Jersey: a state residents mysteriously call "God's country." As a plebe, Jim planned on being an Aero major and eventually a test pilot. Reality prevailed, however, and he became a Mech E. (after a few moments as a history major). Like most real engineers, Jimbo, plagued by a serious deficiency of weekends finally settled in General Engineering. Jim's indecision was not restricted to majors: No one (least of all Jim) knew which service selection he would end up in. He tried the Marines, but the Colonel told him different, tried Naval Aviator until Dr. Eyechart told him different, and finally selected SWO on service-selection night only later to be one of the "dirty TWO dozen" NFO's during the "hook of the century." Jimbo was a pukin dog 3/c year (or was that pukin' with the dogs). As a 1/c, DOTS was in charge of delegating the Army Run. Jim has three loves in life: Darts, his Shelby, and any woman in uniform. Jim heads off to Pensacola after coaching Windsurfing at USNA for TAD. I wish him the best of luck. Go for it DOTS. MAB

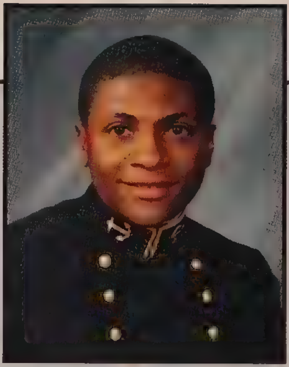
Joseph Aaron Eisert
Erie, Pennsylvania
English
Supply Corps

To have fun or not to have fun-(study), there was no question. Well, maybe plebe year. It's hard to believe we've been together all four years and it took us until 2/c summer to realize we wanted to be roommates. Why the room next to the head, mate's desk and Capt's office?? -'cause it was clean when we moved in. If the john's weren't loud enough then the 3/c were. Our other roommate, HOD, wasn't too bad either. Some of the best dates I had were when you had to chaperon. The king of lune makes any hapless evening overenjoyable, well maybe. Where has all the violence gone from the cartoons? Don't worry Joe has the originals on the Bugs tape: OPEN, DAA, OPEN SADDLESOAP? HIENNA. Little Bonny Fufu picking up Paul's tires and popping them in the worst neighborhood. But as the crusher says, " You're just an antenna." But always remember the great times that made us what we are today: Lucky Charms, your 21st B-day, and thoughtful conversations after lights out. Keep always in the outdated 36 Co. tradition. For more on the infamous Joey read the newly released THE ONCE AND FUTURE CHOP. YAAAAAAAAAAAAA BOYEEEEEEEEE. PEPE



Sean Pierce Fuller
Cerritos, California
General Engineering
Navy Air

Sean Fuller is one of the few actual true blue Southern California bred American boys. After suffering through the interminable tirades of Headmaster Hoiby, becoming a plebeian took on a whole new angle. Narrowly escaping all sorts of scandals his first year, he once again was reunited with his prep school roommate. Insistent on becoming a Mech E he lasted in his major for several weeks. As a General Engineer, the pressures in his life were lifted allowing him to concentrate on the more important things such as women and women. Unfortunate for the hundreds of local femmes, Sean soon became, shall we say ... chained. The eternal bachelor is still holding out but I don't think he will be able to hold out forever. After the docs hammered on his nose a while, his aspiration to become a Naval Aviator was finally a step closer upon Service Selection night. I like the smell of leather. See you in Pensacola. CTO

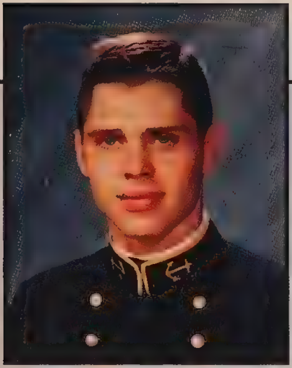


Riccardio David Gay
Norfolk, Virginia
General Engineering
Navy Air

Now that his halo effect has expired, and his aspirations of being the first seven striper, (midn/Admiral), has escaped him, I think the world is once again safe and prepared to feel the real-time effects of Rick's presence. Once he rolls out for that first night in Pensacola, his destiny will start to unfold. Everyone who knows him, knows what really will unfold. Rick Gay is a man with a plan. The first day he walked through the gates he knew that he wanted to fly, be an engineer and get paid. Now, that we are are out of here, all these things are as good as accomplished. As a plebe in 19th CO, he penned his second class to the wall with pure professionalism. As a youngster, he dodged his company officer with the rack. As a second class, he made his plebes cry as they put on their sunscreen to hide themselves from the flame. And, as a firstie, we just got paid! Be sure that his integrity will follow him into the fleet. He has been the best friend a man could have; I have no doubt that he will set the world on fire, ("... We don't need no water let the !@#$%&'!@ burn"). LA JR.

Thomas Howard Hanzsche
Baltimore, Maryland
Political Science
Surface Warfare

Hanch, (Squirrel, Gerbil) started his naval career at NAPS where he used that year to increase his physical (and mental) bulk to 5'9" - 150lbs. Growing up in the metropolis of Catonsville, MD, Thomas picked up a lax stick at the age of five. With his talent and size, he started his college career by breaking the NAPS scoring record, and a starting attackman plebe year. After that, who knows what happened. Could it have been his lady friend Kerry? Youngster year found Hanch still on the lax team, physically, but mentally with a "fish hook" in his back and Kerry taking in the slack. I must admit he did go out on the town a few times and always thought he became bigger for every beer he drank. Every once in a while he thought he was Mike Tyson too! (Ocean City '86) Good luck in the future, whatever you do. And always remember our double secret rap sessions. You've been a great friend. Stay in touch. SAPPY



Mark Stephen Hulbert
Fargo, North Dakota
Ocean Engineering
Marine Naval Flight Officer

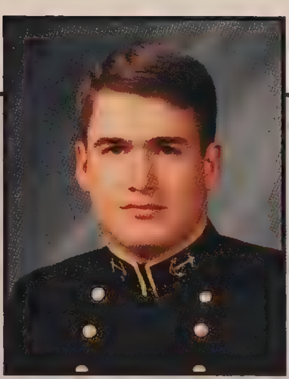
Mark "the Hulb" Hulbert left his native "Fartgo" (don't go there--we don't want tourists), North Dakota so he could become a pilot. Hulb's fun four years by the bay started in "gnarly Charlie". He remembers Scooter and Wade, chewing with his mouth open, the chapel dome, storm cloud 9, 5-4, the Pig, Bernie, all the gang, and many rumbles. Finally, Herndon (J--you still owe me a pair of pro-keds) came. We moved to 13 and Hulb kept himself invisible 3/c year...spent the whole time going to Luce--earning a 4.0. 2/C summer brings fond memories of Britt, Fred, and YPs. Hulb then tooled on the plebes during second set detail. 2/c year is marked by Bif (Plastic); Rodman; the Good, the Bad, and the Ugly; the marathon; camping; pre-bulldog; and, oh yeah, school. Bulldog=fun: 5 minute chow, "we got all day", "yoohoo", and "shut your suck, candidate". 1/c year he was Battalion Commander. It wasn't until this year that we learned of Hulb's love of heavy metal, wild parties, and women. We know he'll go grunt and be the Commandant some day. We'll always remember the Hulb for his faith in Christ. Semper Fi, Burt. MR,BC.

Keith Andrew Kirol
Lockport, New York
General Science
Marine Naval Flight Officer

Fuss arrived at the Academy fresh out of high school, where he proved himself to be a "stud-bolt" in academics and in the swimming pool-...pond... whatever. Upon taking his first step on the grounds of USNA, Keith could not avoid the sales pitch of the Corps. His weekly high and tight, fascinations with MRE's, and occasional "ooh rahs" had us all grunting "Semper Fi." Most of his time was spent on the swim team as a distance man. He proudly wore his N sweater over that barrel chest of his. Because he quietly left our room for his morning 5:00am workouts, I sympathetically refrained from playing my Doors tapes. By the way Fuss - "Jim lives." Jen, of course, kept Fuss busy on the weekends, and the hazing he received because of it was only the result of my jealously. What I would have given to have my girlfriend so close to the Yard. I'm sorry about your "Bride" subscription. On our Easter camping trip I learned about his love for cooking. It's too bad that the Egloff's sleeping bags took such abuse because of it..."most outstanding my friend." Good luck in the corps. You will go far. BKB

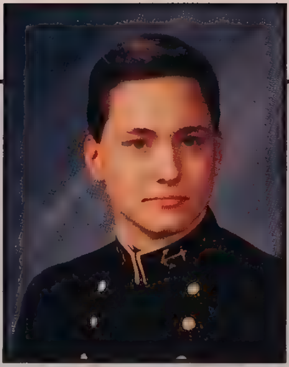
Ralph Liles McDonald
Goldsboro, North Carolina
Economics
Navy Air

Ravishing Ronald McDonald: Nature Boy, a man who would have a full head of hair if the size of his head was within human proportions. Chipper forsook his powderblue blood and left Chapel Hill after one year to come to this institution. STUPID! Although he possesses much intelligence, the technical pursuits were not his forte as witnessed by his enrollment in EE622. Together we experienced the thoroughly wacky semester in room 5226 with Go-Go, a Mexican who cannot be described by mere words. Together this trio was victorious in one of the greatest triumphs in the history of sports: The Thirteenth Company Bowling Championship. Viva Los Dudes por siempre!! I lived with the ravishing one for three years, and if there ever was a true friend personified, it's Chip. My time here would have been much different had I not known him. Good luck Ronald flying those machines. HOD



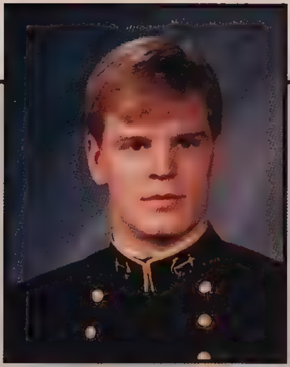
Frank Joseph Menarchick
Horseheads, New York
Aerospace Engineering
Naval Flight Officer

Frank "Frank" Menarchick came to the Academy from the town of Horseheads New York. (Where is that?) Frank never could get the hang of "passing food more efficiently" plebe year. Maybe it was because he was to busy eating it. HUH? Speaking of food, Frank was destined to be a member of the fat boys on crew. Cutting weight was hard for Frank with the candy machine right across the hall from him. Youngster year, Frank became famous for the five minute nap, studying in the rack, and late night food runs to ease his worries of failing. Second class year, Frank has to remember the incredible amounts of hours he got to sleep. He is able to count them on his fingers. Yes, Frank was probably at the pinnicale of health and fitness. It only took 30 minutes to get into his drill jacket before every P-rade. First class year didn't go without its eventful times for Frank. Locked keys in the car, winning intramural seasons, and nomadic adventures of route 1 at 4 o'clock in the morning are but a few. "Welcome Frank Our Hero". Good luck at P-cola and don't lock yourself out of your plane. FCS



Michael David Metzger
Crofton, Maryland
English
Navy Air

Mike came to the academy from the booming metropolis of Crofton, where men were men and cows were afraid. After rooming with "Maverick" for four long semesters, it's amazing how one man could study so late into the evening and still be able to stay awake in every class. I guess that is to be expected when one pursues a degree in probably the most technical major here at the academy: English. Youngster year brings back those memories of such wonderful jokes of reporting to Capt. Hewitt for conduct action on overdue books, or the towel in the book bag. Second class year the "Mav" settled down to a one woman man, giving up his true love in Italy. He also learned the art of the late night food runs from his two aero roommates. We taught him how to identify the bloater. His waistline is proof of this. The "Mav" was in true form first class year at the annual softball game, out in right field with the Raybans on in style. Maybe that's why he dropped the fly ball and kicked it around a couple of times before throwing it to first. Good luck in P-Cola Mav.



Glenn Robert Miller
Newberg, Oregon
Economics
Nuclear Power - Submarines

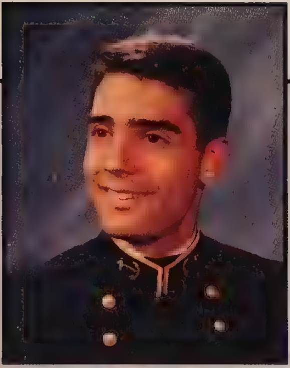
Robbie-Boo (FM) Miller-Pie rode a spear from Newberg to USNA. Plebe year saw Glenn/Rob (no one ever really knew what his real name was) misplaced in the Thundering Herd, where he took out his frustrations on squirrels (great shot with that javelin) and on unsuspecting roommates (great right cross). 3/c year found Rob in Thirteen, where he and the only two other guys with decent musical taste moved in together. He quickly astounded his new roomies with his less-than-hygenic housekeeping. The next three years saw steak fights, Go-Go's palm, the Demons (champions forever!), rack football, Her Royal Heinous, hot-pie cousins, Long Island Iced Teas (get you every time), Dart-quals, RIGHTEOUS friends, a broken leg, a 6000-with a few 5's, 4's, 3's, 2's, and 1's, Gagwione (Mith Mathar, pwease), and plenty of javelin records. Robbie-Boo will always be remembered for his carefree attitude, Trucker's English, and ability to impress the ladies. Most of all, he will be remembered for being someone who made my life all the better. It's a shame we'll have to actually study at Nuke school. WADS

Christopher Thomas Owens
Sumter, South Carolina
Computer Science
Navy Air

Chris came to the Naval Academy from just about every geographic point on the globe. The son of an F-15 pilot, we are thankful Chris saw the light and joined Canoe U. If the difference between a man and a boy is the price of his toys, then Chris is a very old man. And he has the hair to prove it. A rocket scientist at heart, he let academics take a back seat to his quest for the America's Cup. Although he seemed to spend an extraordinary amount of time at sailing protests, he sure earned his water wings as skipper of the Cinnebar. When most second class invested in sports cars, Chris felt the big was definitely better. The Maryland countryside will never be the same. Although we didn't see enough of Chris the last two years because of a certain female distraction, there were more then enough exhibitions in the Rat to last a lifetime. Chris will never be happy unless he is doing Mach 2 with his hair on fire. We wish him and Ginni the best of luck! FLY NAVY! DLC

Michael Joel Rodriguez
San Clemente, California
Political Science
Marine Naval Flight Officer

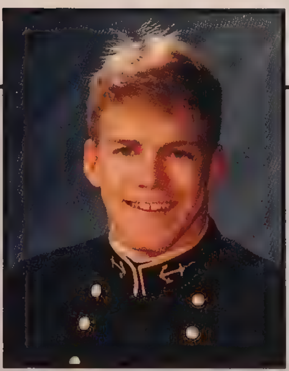
Mike, aka Roddy, Rodman, came east from sunny So' Cal. to the cloudy Severn. Initial "screening" experiences with scooter and the gang. Plebe year will always hold fond memories of Bernie, "nice bilge" and "Go Navy Crew, Sir"! 3/c year brought us to Stalag 13. Those were the days of Menarscreen, Babaloooo, and "nice one". 2/c summer and the peaceful days of the barn on 3-3, the Beamer, USNA 89, Plebe detail diversions like C-clamps and extend arms. Many memories of EE, "ain't got it, what is it", the marathon ("come on Roddy, you can make it"), fixing Team Sub, the Plastic Man, Atomic Situps, carbo diet, tuna fish, the C/C debate, "what homework?", afghanistan, living on 5-0, pre-Bulldog, Finndog and Phamer. Firstie summer was the best at Quantico ("take your time, we got aaalll day") then back to Cally and Crissie, 29 stumps, "working" hard at Pendleton, diving and spearfishing. Back for the last and best with the Head Butt King, "true story", Comp. Cdr., getting huge, water-polo and the one carat "investment". Don't forget Who got you here. God bless in the Corps (dental?) and your EA-6 ECMO? doooooogin! go, go, go! HLB and BIF



Frank Conrad Salcedo
McLean, Virginia
Aerospace Engineering
Naval Flight Officer

John Michael Steidle
Jim Thorpe, Pennsylvania
Economics
Nuclear Power - Submarines

Michael Joseph Ulses
Springfield, Virginia
General Science
Marine Air



Daniel Alan Vetter
Mt. Pleasant, Iowa
Oceanography
Nuclear Power - Submarines

Steidle
897260

Frank "Swo" Salcedo came to the Naval Academy from McLean, Virginia after having attended NAPS. However, most classmates suspect his true home of record to be McLean, Mexico since he frequently lapses into Spanish and is often found at Taco Bell making a "run for the border". Despite his hopes of being an English major, Swo majored in Aerospace Engineering so he could go out every weekend to scam the girlies with Frank and Biff. Swo stayed on at 2 for 7 night after having decided between the Navy or joining a circus side-show act as the "Man With the Harriest Legs". Ever since he met Virve at the International Ball youngster year, Swo's taste for domestic women has declined. He is rarely seen with an American girl and seems impartial to women from South America. Swo's fame in 13th Company stems from his tendency to power-rack and his eerie ability to play mudworms for three years without getting his sweats dirty. Swo's dreams of Surface Warfare were shattered because of his strange facial profile so he was forced to be a Navy NFO. Best of luck in Pensacola to a good friend - from 13th Company. MDM

Jackal/'jak-ol/n.- John?...Michael?...Steidle at USNA. Jackal came here from Jim Thorpe, yes, the sprawling metropolis in Eastern PA. Under his wing (a big one at that) Jackal perfected the 13th Co. 1/C "Get Hyooge Nights." Unfortunately, he is still the smallest member. In 4 years here, Jackal honed his unparalleled concept of duty, mating it with the highest sense of discipline. All those demerits in one night? At least you own more wristwatches. Ending conduct probation by testing the ROC's speedo--yes, it goes over 140 on Route 50, leaves half the tires on West St. & attracts the attn. of an infinitely understanding Annapolis Policeman. You're welcome for the gum. "No sir, I can't afford this." Thanks for the easy evenings with fun girls (or v-v) They spawned such -isms as: "Why don't you park that?!" "I can't drive, Joey can't drive, pick us up at 8--bye!" "We only spent $5!" all while treating L,L,M,M,M,K,L,T,ugly C,T,etc., royally. Good luck being a bubblehead--sure, it's what you want after U of C's MBA. Money isn't everything (cough) P.S. If you don't lift, you'll look fFAAATt! JAE

Via NAPS, and a hour or two of EMI, Mike established himself as Navy's #1 soccer goalkeeper-achieving national honors and an invitation to drink his kind of beer-at the BUDWEISER SENIOR BOWL. With no doubts about USMC Air, and being the "scientist" he came to be, Mike knew he had to conquer P-Cola early, and he did, second class summer. A keen money manager, he invested in 21st and Erol's that same year. A true friend Mike never hesitated to loan me his X's, the only man ever to love a cold beer and a good western more than any girl by his side, whoever that may be at the time. Out with "the guys", or just the two of us, he is always on the hunt. Though he had his slumps(Bulldog did not help) he always got the kill (I even have a few pictures off "the other roll" to prove it!) A toast to Wally World, The Trap, Madison, W&M, and the good times of past and future-to the best of friends. JIMBO

"Veets" came to the banks of the Severn from that midwest maritime power, Mt Pleasant, Iowa. Rooming with Dan for three years has been interesting, if not outlandish. Coming to 13 from the Club, Dan was soon convinced that all work and no play made for a dull Dan. He retired his wrestling career and joined the ranks of the weekend warriors. Who could ever forget 24 degrees on our steel horses. We'll have to stay at Judy's again! "Veets" always felt that the east coast was ripping him off and many nights were spent searching for the nickel draught. What exactly is pop? Dan was the only person to throw a sixteen pound projectile at ten pins with the grace of the Iowa Slow Ball. A member of the get huge crew, we saw less and less of him in the weight room as one girl began to dominate his life. No one will ever forget M/LT Vetter and his attempts to master the helm of 13. Good job leading the circus. Can you believe this man's a nuke!! Good luck Dan, and remember, GUE! DLC

14th

COMPANY

Jonathan Mark Warner
St. Petersburg, Florida
Poltical Science
Nuclear Power - Surface

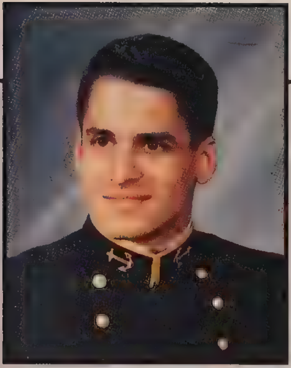
This particular Mid from central Florida is full of character. "Wads", as he is known by his closer friends, fits him perfectly. Able to rock with the best, his mind has been twisted by his heinous heavy metal tastes. Yet, he is smart enough to achieve academic excellence, while still able to find time to crash any and every party. "Wads" has always had a way with women. The "Gator", The "Psycho-Woman", and of course his "Wild Thing" are just a few of this Mid's throbs. A competitor through and through, he is a man of many games. Late nights with "Paydirt", "Circus Maximus", and "Squad Leader" were not uncommon. As the Rack Football champ he has been revered by all. Youngster year found Mark in 13th with friends he will keep forever. His two new roommates changed Mark's way of life. They exposed him to restriction, innumerable room inspections, burning showers, falling desks and many other dark activities generally frowned upon by the administration. For these experiences, I am sure he will be forever grateful. Parties, a bowling league and many taggings gave Mark and his classmates memories they will never forget. GRM

Anthony Eric Altomari
Lorain, Ohio
General Engineering
Nuclear Power - Surface

Tony 'Ducks' Altomari came from Lorain, Ohio where anyone who is someone worships the Cleveland Indians, Browns, Cavaliers... Duck's love of sports followed him right into plebe summer with grand slam fever and cheers like "Awwww-PIG-SUUUI." He rolled through plebe year and into the Fighting 14th where he spent his time on 7-3 'cheesing' anyone locked in mortal combat with their blue monster. His wisdom surpassed many as he realized that EE was for the very few and the very UNSAT. From the customary 'neck' greeting and Viking contests with Brunes to talking sports with anyone, Duck's fun-loving and amicable personality lightened even the darkest hours of 2/c year. His rendition of Bach was second only to his pizza roll franchise in noteriety during his time in 14. Being of exceptionally CLEAN (OH SHOWER) mind and demeanor Ducks really has his pick of women, but he learned quickly to stay away from Bryn Mawhr College. 1/c year brought a decision to go nuke. After weathering the Admiral's antics he accepted a small bonus which he shared with all. Tony Ducks has been an outstanding roommate and highly valued friend. RWV

Julie Ann Anyan
St. Louis, Missouri
Physics
Navy Air

Julie came to fourteen from fourth company. We soon found out that her smile meant she was up to something. The trouble started day one when she bought the $100 stereo. It took us all semester to work out rights of ownership. Among her many talents are photography (the thigh picture) and plumbing. She was always out to find the "perfect temperature" for showering. Second class year was haunting. Julie was plaged by the french fries that "wouldn't go down" as well as the ghost in the closet. "I'm not going in there, you do it!"... 'scuse me... Firstie year brought service selection antics. There's no question about it: Julie's a true AIRDALE. Look out, world, this girl's going to take you over! Julie has been the greatest roomie. She wasted everyone's study hour watching for ants. She also taught me such phrases as: "Last one in bed turns out the lights," "You need to be bounced!" "I know what you're thinking," and those eternal words of wisdom: There are only 2 stalls!" Awesome, roomie...floatin' on air. Go get 'em! CEM



Thomas Anthony Bruno
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania
History
Marine Naval Flight Officer

Bruns, a street smart Philly derelict, is not the person one expects to find at USNA. You would believe this if you saw his old drivers license. The historian came full circle from a long-haired hoodlum to a jeep-bound Marine. He would rather rack than write a paper, that's why he never started one until the night before it was due. The few, the proud, the all-night MEN. Being from the city, he still hasn't picked up the social graces of a gentleman. Bruns often finds himself waking up in strange places: From the hotel hallway in Georgetown to Anne Arundel general after his famous "balcony dive." And although he woke up in strange places for over two years, it was always by himself. What a Streak!! His drinking often lead to messes, some on walls, some in his rack, and some in porcline--all dependent on where he is at the time. But what will be the name of Tom's firstborn, possibly Bunther? After all, "who would name their kid Bruno?" Good luck wearing green -- just try not to fall too far behind your men. ADD & SFR

Ruth Frances Chasen
Costa Mesa, California
Political Science
Navy Air

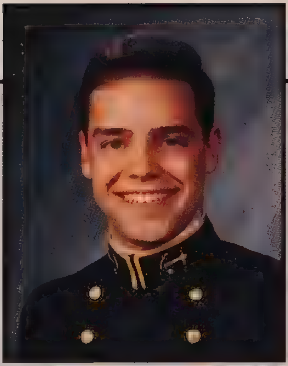
Ruth came to us from California, yes, SOUTHERN California due to a postal strike in Venezuela. Plebe year roommates, Jeanine & Margaret, escaped the tension during "Curtain Call." Since when do plebes have 3 striper libs? Everyone knew & loved Ruth for her happiness and unique, resounding laugh. Dedicated to FCA, Ruth was a true leader with a long following of admirers. I joined the many over 2/c Summer. Roommates in P-cola...a little foreshadowing? We all knew her fondness of foreign languages and Mediterranean summers. The love squad. 14's family(TJ & JL). Dry sweats and clean camis. Ruth hated those binding clothes...Sierra Tango. Who is " the only one for you?" A special Ring Dance and the song "Every Little Kiss" popped into her head. From running to volleyball, Ruth fit right in and earned an N'! I don't think Mario Andretti ever made it coast to coast in 38hrs. Fly Navy. Convertible drives, sharing journals, dancing at Mums or just relaxing...The friendship you gave made it special. Genuine, loyal, and fun is how I will always remember you. Thanks for everything. Take care and God Bless. Love, Heidi

Deborah Lynn Cuffe
Chester, Virginia
Computer Science
Cryptology

In retrospect, it seems like Debbie was always on the move. After that first deluxe cruise to England and the Bahamas on a very small vessel, there was no stopping her. A Glee Club veteran, she must have hit every major city in the country, singing all-American, flag-wavin',P-rade type tunes that she always made sure to try out on me before she left. Travelling up to White Sulphur Springs to sing and pray and praise with OCF was one way to relax. As club Secretary, she delivered more than her share of those little cards, (namely she delivered my share.) She also managed to travel up the grade point scale in her spare time--as a Comp Sci major even! And while a certain wallflower pulled all-nighters typing papers, Debbie would sleep like a baby, having finished her programs days in advance. I don't know if I'll be able to get used to Deb being a cryppie somewhere in Japan, decoding enemy propaganda. I'll always think of her smiling, and singing (John Denver and Anne Murray tunes come to mind), her stuffed animals and her bobbing bird, and her staying up with me until one in the morning to print out my latest overdue wonder. Thanks Deb, when I grow up, I want to be just like you. KH

Arthur David Dove
Fairfax, Virginia
General Engineering
Navy Air

Art, a native Virginian, arrived at Club Navy with his rifle in one hand and his aviator glasses in the other. All that know him are still trying to figure out the peculiar ways of the "Stylist." Meanwhile, the Entity is trying to understand his attachment to that broken stick. From knowing him for four years, it was obvious he looked at life through "feather-weight" eyes. At parties, "The Dude" always made a hit -- that is at the floor. As a youngster he tried to educate everyone on proper glassware. He ended up educating himself: Next time sleep in your own rack!! But he was determined to save his best for first-class year. I'm sure Art will never forget (remember?) the infamous ski trip. Skiers from all around will be grateful for the trail markers from West Virginia to Annapolis. Should have just said "I want my mamma." Anyway, what really happened on your second trip to the Nationals, they always say a team captain is suppose to set an example! Good luck. We hope you always catch the three-wire!! SFR & TAB



Shawn Paul Duffy
Lynn, Massachusetts
General Science
Surface Warfare

The Duffer danced into Annapolis from the baseball fields of Lynn, Mass. A team player, he breezed through plebe year. Not to forget the most memorable of plebe year friendships,-PIG PUSH'85-THE LESSONS ALL FRESHMEN MUST LEARN. Youngster Cruise w/ S.K. established Duffs fashion rep.-Stepping out in Hawaii in slack, oxford, and summer white shoes?(definitely best dressed). 3/c year brought a new roommate,Wild Bill,2 new majors, multiple cheesings, and his first trip to the long green table. After another trip to the long green table 2/c year, Duff, renewed, took a real major and his first weekend in 34 weeks. As Ring Dance approached, Shawn's leadership and planning led to a great time for all. 1/c summer w/ Shawn will always be guarded as my fondest memory-the 4AM weekends in D.C. and climbing the fence for the "Buffet" concert are forever etched in my mind. 1/c year rushed w/2 stripes(4th in platoon drill)and the "absolute" ski trip we can never forget. Shawn conquered the world that year with an enthusiasm powerful enough to drive him wherever he sets his course. As time rushes on I will never forget my best friend at the Academy. SGL

Frank Goshey
El Paso, Texas
Marine Engineering
Surface Warfare

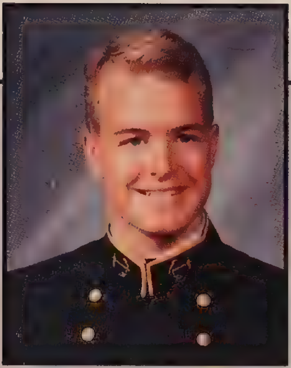
Frank hails from El Paso (lot's of beach but no ocean). Plebe year in Playboy 21 brought run-ins with: medal of honor winners; "Gooshy"; the brick; his perfection of the Ghandi look; and good grades (although he had this strange obsession with Rickover Hall and EN100). Goshman arrived in 14th Co. fresh from a pretty good plebe year; he was in good shape, he was professional, he had good grades. However, about halfway through youngster year 'Stormin' was forced into rooming with a crazy marine and a lazy history major. Things began to slip, as Gosh soon lost the desire to exercise and replaced it with "the need to feed." Poor Gosh's life was not much improved during subsequent semesters. He unsatted his way through second and first class year, hanging on for dear life through subsquad and Rocket Reed. The light at the end of the tunnel gave "Frank de la rack" the impetus to finish, and grab a darn good ship too. Good luck on the high seas, Frank. SWO (swo) n. 1.a. see Goshey M.E.P.

Krista Harris
Stone Mountain, Georgia
English
General Unrestricted Line

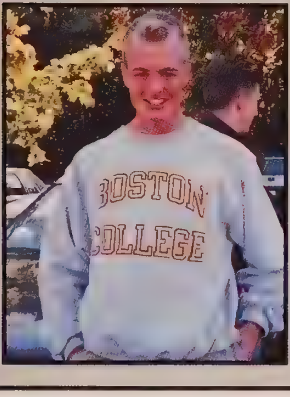
Well, we're almost there! How'd that happen? Slowly, very slowly, kind of like how Krista writes papers. Yes, you'd think an English major could turn out a simple paper in a couple of hours. Why did it take her four weeks, a two week extension, and then an all-nighter? Or almost an all-nighter -- she had to finish by 2:00am so she could drive up to her prof's house in New Jersey to turn it in! And she got an A! Of course, Russian was her forte - 6 straight semesters - and she really can speak it! Dostoyevsky! Cheerleading was another area of distraction in her career at USNA. She finally saw the light first-class year and turned in her pom-poms for a down-to-earth activity - aerobics. We both had our PE trials. She does pull-ups and I run the mile. Together we could have had an A! Do they allow team PE tests? Thanks for your help. Thanks for your ear. And thanks for being a great roommate. Good luck at the Pentagon with all your Russian-speaking friends. You'll show 'em! DLC

William Gordon Irby
Damascus, Maryland
General Engineering
U.S. Marine Corps

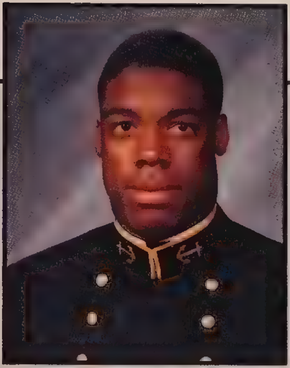
Buddy should give himself a pat on the back--he actually did it. He is an understandably proud graduate of the 1989 Spring session of "Carl-Speak" ("Holmes!"). But this, of course, is only a feather in the cap of his accomplishments here. He has also earned the respect and trust of the people around him, both superior and subordinate, by doing his very best at just about everything. He has grown morally, mentally, and physically--what if the mental part came a little harder than the rest--4.0's just aren't for everybody. This outdoors kind of guy could be seen just about every day getting huge in the weightroom or passageway. Maybe the Corps will start giving waivers for E-course times for personnel constrained by massiveness. He even dresses better now--cammies and a high-and-tight are an asset to any wardrobe. Buddy, you have even managed to be my buddy, friend, brother, teacher, and if that isn't a test in creativity and patience, I don't know what is. I can't wait to see how God will use you in the Marine Corps. KH



Stephen Walter Johanson
Excelsior, Minnesota
Aeronautical Engineering
Surface Warfare

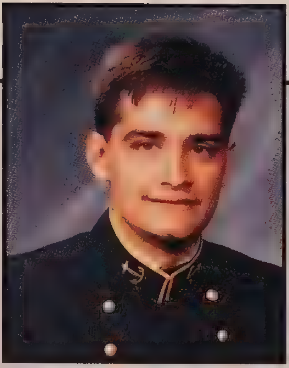


From the land of 10,000 lakes came this sailor who has always challenged us to do our best. After first spending a year at Northwestern Prep School he came to the shores of the Severn to take on the challenges of the Naval Academy, and the aeronautical engineering department. He originally wanted to become a pilot, but cruise changed his service aspirations, and despite the Navy's subtle hints that Rickover's fleet might be best he chose surface warfare. Steve's affinity for surface vessels is undoubtedly rooted in his sailing experience with the Naval Academy Dingy Squadron. He gave up his sailboat 2/c year for Kate- a red 1965 convertible Mustang, which he paid $6000 for and paid another $12000 to keep it running. Kate eventually led him to Goucher College where he mastered the art of fountain dancing, and met Mimi, an attractive Californian attending the "Hotel" Steve's friendship and ready smile will be well remembered. He is destined to be one of the fleet's finest surface warriors. R.V.



Carl Christopher Jordan
Clinton, Maryland
Ocean Engineering
Supply Corps

Carl Jordan has managed to become what many of us had hoped to be. He has maintained a youthful enthusiasm for life despite four years of hardship. While others have become cynical, Carl has remained trusting and full of life. There are those among us who have given in to the chains of conformity yet Carl remains independent. He has broken all stereotypes placed upon him. Not only was he a great football player, but also survived the ocean engineering curriculum and even found time to play the trumpet for the Trident Brass. The greatest role Carl has fulfilled has been that of a friend. He has been there for not only myself but for anyone in need. His enthusiasm is contagious and infects all those around him. I know there is someone reading this Bio out of curiosity or boredome. If you could possibly understand Carl Jordan and his outlook on life then you too shall be a successful person and true to yourself. Oh, and let there be no mistake, Carl's last name does reflect his ability to play basketball! He has more leaps than AMC has jeeps!! -WAW-

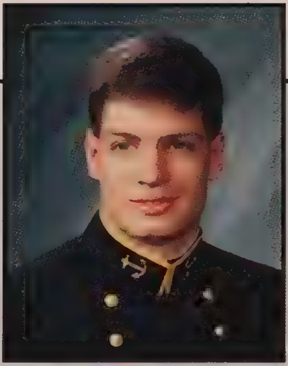


Sean Patrick Kelley
Bremerton, Washington
Economics
Navy Air

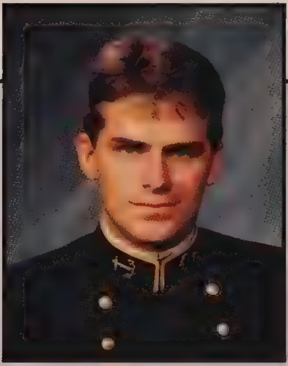
Sean came with the hope of becoming a second generation graduate. He was the voice of reason in a seemingly chaotic environment, and he had a sensible solution for every problem--"my way or else." He leaves, however, with his special project unfinished-- a revamped laundry system. Although he was one of the better athletes in the company, Sean was cursed at birth with a weak bone structure and, as a result, spent much of the last four years in a cast or on crutches. As an economics major, Sean lived the theory of deficit spending as evidenced by his constant lack of money. 3/c year was the Army-Navy game (especially the bus ride) and nightly wrestling matches with the Kepster. 2/c year included weekend trips to Leslie's place in the goober. 1/c year brought a new tradition (Bundy Sundy) as well as an old one (his reputation as a "mellow" partier). Spring Break in Key West was tough for him because he was without the "ball and chain" (just kidding, Les), but we had a great time anyway (we owned that place!). I couldn't have asked for a better roommate and a closer friend. Best of luck as a Navy pilot and remember, "just let it happen!" DEL

Steven Kenneth Kephart
Riceville, Iowa
Aerospace Engineering
Nuclear Power - Submarines

When Steve (12 lbs. SM) arrived from the un-Navy town of Riceville, Iowa, he was a naive, young confused boy. Well, that has changed-- he is no longer young. Steve has proven that he can be a power tool regardless of whether he is driving an eight or a battalion. He has shown that he has the same flair with women five years younger, fifteen years older, or 150 pounds heavier, regardless of how many children they have. I can truthfully say that I look forward to meeting Steve in the fleet because then he might be able to repay the $27.50 he owes me. -BJB-



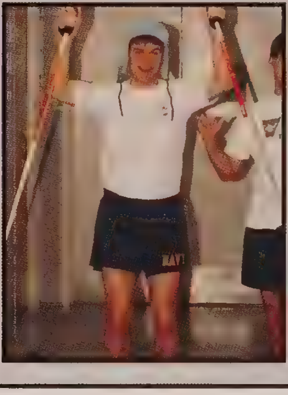
Douglas Dunn Lancaster
Meridian, Mississippi
General Science
Surface Warfare



Dan Everett Lewis
Lompoc, California
Political Science
Naval Flight Officer

John Michael Lewis
Blacksburg, Virginia
Political Science
Special Operations

Stephen Gregory Locke
Rocky Mount, North Carolina
Mechanical Engineering
Surface Warfare

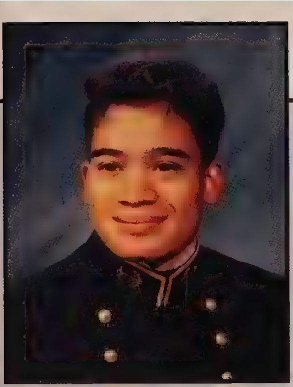


In the summer of 1985 Douglas Lancaster journeyed from Meridian, Mississippi(the "Real South") into the unknown hinterlands of the North, where his Southern blood would have to endure four Annapolis winters. Doug entered the Academy as a motivated Mechanical Engineer and aviator. He soon realized that his future lay in the General Sciences and with that elite group called Surface Warriors. Youngster year proved Doug's fortitude by his surviving many trips to the infamous Georgetown Pub (often, however, requiring aid in returning). Second class summer was the end of this as the forces of nature subdued him. This year Doug also became the rock hard professional that he is today. Doug was so professional that he named his dog Plebe so that on the weekends he could keep in the practice of giving orders and having them obeyed. With graduation upon us, Doug is eager to return to his native South where he can sweat in peace aboard his mighty battlewagon, the USS Groves. So, as we all journey on to our appointed duties, we will all feel safe knowing that this swarthy, southern, seafarer will be defending our country's shores. Good luck Doug. SWJ.

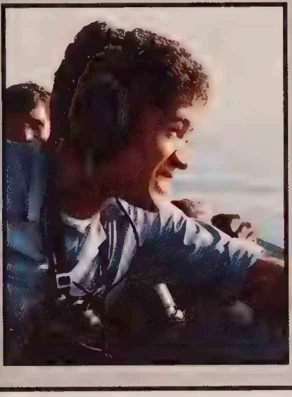
Although Dan would like us all to think he is a True Californian, he's really a product of Lompoc, California, the flower seed capitol of the world. It's still sunny, though, right Dan? Dan came to Navy with aspirations of being an aero major and has proceeded to be the only mid to make poli sci difficult. After 7 hours of sleep a night, you'd think he could stay awake for a few classes. Not Dan, he could fall asleep during a parade and snore louder than the band. Since youngster year, Dan's love life has been scrutinized by the members of the "Entity." He spent two years meeting all of DL Kim's friends to no avail, secretly chasing "A vette" on YP cruise, and throwing out a plethora of phone numbers. First class year, we finally convinced Dan to try skiing and he ended up having knee surgey. Thanks Art! No more skiing or bad weather for Dan as he takes his wealth of cool down to Pensacola to learn how to be a backseat driver. Could be cool, huh, Dan? SPK

With Blacksburg, Jeff & (9), "Dough Head" & "Gramps" in the past John-O & I commenced a LONG journey. A back-shaft boy for the duration and four years Varsity Soccer leave little room for company noteriety (Happy Birthday John!...NO, DAN!). Yet Johnny's amiability and a successful retreat (only 1 torn Knee) won him favor with the "entity". Adorned with the "Scepter" and Danno at his side the fearless pair subdued the Ledge Rats. Summers of Fun and Sun in Guantanamo, RFC & Spain and one glorious weekend with Sweet Pea. Late nights & ear plugs, Bach, Van Halen & Tammy (Ugh!). Rekindling an ancient flame. Thanks for the jelly Ma! Four years by the Bay and three with Johnny taught me that Blacksburg aint quite Georgia but its close enough to scare me into Maine!! Thanks for listening (over and over...) OOHYAH!! GO NAVY DIVING!! "And we were gone, gone, gone." TJM

The Lockster came to USNA and skated plebe year with a varsity football roommate. He had greater aspirations as a youngster - MECH E! As 3/c, we belonged to the 7-3 Bunch. Steve, with a car since plebe year, bugged out every weekend. 2/c year halted road trips and he became a hall rat(22 UNSAT WEEKS). The "Love Squad." He could always go to his library, Trump and How to Dress for Success. From this, his ambitions were clear. Besides who buys a business suit before graduation? The summer brought SDI, a challenging training program -Checkin 9:00AM; Checkout 9:30AM. Also three weekends in D.C.(Orioles, Kings Dominion, Diaquiries!) When the Ac year hit, Steve was a MECH E without passing a majors final since 3/c year. This tragedy brought on second plebe year - private sessions with the ROCKET. Beyond his Waltzing, balding, and some kind of streak, I could not have found a better roommate. His support through my trying times will always be remembered. He knows what he wants and he'll be a great success. Thanks for being my closest friend. Fair winds and smooth stock reports. Good luck! SPD



James Allen Mann
Schenectady, New York
General Engineering
Special Warfare



Jim "Tiny" Mann's initial visit was intentionally short-lived so that he could join the hallowed ranks of the Class of '89. From 9th Company to 14th Company, he quickly established a reputation as a prank-loving, easy going individual. His professionalism was not to be compromised and 3/c year earned him a title of "flamer." The plebes, not to be intimidated by this 98 lb. terror, crucified and practically buried him in the former reflecting pool construction site. 2/c summer landed Jim a spot on detail and sparked a inter-class romance. Ac Year brought struggles as a EE major and a eventual transition to General. One too many nights on the town led to one too many days in Smoke Hall. Jim bounced back, joined the Boxing Club, and secured a SEAL billet. Who could have thought his rookie performance as an All-American could have been topped? 1/c year saw him win the Brigade Boxing Championship and 2nd in Nationals. Off to Coronado and BUDS in his BMW. Remember late night cram sessions, mastering our popcorn secrets, an addiction to java, and perpetual narcolepsy. Tear 'em up on the beaches! PJP

Timothy John Maricle
Glastonbury, Connecticut
Ocean Engineering
Special Warfare

TJ, alias Leg, Bono, Miracle Whip, Senor Pierna, might be found on the ledge, the attic, or just "weirding out" in his "Magic Bus." How many zaftigs have you really had in Sweetpea anyway? The ocean engineer that didn't want to be, TJ struggled somewhat but plebe year ended up carrying him through. 3/c year found TJ in the "outback" with F and F and the start of J's bad influence. However, TJ did take advantage of his new freedom and expand his musical tastes. I can't REPEAT it enough, his music was truly "Maricle-izing." TJ spent 2/c year wanting to rip out a jugular and did the 994 route through EE. CC kept TJ busy 1/c year and he rented out a COD for 2nd semester. TJ also became an immediate favorite of Capt. Shupp. A water polo, swimming, and crew man, TJ was always working out somehow, even if it was in the "graveyard of varsity athletes." The flower child always knew where he was going, he just figured it out too early and couldn't stand to wait. Don't forget the Entity,, late night with RFC, 5" hair, hall-ball, "Willie-the VW God" and "Its good to be the king," and Viking feasts. Hail Sweetpea! KA in BUDS and see ya in SD! JML

Catherine Elizabeth McCann
Edgewater, Maryland
Mathematics
Navy Air

Living one river away and only 20 minutes by my adopted mom's car, Cathy taught me about living by the bay. From 28, we were thrown together by being the last ones to report as youngsters. The things I'll never forget: playing plumber (only hot water!); the hypercondriac; "I can't eat Chinese" or nearly anything else; theme and variation on my favorite songs; hop-a-long; "I don't do REAL math!"; ghosts in the closet; home perm and you always had your camera ready; the preg sweater; finally not jinxing the other's lovelife. NA..NA, NA..NA, NA...BOOP! BOOP! Cathy, you've been a great roommate and my best friend. Best of luck and love always. See ya in Pensacola! JAA

Timothy Brian O'Rourke
Farmingdale, New York
General Science
Surface Warfare

T.O. left the land of big hair and hair spray with a lax stick in hand bound for the NAV. His freshman year was closely supervised by M/LT Glenn-o. Armed with a white works / no chopping chit, he made a mockery of 2/c Hardcore and plebe year. Sophmore year T-Rock moved to fighting 14 and had the honor and priviledge of becoming my buddy, pal, chum and roommate for three years. Bonacci, Loogi and dirty socks were regulars. Long nights downdown with T.O. throwing gerbels and squirrells around Mums and don't forget watering the flag pole in the center of town. After 2 years of being "Weak and in the Street" with his "love mix" and letter writting, the second best-looking man in America returned from the dashboard. Special thanks to Bob for his infinite hospitality and a place for T.O. to stay out of trouble. Through some miracle, he managed to stand only one restriction muster in 4 years. Thanks for the wild times Dude Rourke and good luck getting the Led out on the coast. "I wish I was a headlight on a northbound train,"-"Belly Up"-"Hanzche's front lawn"-"Navy Lax #22" C.L.P.

Mark Earl Paterson
Frankfort, New York
History
Surface Warfare

Mark stumbled into 11 from a Mafia retirement village called Utica, NY. He came ready for battle, but soon his membership on the attrition target board made him consider fleeing USNA in a northerly direction. Not only did "Mango" withstand the attrition, but also a fascist squad leader named Mutley (ss,ss,ss), a bilge pump roomate, girl troubles, grade troubles, psycho troubles... only to get squashed at the bottom of the Herndon Monument. He emerged from the scramble on 7-4 with an open heart. Mango roomed with the weird bunch after Paterson and Paterson, Inc. turned nightmarish. Mango's chief ability seemed to be making his roomates unsat (all of them), this phenomenon became know as the "Earl curse." Gecton managed to live with him for three consecutive semesters(he goes to school in Louisiana now). Banks financed Mango as if he were a third world nation so that he could buy his dream machine. Mango had a way with women, evidenced by his line:"...you are for me!" After a close encounter with a boomer and some reactor coolant, Mango decided SWO was the way to go. F.G.(Jr.)&J.E.D.

Patrick John Paterson
Kutztown, Pennsylvania
History
Surface Warfare

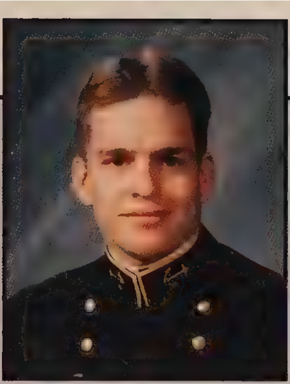
Pat hailed from a pitifully tiny hamlet nestled somewhere in the heart of PA. Despite years of tutelage at K.U., partying and frisbee flicking, P.J. still believed that there was more to life. His suspicions were confirmed when a sailing man blew into town, spouting tales that left a saline aftertaste in the hearts and minds of all who bothered to listen. Patrick was immediately stirred to action. Packing L.L. Bean, the best of intentions, and an endless capacity for good cheer, Pat plowed across Appalachia, landing boondocker-first at USNA. He was severely ravaged by academia. With a hasty transition to the more liberal pursuits of Group III, Pat managed to turn the tide. His professionalism brought him 2/c batallion command; his response: the Tapeball- a rather odious product. His drive and singular dedication brought us ULTIMATE; while his unconventional musical tastes brought me hours of agony. Nevertheless, his cheerful disposition and unique sense of humor are what I will forever remember. Pat: never forget popcorn, Nachos at the R.H., or my vain attempts to enculturate you with GOOD music! Good luck driving ships! JAM

Noel Andrew Pitoniak
Rome, New York
Oceanography
Nuclear Power - Submarines

Noel came to USNA from Rome, N.Y. I became friends with Noel at NAPS. After turning down hockey scholarships and squeaking thru NAPS academically, he aspired to become the starting hockey goalie plebe year, get grades for Nuke and an oceanography major's commodity, and became a good friend of many. He achieves his goals by working hard and playing hard. Upon arriving in fourteen, Noel was nicknamed RUBBERBAND MAN before becoming more affectionately known as the JUICEDOG. He has hung up his pads this year to discover the Academy's good life; Weekends! Sometimes called the "perfect roomates other than T.O and Puch," I must say time with Noel was not always a rose garden, but they were times I would not trade for anything. The submarine force picked a gem when they accepted Noel. We will all look back on our times here at Annapolis, and I am lucky to have many memories to take with me. Thanks Juice! But all of us in fourteen will remember him for his Double-Back-Bicep, which was captured in the 1/c informal picture. To a great man with too many good qualities to mention, my roomate, I wish you the very best! JER

Charles Louis Pucciariello
Bayville, New York
Oceanography
Navy Air

Puch came to the Nav by way of the Belt Pky and the Jersey Tpk. His first stop was the 15 company. In which it was rumored that he did not have much of a Freshman year, since he lived next to the dingy team Capt. This is also where Puch had his first brush with the Conduct system and how they deal with drinking. Puch has since had the pleasure of moving to 14 Co. where he has had the pleasure of living with me for the past 3 years. He has been my buddy, chum, pal and roommate. At first we said goodbye to the skinny green lug and then moved on to tennis balls at the CDO and Pepsi Machines. The very least I can say is that the last 3 years were interesting. Who could forget Hogies party or his problem with watering the floor after a long night. To sum it up "What a long strange trip its been" and I'll blacken your eye and kick your dog. I'll miss ya, thanx for alot of good times dude Puch"Spunkariello". Brown eyed women and red Granadine, "zerox machines","you ain't crazy","Bigger than Big","Navy Sailing AA". T.O.



James Eric Rich
North Bellmore, New York
Computer Science
Surface Warfare

Scott Frederick Russell
Marlton, New Jersey
General Science
Surface Warfare

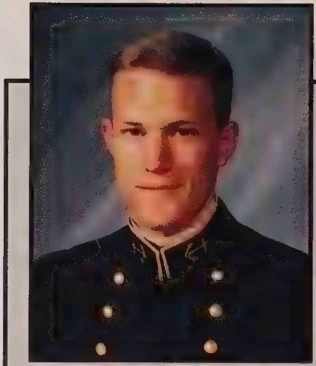
Robert William Vogel
Newtown, Connecticut
Ocean Engineering
Navy Air

Jimbo came to us from the self proclaimed "51st State", Long Island via several stops along the way. After a brief stint at Nassau Community College, he finally got his foot in the door at NAPs. Who could forget those long nights of chemistry and physics, but somehow we made it through. After a one year sabatical in CLUB 34, Jimbo and I became roommates. With his selection of computer science as a major, Jimbo put these skills to good use in various degrees of arcade competition on his trusty IBM. Second class year brought on a new challenge, both to him physically and to the company environmentally---- ice hockey, tag team equipment drying sessions in trhe hall. Not all the times were good ones, but they are lost in the midst of fond memories. The destroyer navy is in for a surprise. Maintain your enthusiasm and you can't be beaten. May good fortune follow you everywhere. NAP

Living with "Muscle" shortened 1/c year. Racking 12 hours a day made us half as close to graduation as our classmates. You broke The Rack Code the least. Perhaps this sleeping ability came from your many 2/c & 3/c hangovers. An official member of "The Cave," you always ensured that Dog Zebra was set. Then Kathy came along. Looks like it's the end of those wild nights out with the boys. We think there should be a law against you raising kids, but we're sure you'll soon have plenty of "rug rats" to teach boxing. We wish you both the best of luck -- if Scott survives the bachelor party. Scotty-a man of many friends-dumpsters, guys at the Voo, plastic at construction sites. The ultimate athlete- Russ destroyed more faces playing basketball than Ali & Tyson combined. His professionalism was influenced greatly by BUD. Driver/owner of the Wes-Russ Goucher express & a member of the $290 speeding ticket club. They were always close To taps, due to cronic unsatness, but never convicted. Russ, you're not the smartest or the tallest man in the world, but, we're all still your best friends. Remember Gelse. THE EIGHT. KRW,TAB & ADD

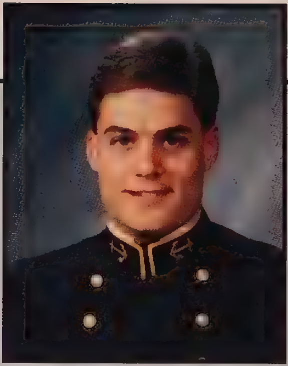
Deciding that college life was too humdrum for him, Ogre chose the fast paced action found at Canoe U. After having a rough plebe year in 20th Company, Rob wandered into 14th. 3/c year found him still living life as a plebe (shirt stays, refusal to succumb to the rack). 2/c year saw him sporting airborne wings and an enthusiastic attitude towards the role of being the plebe's teacher. The 4/c thought he was too enthusiastic. The role of a student did not fit him well as he got bounced around by the Mech E and EE departments. When he wasn't fighting to become SAT, he was fighting Bruno for that ever precious commodity, GORP. During 1/c year, his plebe summer squad almost made him change his service selection from air to medical corps as a result of his daily trips to sick call. He developed quite a way with the ladies, who called and asked if he was coming up to see them. He was Company Commander and senior member of the "Power Click," providing an excellent example to everyone, except during drill where he was out of step. Second semester saw him in a much easier job which left him time to get big and bulky (he now weighs 150 pounds). AEA

15th COMPANY



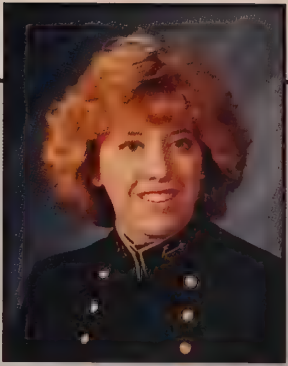
Raymond Andrew Art
Springfield, Virginia
History
Naval Flight Officer

Raymond Andrew Art, alias Ray, alias, Andy, alias Raybo, etc., came to 15th CO. a squared away youngster even though he had been a Napster. Being a Navy brat, Ray was a man of the world, and being the son of a SWO, he was determined to go Marine Corps. But a strange set of events sent Ray into the Naval Aviation Community, where he will go down as the most gungy NFO in history. 2/c year saw Ray fall victim to the 15th CO. curse, but he was cured by the time he donned the 1/c stripes. After completing Bulldog and spending the rest of 1/c summer keeping Napsters in line, Ray went ballistic with the return of the brigade. Ballistic is also a good word to describe Ray's driving habits. He was always in control, but Ray has yet to have a person return for a second ride. All seriousness aside, Ray was a great roomate and friend, even though he did keep me up at all hours with his late night talks. MSP



Michael James Baird
Annapolis, Maryland
Mathematics
Nuclear Power-Submarines

It is finally over. I would never do it again!

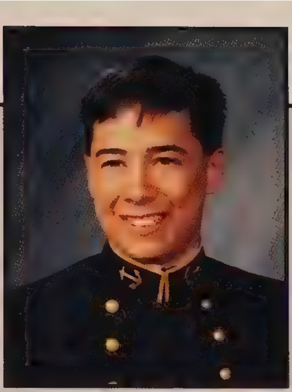


Brenda Kathleen Berger
Socorro, New Mexico
Oceanography
Supply Corps

Brenda found her way here from the thriving metropolis of Socorro, New Mexico. Plebe year gave Bren free reign to demonstrate a hidden talent for fusing belt buckles. She successfully avoided Squeal & Lance Romance's midnight computer cart chases. Youngster Year-"Anyone seen BK?" "Check across the hall!" Enough said! 2/c Year-"Ever had a tequila shot?" "Who's shirt is this anyway?!" Eternal study breaks, Falls Church weekends, "Double 'E'?-No problem! Let's go out!!" Ring Dance date-what a babe! 1/c Cruise-still seasick?? "Where'd you go tonight, Bren?" "A strip bar with the fellas-well, not exactly a strip bar!" Road Trip...Mile 89...Hurricanes & hidden ferries. P-cola ...we'll leave in a day-make that three!! "Young lady, you have a blatant disregard for our law." "We woulda had the bail money-but we went shopping today!" Ac Year ran a sailboat aground-we were innocent! Another topless bar, Bren? Is this becoming habit? THE Party..."Where's Brenda?" Thanks to the Bakers. Brender, always remember your HS buddy and the "bad influence" you met at USNA...Thanks for many years of meaningful friendship. Luv ya! HKR(H) and KJS

Harry Elliott Brandicourt
Cookeville, TN
Oceanography
Nuclear Surface

Harry Elliot Mathieu Brandicourt - Most of us know him as Harry, Alrisha knows him as Mathieu, & none of us knew what to call him after plebe year. Plebe chemistry was as exciting as a titration, but it was where a strong friendship was born. Plebe year was spent in Slack Six & on the foredeck of Wildcat (yes that massive body can move). Was it there that you absorbed your magnetic attraction for other boats? On youngster cruise, an ole salt you became with a translant under your belt. The experience gave you command of Pursuit as a youngster. 2/c year didn't offer you as many problems as it did your classmates. OMM went up as you were put up for 5 maybe 6 stripes? 4 stripes were grasped (Harry a striper?!) with 1st Reg-Sub and E.B.. Nuke interviews - what an experience (were we a little bitter or what until the good news came?). Kubie thinks you're a bit crazy at times; why subject yourself to pre-airborne knowing you won't be able to take a billet? I think I know why, to prove to yourself you can do it. Harry, you don't need to prove it to us, you can do whatever you set your mind on!!! Seaner

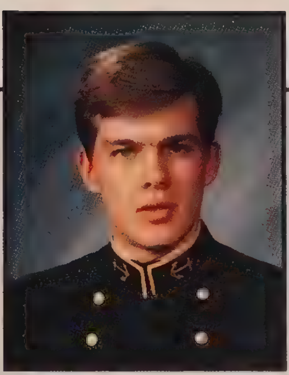


Bruce Trent Brown
Asheville, North Carolina
Aerospace Engineering
Nuclear Power - Submarines

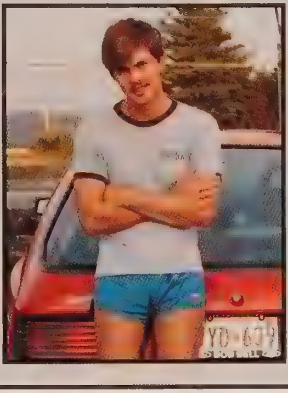
Brownie, as most people call him (other than those who know him as Tony), came to USNA to avoid going to jail for heinous crimes against society or in return for a Ford Mustang SVO. Although he still has trouble getting in to see Trish, the nector of the gods has yielded many noteworthy times for him. He is reknowned for the rainbow-colored spew which he uses with great artistic talent on such works as repainting the Japanese torpedo outside of Dahlgren Hall. Besides seeing a poltergiest calling to him in the night, he also has a habit of running into fairy-tale females such as Cinderella, Snow White, and the L.A. Gear woman when he goes out to places like Poseurs in Georgetown. Even though the fearless leader of the party squad has had the best grades in the company several times and was a shoe-in for nuke, he has never even been on 'Dant's List. Besides death, his main goals in life are Elaine, a Testerosa, and a hearty buzz. If you ask him, I'm sure he would love to have a French vanilla milk shake. However, don't ask him to drive in the rain while listening to a tape of Game Theory and keep him away from flammable Fozzies. CJP

Heidi Christine Dickerson
North Pole, Alaska
English
Surface Warfare

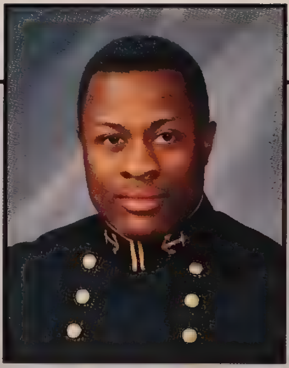
Leaving behind her apartment, car, and paycheck, FC2 Dickerson came to USNA by way of Washington, with a 2-yr. stop in Great Lakes. Landing in 34th co., she began her illustrious career as a "Crewba" extraordinaire & Glee Club soprano. Plagued with selective senility, Heidi never did learn all those names... "Oh, I don't know, some blonde guy taking taps..." Youngster year found Heidi in 15th co., still rowing and heavily geeking. 2/c year was a blur of injuries and EE. If the Navy could have lost Heidi on 1/c cruise, it would have. As it was, she steamed into Cuba just as her scheduled flight out flew over the ship's bridge...Two days late reporting for Plebe Detail, Heidi learned sword manual sans sword. Were the shafters scared to give her one? Heidi charged into the rowdy life of 1/c year a new woman, this time with a cast. How'd you run into a ceiling tile? Gone was the Sup's list mid-dork we once knew. A confirmed SWO, Heidi and coffee cup are off to home port sunny Guam. Good Luck in the fast lane Heidi, your 15th Co. buddies will miss you. BKB and MAV



Stephen Charles Formella
Taylor, Michigan
Physics
Nuclear Power - Submarines

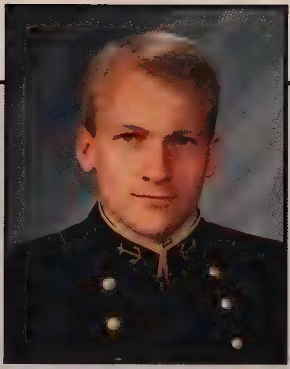


Stephen Charles Formella was the only man admitted to the Naval Academy who was already receiving Social Security. He'd spent the previous 30 or 40 years as a prior enlisted Nuke. His experiences came in handy as he was always able to tell Perky and I how things were done "at Nuke School." After an exhausting plebe year, Floyd moved to 15th CO. where he immediately began working to minimize the time he was conscious, since when he was awake he seemed to spend so damn much money. I attribute Floyd's indebtedness to the profligate spending habits he must have developed in his younger years as either a professional dancer, a poet, or a country singer. Overcoming severe narcolepsy, bercitis, renal contusions, and a host of recurring afflictions, Steve managed to make good grades, fix everything I broke, find a number of useful items, shoot skeet, box a little, golf a lot, and run the 5th Wing Barber Shop. Still a Nuke to the Corps(ARGHUH!), Steve was a great roomate and friend and will be an excellent officer. SKL



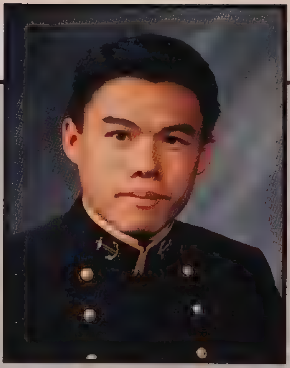
Eddie Lee Glasper
Houston, Texas
Physical Science
Marine Air

Eddie L. Glasper, a name which will live in infamy. I'm not 100% sure but I think the first thing he said when he was born was OOH RAH. Eddie is the model marine. Well, I should say the model marine pilot. He's a lot smarter than the marine image but has had a very hard time proving this fact since leaving his hometown of Houston, Texas. In his illustrious stay at USNA, Eddie has not only managed to sooner or later go general, but also to work his way to the many, the proud, the brave, the phy sci's. Eddie has always been an intense person as evidenced by his four years of play on the 150 lb football team and his plebe room rampage during youngster year. All in all, Eddie has been someone who I could always depend on and I know his future baby marines will feel the same way. JAW



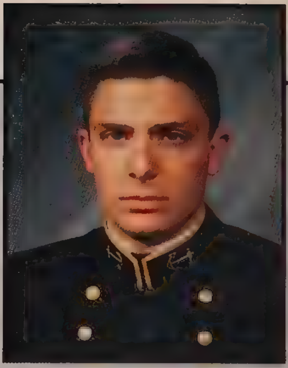
James Warren Holly
Mill Valley, California
Systems Engineering
Nuclear Power - Submarines

Jim came to the Academy from a Navy family, so he has lived everywhere. His parents abandoned him for Naples, Italy during youngster year but he found an excellent alternative. Jim began in Fun 1 where all "real men" should start and marked himself as a "studyholic." Youngster year he came to 15 with a high QPR & a vision for stripes. He spent many hours in Maury, building gadgets & playing with computers. Jim jumped on the "social bandwagon" a little later than most but in a grand fashion. He made many trips to Goucher, only to realize that he was safer remaining in Annapolis on weekends. 1/C year brought fewer trips to Goucher and more trips to Women's Crew Races. In all his travels he has made many companions-one in every port. A man of undying integrity, Jim will excel to new bounds in the submarine navy. He might even use some of his gadgets to make life better under water. It has been great knowing you and living with you. They say opposites attract. You will always have a friend above the surface to get you into trouble. Good luck under water, meet yourself a mermaid but don't reach for the soap. Go Navy!! RKM III



Joker Lee Jenkins
Chula Vista, California
Mechanical Engineering
Nuclear Power - Surface

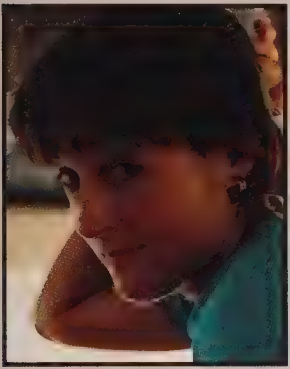
Joker Jenkins joins the ranks of Canoe U. from sunny San Diego. Despite leaving his beloved world of sand, sun, and surf where he was on top of the world, Joker still hit plebe year at a full sprint. 30th Co. reaffirmed our fear of upperclass harassment and academic difficulties, yet Joker managed to escape notice by the feared class of '87. Youngster year began to brighten up with a trip back to southern California to get a taste of real college life. Girls, beaches, surf, and so on. Later that summer he expanded his horizons to the Far East. 2/C year saw Joker's organizing the Navy Ultimate Frisbee Team and a successful first season accompanied by the girls and the parties of past tournament festivities. Academics never being much of a concern, Joker served an internship at the Pentagon during 2/C summer and eventually a spot in the Nuclear Surface Navy. A new mustang convertible and a mild 39 hour road trip form coast to coast started that summer off on the right foot. Tiajuana and Mexico always held some surprises yet those Kutztown Tequila Sunrises still pack a punch. Knock'em dead in the Fleet, buddy! Keep'em flying! PJP



Dieter Gordon Jobe
Corpus Christi, Texas
General Science
U.S. Marine Corps

A "real man", Jobee Tobee came to 15 Co. from Texas, where everything is big. Unfortunately, his QPR did not mirror his heritage, and he served two brief tours in engineering majors before finally finding his home in science. Two tousles with the Admin Conduct System and three speeding tickets served to blemish an otherwise stellar record of achievements. Despite a quasi "pretty boy" face, a sinewy muscular body, a mild demeanor, and a Hi Ho Silver, women frequently eluded this urban cowboy. He was often found wallowing in the evils of places like Dahlgren and Goucher, where he strove to rope the perfect cow Patty. Like all officers and gentlemen, he treated his women well until it was time to get issued new gear. All kidding aside, Dieter has established himself as an outstanding performer as well as a demanding and compassionate leader. His unfailing morals and high standards have served to better all of those around him. Being his room mate for three years has been both a privilege and an experience that I would gladly repeat. You have always been a friend, even when I deserved one least. See you in the Corps. Semper Fidelis! SSL

Karin Anne Klose
Rochester, New York
Electrical Engineering
Navy Air



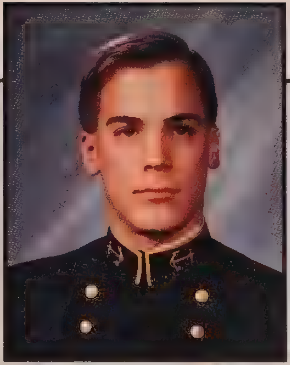
Karin (pronounced car in) is one of the brightest, nicest, and hardest working girls I know. Karin came to USNA a hard charger, a girl who worked hard enough in high school to ace her SAT and become an athelete here at the academy. She participated in crew while majoring in EE. She managed this ominous schedule with a never ending list of things to do, which she never failed to meticulously check off item by item. This level of organization brought Karin to the hallowed hallways of 3-1 second semester. Karin's exploits were not always of a professional nature, however. From daquiris to toga parties to Grand Theft Auto; " Officer...same make same color the key fit who would of guessed that those weren't my Raybans on the dashboard?" Yes, Karin is a jack of all trades, with the blender from hell, no party ever complete without her eye blinding concoctions that could bring the average person to the verge of truth.I will always consider Karin as one of my greatest friends. Thanks for everything. I know that you will never slow down. JMJ

Stephen Kermit Laabs
Nokesville, Virginia
Political Science
U.S. Marine Corps

Stephen Jr. came to USNA with the ambition to be an outstanding SWO like his father, Stephen Sr. '64, but somewhere along the hard and treacherous path at USNA something snapped inside that calm and well structured mind of his: He wanted to be a Marine! Boxing must have done it as four years of it made Sky more aggressive, all the way to USAFA & his National Championship bout with a bus driver 1/c year. If only Sky would have been as obsessed with EE & weapons as he was with boxing and KVD 2/c year, life for him would have been so much easier. He probably could have gone on Spring Break that year, too. Besides the many distractions of toe nails turning colors while he slept, "LL" popping up on everything, and his midnight runs through company area for what seemed like hours, Sky made it past 2/c year. 1/c year was a little less eventful but just as exciting especially as Company Commander. This is not to say nothing happened, that deer that lost a viscious game of chicken on Rt. 301 one Sunday night, and the note from Kathy up in Michigan. It's been great to be your roommate and I'll never forget the times we've shared. 'GET SOME, SKY!' SCF

Steven Scott Lambrecht
Ivanhoe, Minnesota
Aerospace Engineering
Marine Air

Faster than a speeding Toyota 4x4 with a flat tire, able to get two '5000s' within a year of each other, it's "He." A mild mannered individual by day, "He" searches for prey to taunt during study hour. Things once sacred shall be tarnished and loved one's true to your heart will be verbally abused. Nothing shall remain intact, not even your desk lamp, when you have been touched by "He." I was touched by Steve, alias "He." Steve has been a guiding light for the past three years. An inspirational leader, Steve has set high goals for himself and attained them. As my best friend, he motivated me when times were tough; and believe me there were many. From VTNA to 5-G S-turns in a Hornet, OOHRAH! Good Luck in Marine Corps Air! DGJ

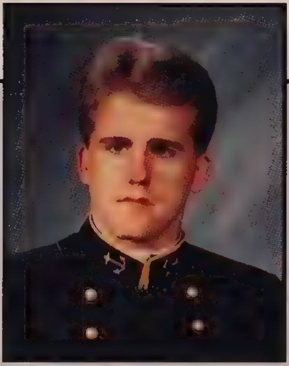


Karl Frederick Liebl
Petaluma, California
General Engineering
Surface Warfare

Karl Schwartzeliebl, Porsche owner extraordinaire and driving instructor to the stars, hails from Petaluma, arm wrestling capital of the world and San Francisco annex. Maybe this could be the reason he thinks he can arm wrestle, when in actuality he can't. His retort after defeat was "When you can beat me in the weightroom, then we will talk." Although he was the inventor of the "Atomic Dap," more often than not his own neck was the site of ground zero. The ability to drink Vodka straight served him well during his underclass year. He was known to terrorize the local population of Annapolis in an drunken state, forcing his cover upon the heads of unsuspecting civilians. Karl's love for the Academy was unparalleled and unexplainable; Karl was often known to stay in on weekends just to sleep and to polish his car (when it wasn't at Koon's Porsche). The eternal bachelor, Karl takes his love of Porsches, all things big, and feathered waterfowls to San Diego; where his wonder twin, the Ranger, and the beach await his arrival. BTB,CJP,ELG

Bonny Carol Morgan
Acton, Massachusetts
Math, minor French
General Unrestricted line

Bonny left Acton Ma. in July 1985 to join the Navy and see the world. Since that fateful I-Day, she's traveled to Hawaii, Europe, and the Orient, but has never lost her New England charm. A 5'2" bundle of energy, Bon is the only girl I know who can sew her own clothes, cook like a gourmet, and tackle the all the obstacles on the Quantico confidence course. No wonder she was a varsity gymnast. Before she knew it she had joined the ranks of 15th Co. as a youngster. Here, she literally "ran" into the man of her dreams; of course she had to slow down long enough for Jeremy to catch her first. After a fateful first date, the two were a match made in restriction muster. Now, Bon is headed for Japan where she and Jerm will be together again. We're counting the days till that march wedding. Bonny, whether we're hanging over the side of a YP battling seasickness, swapping stories, sharing secrets, or confiding dreams, you have always been a true friend. No matter where your travels take you, you will always seem close-by. For Bonny, you will always have a special place in my heart. Best Wishes Always, Kristin.

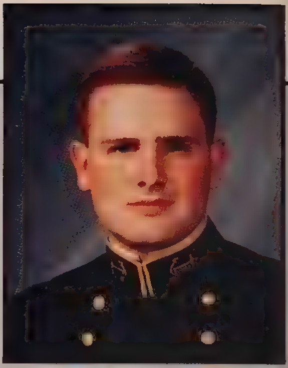


Robert Knox Morrison
Arnold, Maryland
General Science
Surface Warfare

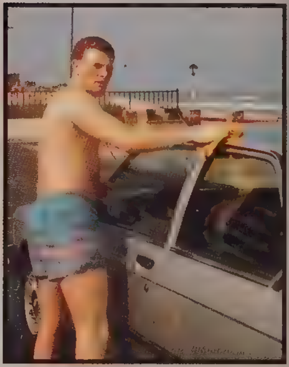
Perhaps the only recruited manager in the history of Navy football, Rob Morrison came to the Academy with the gouge and a Dole sitcker. You might have found him running around at night in "86 PEP" gear, borrowing the bell from the anchor, or shouting "Napalm sticks to 86." Rob lived at home most of his years here, until his family vanished to Michigan, but he did get to meet "10" at the Rose Bowl. Rob took many risks, but what could be worth driving in the yard? Mamoo's cooking! He shared his good fortune and warm family with geographic orphans. With all that home cooking, it's no wonder The BIG CHEESE could be seen on the O-Course more than once a semester. His goals went from Marines, to subs, to flying helos, to every trick in the book for supply, and finally surface. He will surely qualify quickly, lateral transfer to sub supply and beat me to my sub. Rob's extensive experience with players and coaches and his ability to make the impossible happen will serve him well. Living with you was never dull. You can always count on a friend keeping an eye out for you from below. Good luck and throw some "D". JWH.

David Sean Nolan
Boca Raton, Florida
Marine Engineering
Nuclear Power-Submarines

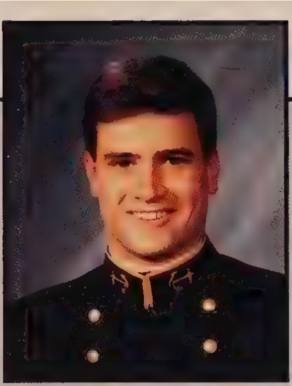
Sean came to USNA back in 1985 with three goals: 1) earn an engineering degree 2) skipper an offshore racing yacht and 3) graduate to become a submarine officer. He did it!!!!!!!!! Youngster year Sean started to get really set in his habits: get up, go to class, go sailing, go workout, go to the library to study, go to sleep and start over. The weekend was sail, study, sleep; sail, study, sleep. He was a man with a mission. Second class year he started SERIOUS womanizing. At one point he juggled five lovely lass's all at once-an incredible feat. Now a firstie he is skipper of the last of the 50' IOR's "Seahawk". Now go off to the submarine world - have fair winds and following seas, peace and happiness always - remember your musical education and take nothing too seriously. HEMB



Mark Scott Perkinson
Bedford, Kentucky
General Engineering
Surface Warfare



Mark, alias Perky, came from a small town in Kentucky and entered what he called the CITY of USNA. Well we managed to open Perky's eyes in the following three years from Goucher to serving restriction together on more than one occassion. Perky enlightened us with his many talents from dominating the courts of 3-on-3, driving lessons of both a Beamer and a TopFlite all over the course, to photographer. Academics hit Perky smack in the face during 2/c year but he crushed a few Ac Boards and is still here to tell about them. 1/c year found Perky running in at 0059 to hit the rack every Fri. and Sat. Among the many things we shared besides a room for 2 1/2 years was the humor of Schumpert before he left us, a two man room 3/c year for 2 months, Sky's all nighters, some awesome painting during the afternooon rack sessions and some great golf games. All kidding aside, three years in 15th would have been pretty boring if you weren't there with me while we ruffled Sky's feathers from time to time. Well we lived through the KVD era, I bet we could live through anything. Good luck with the SWO job, I know you'll be the best! SCF

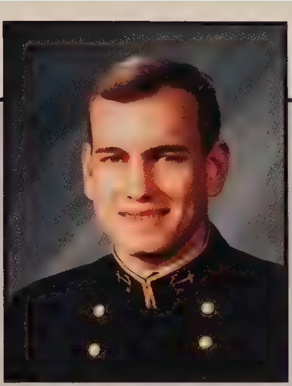


Michael Jordan Priefer
Marietta, Georgia
Economics
Navy Air

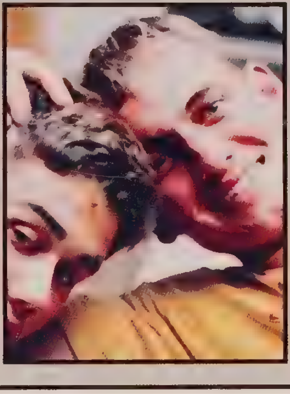
Prief came into his own as a mid one night during 2/c summer when he suffered a loss he never could recover from. That splendid summer...hey, who are those guys with the pugel sticks?...and what am I doing in camouflage? Before that he spent plebe year with an unusually large roommate, while youngster year found him acting as a Heisman candidate for the Navy defense. After this beating, the decision to stay or go weighed heavily, but his later association with two derelicts forced him in the right direction. 2/c year proved difficult, and late 2nd semester Friday nights found him rolling dice tryng to score. Prief ventured into 1/c year, the captain of a team. A tough fall season finished with a gratifying 16-6 victory over Army...who made that great catch, couldn't have been you? Next came London, a tear for Brigadoon, psycho French chicks, late night trips in your underwear, Australian barmaids, & tours & bitters with Joe...and Germany - I still haven't found what I'm looking for but this Mercedes sure is nice. Graduation dawns upon us and the Navy will be richer with Mike's motivation. Go Cleveland. FCA. God bless you, Mike. KJQ

Craig James Prosser
Reading, Pennsylvania
Aerospace Engineering
Surface Warfare

In the brief time he has been awake at the Academy, Craig has left his indelible mark. Kept on the straight and narrow during Youngster and Second Class year by his guru Earl, Craig lost spiritual direction when his West Street Mecca was boarded over. Well, we all turn of age and parking garages are lonely places anyway. You can't drive Montego's all your life, and the yoke of domestication falls on all our shoulders. The combined weight of engagement rings, personal computers, and debilitating toe injuries eventually wore Craig down and allowed the shackles of married life to be locked soon after graduation. Say hello to the world of lawn mowing, dishwashing, and diaper changing and goodbye to late nights in Dahlgren, Miss America, and slam dancing in Georgetown. Calm seas and fair skies to you, SWO warrior, may the wind be always at your back. -btb



Richard Charles Rapson
Maitland, Florida
Economics
Navy Air



"Rap, the self professed Econ wizard and sun god hails from Florida via the Marine Military Academy where he discovered he likes long hair and has no desire to become a Marine. The closet hard charger soon distinguished himself as the ultimate rack hound, thus earning him the name Sloth. No force on earth could ruffle his feathers; save, being wakened from sleep. No man treads on Sloth's rack lest he be smitten a death blow. A miserable youngster year and crew practice was soon put behind him. He then went with his "brothers" in the bug from hell to comb the local colleges. Our boy was laid back and easy going. On occasion he was known to suffer the effects of over indulgence. Youngster cruise brought the name "liberty risk," a company party brought a TKO, and Midnight Wrestlemania brought a fat lip. A pure bastion of professionalism, the Sloth, was a well rounded individual. He did everything from his required tour of duty in Smoke Hall to opening a 15th co. Wardroom. He's now moving on to fly the friendly skies! - DER

Dominic Earl Roberts
Fairbank, Iowa
General Engineering
U. S. Marine Corps

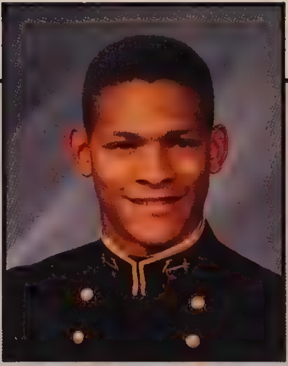
"Gus" was uprooted from his Iowa paradise and thrust into the mainstream of USNA. After spending plebe year in 23rd Co. He was scrambled into 15th Co. Youngster year found our hero mustering in Smoke Hall for dueling an upperclass at Army-Navy with fire extinguishers. Academics also left poor Gus floundering in unsatness. He could not absorb his Mech. Eng. in his brain, so to avoid the rush, he made the jump to General. The bright spot of this year was a varsity letter in wrestling. Second class year started out quickly with a company party on Sandy Point. Many a mid were overcome by the celebration and his informal picture resulted. Gus soon became notorious for his stealth Vous runs. Second semester our hero found his calling and shipped off to the summer resort town of Quantico for 6 months of USMC OCS. Bulldog seemed to change this once mild mannered fellow because he could be seen yelling at an occasional Plebe. Gus once again found himself in Smoke Hall for not running ALCOHOL*** on NATS. Poor Gus finished out the year without taking a weekend second semester.- RCR

16th

COMPANY

Duska Lynn Sahler
Tucson, Arizona
English
U. S. Marine Corps

Michele Ann Villani
Lyons, New York
English
Supply Corps

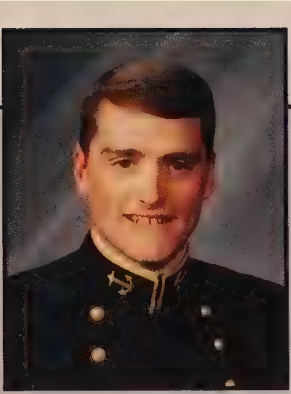


Jay Allen Warren
Jacksonville,Florida
General Engineering
Naval Flight Officer

Duska came to us from Tucson, Arizona bright, beautiful, and so full of life it was no wonder her magnetic personality become so well known. She established four years of athletic excellence on the V. volleyball and crew teams. Most admirable about Duska is her consistent determination to succeed, the example that we all try to emmulate. For Duska, the sun will always shine-academic boards led to the 'Dants list 1/c year. The challenges of Bulldog only fed her instinctive capabilities in the thick of it all. Lucky for the USMC, her heart was sold on cammie, a color only Duska could make sexy. But regardless of countless admirers, there have been few recipients of her attentions. A love for the USMC leaves no room for rendezvous- or does it? We'll leave the challenge with Duska. Always happy to give-this is her beauty. My favorite treat is the special friendship that began as "twins" and put Navy Bulldoggettes at the top at OCS. "It just doesn't get any better than this." I will forever belive in the modest giving strength within Duska-Doo. Our shared experiences and thoughts are the roots of my life, career, and beliefs. Love, Ma-rye-a.

Michele arrived at USNA to discover St John's had no ROTC unit. "A MILITARY school? Why doesn't anyone smile?" "Attention on deck!" "Come down off the sink, Villani!" Spring caught Mich, roomie and "friends" catching rays on the Point. Finally west of Buffalo, she spent Youngster Cruise in SoCal, land of Coronas and Casa Sanchez. A Jimmy Buffett fanatic, Mich let LITTLE stand between them! Youngster Year found Michele in 15th Co., with roomie from hell. 2/c Year? Between a car at Z's, partying with '91, and CSTS, Michele went into stealth mode. Speaking of CSTS, weren't you going to Bermuda?--Couldn't get past Warm Eddy 88?--SURE it was a 30-foot wave of justice! YP's were a chance to recover. Pat O'Brien's (what's in your pocket?), midnight beach runs. "Did you know it's $500 for building bonfires?" "Officer, not the BEER!" Paying off MC, Michele sought entertainment closer to home 1/c Year. Dollar movies at Jumpers, cheap rum and coke. Large trunks are handy, huh, Mich? Have room for another? Graduation finds Mich still sailinng. Trying for Bermuda again?!? Hit those Athens deckplates running--see you there! Luv you--BKB

Jay Allen Warren, better known as "Jaybone" to most of his friends came to the academy from sunny Jacksonville Florida. Like a lot of his more adventurous classmates, Jay had high hopes of being an electrical engineer but it didn't take too long for reality to set in and Jay to become a general. It took even less time for Jaybone to find a spot on the volleyball team. Jaybone and the rest of the team spiked balls and roofed opponents as far away as Cally and then came back to the east coast to stop making sense. Volleyball was bery, bery good to Jay. He met the future Mrs Warren while spectating at one of the lady netters' home games. Life after that was not always roses but thats another story. Jaybone had to sweat grades a lot. He even made a command performance on 4-1. He then had to sweat service selection. He didn't make the first cut for NFO but those burnt offerings must have worked because he got it on the second pass. ELG



Joseph Manning Austin
Shrewsbury, Mass.
Computer Science
Nuclear Power - Surface

Rusty came to Canoe U from the small town of SHREWSBURY, Mass. Never getting enough of the cold, he spent four years practicing at 5 am for Hockey. All this practice obviously paid off when he became the B-team hockey captain his firsty year. Even 5 am practices couldn't cure his insomnia, which led to some late night discussions on cars, religion, wives and life. His first weekend liberty as a youngster was spent in D.C.. There his line of "EXCUSE ME! Care to dance" not only succeeded in pushing his roommate out of his way, it also eventually led him to the altar. Second class year brought on a new job, that of car salesman. His MIDSTANG was only one of five in the company, and even after the theft of his fog-lamps and radar detector, his car is still in better shape than any of the other Mustangs. A future wife and his love of NAVTAG led to an easy decision on service selection night, that of Nuke SWO and at these I wish him the best of luck. May your love of the navy only be exceeded by your Love of your wife. REM

Scott Kenneth Baroun
Mishicot, Wisconsin
Mathematics
Nuclear Power - Submarines

Scott, a.k.a. Skippy, came to USNA from Wisconsin, Land of Cows. After an auspicious plebe year in 23, Skippy came to Sweet Sixteen with high hopes and stars on his collar, only to face EE and the 'Mikey' regime. During his first (and last) semester as an EE major, Skippy was known for little sleep, his stylish dress and matching hairdo. Second semester brought changes in major and attitude as he finally loosened up. Second class year made Skippy designated driver (the only driver), founder of the "10", and photojournalist of fine Annapolis establishments. Skippy survived Bulldog during First class summer only to be convinced that his career choice was clearly submarines. First class year brought Skippy and the Thunderpunks first video, visits to the 'Vous', closing down 'Bananas' in Cancun, exponentially increasing buffness, and Skippy the sensitive guy. With six months off, nuke school, submarines, the '94 Tour, and the beach hotel/bar/etc. in the future....hey, it doesn't get any better than this! Good luck Skip! KWB

John Cunningham Beal
Huntington, West Virginia
General Science
Surface Warfare

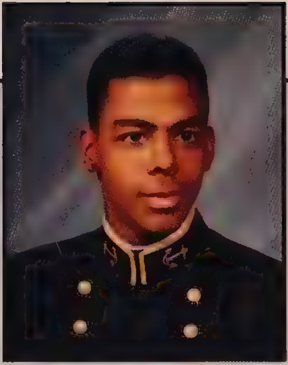
"Johnny B" came to good 'ol USNA after spending two years at Marshall University in his hometown, Huntington, West Virginia. He came here not your typical West Virginian, for he never had that familiar accent. He studied physics through 2/c year, but realized that it was more than just a challenging major. Switching to general science gave John the opportunity to experience something totally new - weekend liberty. This opened new roads to John, i.e. Route 301 South to Richmond. First Class year found John spending many a weekend with his beloved Jane and his GTU. He also represented USNA well as the U.S. Navy flag bearer in the color guard and leader of the company raquetball team. As John leaves us to become a surface warrior, we wish him good seas and fair winds. His good naturedness and constant smile will take him far.

Keith William Brzozowsky
Chinchilla, Pennsylvania
Aerospace Engineering
Nuclear Power-Submarines

Keith, "Hey Dude Man," Brzozowsky was another of the lucky few to come to Sweet 16. He has displayed the highest degree of tolerance of any person I know. I'll never figure out how he survived his 2/c accomodations! Keith has always been ready to get away, and his antics have provided us with enough humor to keep everyone laughing for a long time. Who could forget the world record "death march across the Severn," his 'Vous' inspired donations to McDonalds, and his radical Thunderpunk guitar playing style. Keith excelled as an Aero-major, acquiring that age-old skill of staying up all night. Funny how it didn't seem to work on the night of the Ring Dance. Keith was a charter member of the "10" and travelled with the boys to Cancun for our final first class "go Bananas" party. Although Keith has displayed an affection for left wing music, I'm sure as a Thunderpunk, he'll be ready for the '94 Tour. Throughout his stay in 16th Co., Keith has been a super guy and a great friend to us all. He is bound to excel in the Submarine Force and throughout his career. Good Luck and remember, beware of the FWOBs! SKB

Albert Fernando Corchuelo
Las Vegas, Nevada
General Science
U.S. Marine Corps

Al, a spunky native of Las Vegas, Nevada, came straight from high school into the Academy. His affinity for sports and physical activities served as assests in his involvement in various extracurricular activities and special summer training options--especially Airborne. Because Al's ultimate intention is to be a pilot, flying an F-4 Phantom during first class summer was a definite highlight of his training experiences. Of course, not all highlights must be professionally related--the phrase "Liberty in Hawaii" brings a certain wide, devious grin to Al's face! The Marine Corps will be benefiting from Al's background in General Science, his assertiveness, and his honest, tenacious effort in every task he undertakes. Semper Fidelis!! JCB



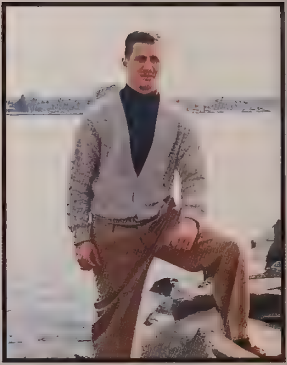
Harold Richard Cornwall
Manhattan, New York
Systems Engineering
Nuclear Power-Submarines

An avid New Yorker, Harold came to us after touring Europe, leaving behind a trail of broken hearts. He was enticed by advertisements offering world travel, college education, and guaranteed employment. Packing his favorite books--The Connoisseur's Guide to Better Wine and Cheese Tasting Parties and GQ's Guide to Better Wardrobes for Today's Yuppie--Hank headed to Annapolis. He noted the lack of social graces he once knew and sought refuge in the only "civilized" group at USNA: The Severn River Yacht Club. His aspirations toward FADM of the "Greyhounds of the Severn" were interrupted by the mundane aspects of his other hobby: Systems Engineering (rock Computer Science). Worried that his QPR would drop below 3.30, he changed to the elite 16th Co.NAVTAG squad, satisfying his zest for adventure and thirst for battle. His desire to wear Docksiders on watch convinced him to go Subs, though both of his CompSci, dolphin-wearing roommates went Navy Air. Remember Cancun, MACing, suspended Licence to Ill, "Groups that begin with 'The' aren't MELLOW, Harold!", "Oooh, Hank! You're so buff!". Good Luck to the Renaissance Man. JAS, DEG, ETM, T-4

John Evan Dell
Redding, California
Computer Science
Navy Air

Dr. Wad, the eye in a storm of the NavTag cesspool of coolness. Hark, once homeboy, this fine young lad has mastered the fine art of swinage and completely chameleonizing himself for hapless victims in Snapptown, Washington, Vermont, and abroad. But this covers only the surface, beneath lies his three moral values; shaved muffins, heavy air splashin, and non-scuba slothin (not always in that order) Henceforth the name Dr. Wad. The slope tool Johnny Dell is also a force to be reckon with. He possesses too much of the Ted Shred lobotomized fear lobe for jumping off cliffs. For recluse, the lounge at the Shmilo Inn has been a source of divine inspiration for John. Let us never forget what's bad for our health (his cousin) At the Annapolrock Fun House, John charges through grueling days of sackdum and ponders at his bulging disk collection. What's next? The Hooters new disk? One of John's other passions is his need to tinker. No globule of technology is safe from his 1000000 and 1 tool kits (even if it works) His mission: to fly and scam. We send you off with the best regards, Eh? MWR

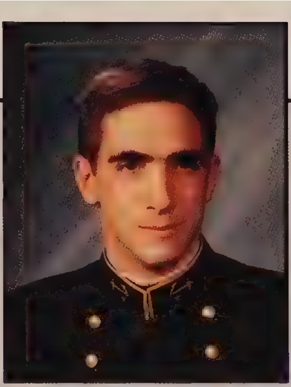
Dana Scott Dewey
Vienna, Virginia
Aerospace Engineering
Naval Flight Officer



Dana comes from halfway around the Beltway, a small town conveniently close to M street. Recruited for football, he played for a year and a half before moving on to bigger and better things: namely, waterskiing and a legendary intramural career. The most organized person I know, Dana eventually rose through the ranks to become Company Commander, a job he would grow to love. He has an uncanny ability to keep a beautiful girl on his arm, although I'm pretty sure it has something to do with his knack for captivating an audience with a story. I will not forget some of the things we have been through, especially the St. Michael's ordeal; the Count and the Zipper; the Big Blue Blur; skiing with B.K., Jay, and the snowmobile that wouldn't go up hills. Remember, "There's only one driver..." and I still owe you an REM concert. The best friend I have, you made this place bearable just by listening to me complain. Pensacola will be unforgettable. JDG

Jay Foster Dill
Macungie, Pa.
Computer Science
Navy Air

Jay came to us directly from high school (by way of NAPS, by way of the fleet). He brought with him years of experience to add a new depth and dimension to the younger generation. Jay was offered the billet of Brigade Cynic, but turned down those 3-Striper libs because he didn't want to be a cog in the machine. He marches to the beat of a different drummer; that is, of course, when you can get him to march at all! Remember RISK 'till 7:00 A.M. (I mean 0700); playing volleyball while dancing in Cagney's; Zoro on Halloween (why did you sleep on the floor?); Dana's boat on Veteran's Day (Does the heater work yet?); only kids drink 'till they get sick - you can't unclog the sink with a hanger. Remember Newport and why I had to sit in the bar for an hour at the BW; stereo sound while I watched the PB channel. Thanks for putting up with me for three years; was it worth the medal? You kept me in line (usually) and gave me perspective. Thanks for her sister! When's the double W...? (I won't say it). Remember me when you get your wings or I'll come after you with the rubber glove. BSK

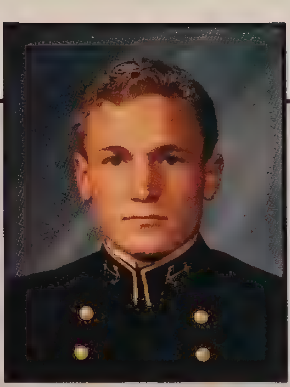


David James Dowling
Long Island, New York
English
Marine Air

Stretch came to us from 6-4. As his hometown suggests, he was a Lax player, though he didn't letter until he retired to a managerial position. Always motivated, Dave decided to grab the "bull" by the horns and Major in English. He's been sleeping in class & shoveling papers ever since. He's always an interesting conversationalist, especially when he's asleep. Second class summer found Stretch as the problem group commander. Then he was off to Woopland, where he got along great with the Woops and even liked it up there. However, he did lose it up there, but it wasn't his fault; it was dark and he couldn't see it coming. Stretch returned to become a bull dogger and an airdog. Then it was off to the fun and sun in Camp Q. Summer of abuse '88: Gunny Kelly and HAM; "No stuff 'dere Dowling", "No liberty, no fat chicks, and sleeping's for fags." First semester showed Stretch to be BA. Four stripes with no striper board?? He led the megastripers with classes missed. He was much loved by his lab partner, as well as all the CO. adjutants. Always remember, good times, great friends, Semper Fi. RCW DST JAM

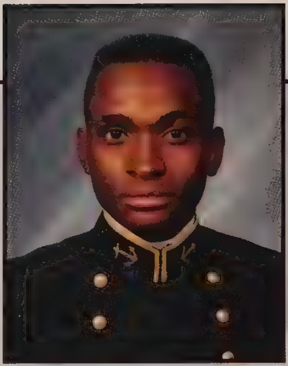
G. Thomas Foggin
Missoula, Montana
Computer Science
Navy Air

Tom came to USNA after only 2 years of college and 2 years in the fleet. His biggest problem as a plebe centered around his being legal to drink while his 2/c were still not legal. Hence as a 2/c in Sweet Sixteen, his age and appearance earned him the nickname GRAYLOX. As a member of the comp sci bunch of 16, he was carried through academia by R & R and achieved surprising results from offsetting penalties. He will always be remembered for his rich sense of humor, especially during those late night cram sessions. When Michelle started working in DC, he began spending all his free time in the nation's capital. Subsequently, as a firstie, he could be found during plebe summer in many a liberty race with R between 2300 and 0500. He usually lost the race, but he certainly won Michelle. I know in my heart that you will soon find true happiness together. You will always be an important friend, and I wish you the best of luck for a high-flying future. JMA

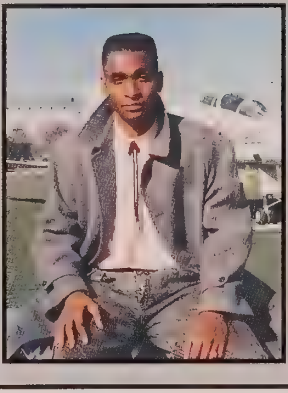


Jeffrey David Garigliano
Bayport, N.Y.
Aerospace Engineering
Naval Flight Officer

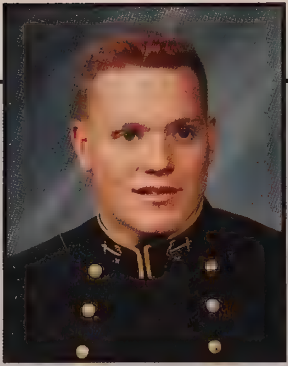
For you curious mortals, "Zeus" Garigliano floated into Annapolis from God's Country. No, not Mt. Olympus; although "The Island" may be close. Upon arrival, Navy shed Jeff of his curly golden locks, and I don't think he has ever forgiven them. Jeff's academy career has been a unique experience. Always striving to be the best that he could be, JEFF-REY managed to challenge himself at every turn (junior spring = Smoke Hall). I'm just a "jealous jellyfish", but how he endured the psycho's I'll never know! Who could forget Ryabik, or the "Andine Lady". On the up side, I'm grateful for all the memories: the chow call list, bluefish bonanza on Skeeter I, the single ski, salmon cheese melts with Ratt and Wadd, the press box, Eastport parking, Hunter Mountain with J. and B.K., Philly and Widener, D.C. excursions, progressive tunes, idealistic Hoffburger, the harmonica, inside out clothes, the Ultimate sport, and all the insights that helped keep everything in perspective! Here's to my fearless sub-commander (thanks for not letting me become a cog), may 16's solo NFO's get payback in P-cola. It will be different, won't it? DSD



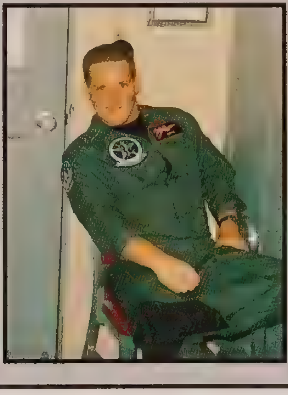
Derrick Eric Garvin
East Orange, New Jersey
Economics
Navy Air



Derrick came to us from East Orange, New Jersey, bringing with him a flair for poetry, fast cars, and big ideas. In spite of this, he became an economics major. Being the warrior (ninja) and a consummate athlete that he is, Derrick participated in a little bit of everything -- 150lb football, boxing, and intramural football and basketball. Heather is "the Babe." She has a great calming influence on him (?). Thanks for all the good times. Remember the Orator, the Poet, the Posse, the Junior Posse, Man-to-man vs. zone defense, the "spons" premiere Color of Colors, D.R. and M.M. Keep in mind that "White Castles' is just another fast food place" and "It will get done because it's due!" Touch the stars, my friend and brother; let's do New York Friday night and New Orleans Saturday night. Good luck and I wish you the best. P.S. You may have a Turbo, but I've got a V-8! P.P.S. Crash the boards sometime!!! P.P.P.S. We promise we'll read your story(ies) tomorrow! ETM and JAS



Brian Scott King
Pt. Pleasant Beach, New Jersey
Chemistry
Medical Corps



Brian, though originally from exit 7a off the Jersey T.P., is sworn by most to have been spawned by 12th Co. As a roommate, Brian has an almost perfect record; USNA has lost more of his roommates than anyone else. Brian is "the funniest guy he knows;" just ask him - he'll tell you! I'm sure others out there enjoy Brian's type of humor. In fact if you find yourself in tears over being chased by someone with a dirty sock or chuckling at a four year old piece of blister-skin, then I'm sure you're one of the few who will truely enjoy Brian's humor. Brian seems to enjoy a strange rapport with farm animals. He has been known to drool over a "Chicken," and has enjoyed escorting (or DRAGGING) Bill around the Academy Grounds. Don't feel bad Bri, I'm sure the fact that Bill died only three weeks later was a coincidence! Well "friend Brian," we have had some great times together. Skiing, summers at your house and the stories you told (do the words "Scottie" and "neighbor's driveway" ring any bells?) were among the best times. Best of luck at Georgetown, and hope we're stationed together sometime in the future.JFD

Eugene Tivola Martin
Minden, Louisiana
History
Surface Warfare

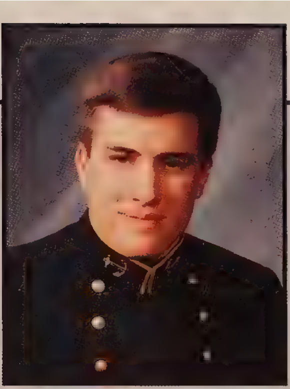
Gene came to us from Louisiana, the land of bright sun, jazz, and gumbo. A perfect southern gentleman, he quickly adjusted to academic life by "not sweating it". (Put away the GQ, Gene!) Surviving the rigors of l'amour, Gene always came up smiling (except out of the pool!). A history major of great ability, his studies never stood in the way of his first love, the "Vette". (In the wind with the top down!) He brought The History alive in February. Gene was never one to have his options listed, and his calm demeanor earned him the title of "The Observer," as he added the "chill" to the Posse. Remember The Spons, "Don't worry! It'll all come out in the wash!", "...all up in yo' face," tut, Howard U., ill mugs, March on Washington, The Vanguard, Journey of the Songhai People, California raisins, and Ebony Elf. Keep the faith; I don't want to see you Buddha'ed out of the family! Don't eat the last cookie!!! You will always be a brother to us. Live the dream. DG P.S. So what if your shot got slapped down your back! JAS

Robert Michael Memmesheimer
Pensacola, Florida
Systems Engineering
Nuclear Power - Surface

M-to-R came to Crabtown from Connecticut but soon heard from his parents that they had moved to Florida- no new address given! Freshman year- Fun One. Enough said. As luck would have it, roommates got scrambled together to Sweet Sixteen - tough jump! Having a good time freshman year and also being the only one able to spell and pronounce his name correctly, we roomed again. Sophomore wardroom Fridays and Violent Femmes formals. Junior bachelor pad, ping-pong, and many hungry friends- we are chefs! Senior project? It'll work, trust me! He will glow in the dark but not underwater. Unanswered question- Is it what you know or who you know? The race is on! I've enjoyed it! -pr

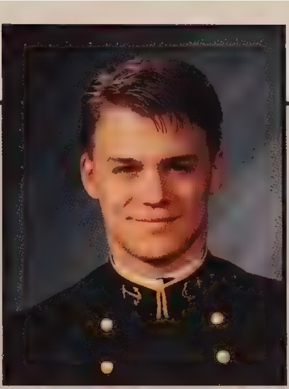
Robert Edward Millott
Gainsville, Florida
Computer Science
Nuclear Power - Submarines

Coming from Gainsville, FL Rob took the most direct route to USNA after high school...via NAPS. He started out in style, earning a Black N before moving on to Sweet 16 where he quickly established himself as the company computer geek. A "drill stud" before he arrived at the Academy, he joined the proud silent drill team while still a plebe. However, he returned for youngster year only to find out that Bill the Goat had sold out the team to buy himself a custom van. Undaunted, when 16th Co. became the color company his firstie year, he marched with the Color Guard as a rifle escort. As a firstie, he had a very confused summer going from Airborne training to a sub cruise without finding a middle road. However, Helen made sure to keep him on solid ground when they became engaged on Valentine's Day 2/c year. Rob will always be remembered for his unique taste in music; Prince? Beastie Boys? Roger Whittaker?, his karate skills and weapons collection, and his flashy white "Stang". Helen and the sub community are gaining quite a guy. You've been a great friend and a great roommate. I wish you all the best in everything you do. JMA



Christopher Vernon Olson
Irving, Texas
Political Science
Surface Warfare

From the dusty Texas town of Irving, he rode in, lookin' to trade his boots for a fightin' ship. "Send me to sea, Ya'all," he said. So they sentenced him to the Boat School where he read paperback Westerns all day, and dreamt of the ocean at night. To some he's "Chris", to others "Vern" but to all of us he's "Friend." As a plebe he was a squared-away 4/C company commander, a man with a cloudless horizon. But then, shortly after he arrived in Sweet 16, IT happened. They met at a Dahlgren dance. He was a little overcome and she was a damsel in distress. It was destined to be. Soon thereafter Jane's family adopted Vern, and then Vern adopted us. Though we saw less and less of Vern, he became to us a mother, brother, editor, matchmaker, dating service, caterer and hotel manager. Though a Political Scientist by choice, Vern comes closest of the TEN to actually knowing it all, and being a skilled engineer, proved conclusively that spontaneous entropy does exist as evidenced by his desk drawers. So we'd like to say to Jane and Vern, "Good luck on your gray ship, thanks for everything and may God give ya' all fair winds and quartering seas."-LRW

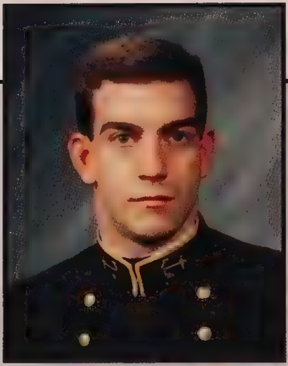


Christopher Louis Pickett
Longview, Washington
Political Science
Intelligence

Pick came to this fine institution from NAPS, where he picked up many of his present habits. Being from the West Coast, he always thought himself a worldly man (fine art, 95.5, 2002), but that changed youngster year when I moved in. Pick has spent many hours at his desk and his high QPR can account for it, but he has also excelled in other areas, especially in the field of social sciences. During his years as an upperclassman Pick has made the transition from the Jippy-Jon to Luscious. Some of his exploits include trips to 3 Penny Ha-Ha and MB's, where he tried to take on the entire establishment; most of them were twice his size. Let us not forget Daisy Duke, an unexpected roomate, the model on his blotter, and Cancun. Although Pick has sometimes strayed from the path, his determination and hard work exemplify his desire to succeed. I don't think I could have roomed with anyone else in this place. Good Luck Chris! Twisted Steel and Sex Appeal, Finn would be proud. JPS

Peter John Rieg
Wichita, Kansas
Systems Engineering
Nuclear Power - Submarines

Four years ago, Pete left his simple, sheltered life in Kansas and began the hectic life of a midshipman. Spending most of his time on team tables and golf movement orders, Pete made it through plebe year with little difficulty. Through third and second class years, he perfected his "studying by osmosis" and became the master at getting the gouge in order to maintain his high QPR. With first class year came responsibility and three-striper libs for Pete. He spent the latter enjoying the Annapolis nightlife, among other things. How I tolerated Pete for four years as his roommate, I'll never know. Perhaps the most professional one in the company, Pete still claims that he's a senior, though I insist that he's a firstie. Perhaps Pete needs some psychiatric help, perhaps I do. Assisted by his enthusiasm, sense of humor, and the ability to use "the system" to his advantage, Pete has been a success here at the Academy; his future looks as promising. Remember, it's guys like us. . . . RMM

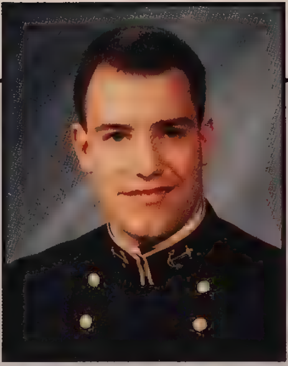


John Leon Rogers
Manchester, Connecticut
Electrical Engineering
Special Warfare

John Rogers came to the academy with two goals in mind: to obtain a degree in Electrical Engineering and to become a U. S. Navy Seal. Through many long hours of procastination, card playing, and "rack time", John accomplished the first goal although I would be hard pressed to say that I ever saw him studying except for the occasional all nighter before a major exam. To prepare himself for special warfare, John began a systematic and rigorous routine to put his body through many hours of physical abuse. This abuse consisted of two phases: consuming large quantities of alcohol and then throwing himself around his room until he injured some body part. I'll never forget the huge bar tabs, the late nights spent doing everything except studying, the belt buckle incident, the loud music, and the sense of satisfaction that came with living in the cleanest room in the brigade. Don't forget the good times, John, and take it easy on your fellow Seals. MAW

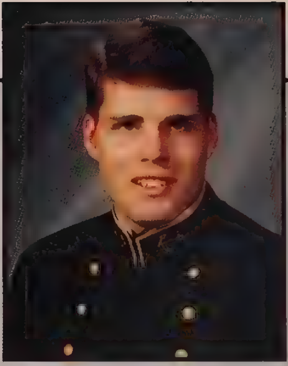
Matthew Warren Rose
Bellingham, Washington
Aerospace Engineering
Navy Air

Captain Calamity, Rat stirs from a coma & crawls out of the void, dons his leather biker jacket and proceeds to rock the world. Social evangelical nymph punks unite on the good ship Galli-shnapper under his fine tyrannical skipper-ship. Aye, what a proud boat, taking on young mules & making them into party dog, rock stars with iron stomachs. Ashore, chaos thrives as Matt terrorizes civilization in that vintage testament to American durability: La Bamba. Next stop, Rat's Surf & Trail Mix Co-op. Granolas of the Great Northwest flock to this health food-surf-ski haven. Come on in at 0530 before skiing or hitting the waves for a wax job, a cucumber and sprout sandwich, and a shot of Canadian Mist to fend of the 0230 ghoulies from last night. Founder of the shoals & recipient of the best navigator award, it's no wonder Rat has come so far. Pretty soon, Captain Matt will be ruling the skies in search of that 3-G bottom turn that sends him off the lip into a new set of tasty waves. Ted Shred, Axel Rose, Ben Aipa & all the rest send Matt off with warmest rewards! Go COHO! Killer BABY! Remember, Shaved Muffins, Heavy Air, and ... MM & JED



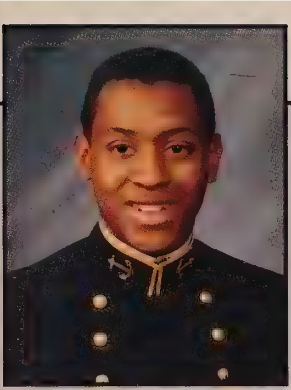
Joseph Paul Schweitzer
Westbury, New York
History
Marine Naval Flight Officer

Man, Myth, Legend, or a combination of all three? Joe came to the USNA family with high principles and expectations. Though only a "babe in the woods" out of high school, Joe transformed himself into a highly motivated fighting machine. More than once, Joe would confide that his purpose in life was to lead men in combat. Lacrosse captain, soldier, scholar, Joe was the total package except...In January Joe finally found what had eluded him for 3.5 years: a beautiful woman to share in his trials and tribulations. Now the long awaited book could be written about him, The Warrior and the Woman Who Loved Him. He was journeying in life's emotional roller coaster. Joe has "coined" many quotes that aptly describe his moral character. 16th CO's favorite is, "It's guys like me that make this place great." The Corps' favorite is, "Freedom has its price. Are you willing to pay it?" However, my quote which most accurately describes Joe is "180 pounds of twisted steel and sex appeal." Thus, I believe Joe enters the FMF ready to break hearts while making the world safe for democracy. CLP



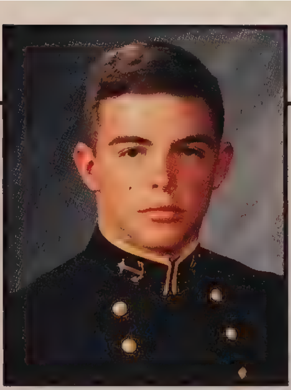
Eric Scott Sherck
Indianapolis, Indiana
Chemistry
Medical Corps

Eric arrived in the hallowed halls of 7-1 in the fall of '86, sharing the beginnings of youngster year with the rest of the class of '89. Eric's first year here was quiet, as he spent much of his time studying to fulfill his medicinal ambitions and waiting for his magic day. 2/C year brought a birthday, and with the beginning of his 22nd year on this planet Eric began to achieve his destiny, that of being the most knowledgeable expert availiable on the establishments of downtown Annapolis. Mum's, Riordan's, McGarvey's, and especially Middleton's all gained, or failed to gain, his Seal of Approval. 1/C year somewhat curtailed his good times, however as Eric took on new responsibilities as the sacred keeper of the goat. The fall of '88 was a blur of activity as Eric and his minions worked to keep Bill curried, combed & cared for, while convincing him to cooperate in TV telecasts and pre-game photographs. Through it all Eric kept his easy humor, his good-natured gift of gab, and an ability to be cheerful in spite of the sun, snow, and stench of the goat. Good luck and Godspeed, Eric. I know you'll succeed at whatever you attempt.CVO

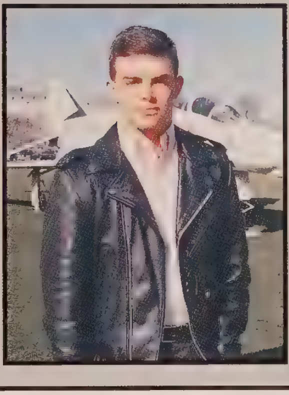


Joseph Andre Smith
Shreveport, Louisiana
Computer Science
Navy Air

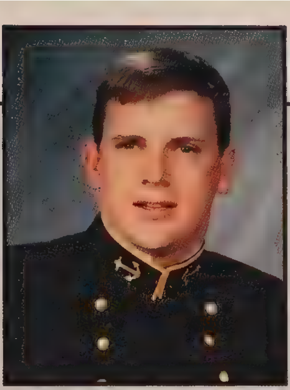
Joe talked his way into the Academy by convincing the powers that be that his "Baby Face" would be an invaluable contribution to the Navy. Hailing from Louisiana, Joe felt just as at ease on the Bay as he did on the Bayou. Never at a loss for words, answers, or advice, Joe became a key figure in so many extracurricular activities that he would often get caught in an "infinite loop" of sleeplessness and would suffer "system overload". Always a sucker for a pretty face, Joe came to the resolution that "It's not their fault, they're all 'wacked'." Remember the road trips, the last nautical survival test, "Girl, you must be buggin'!", N-n-n-n-n-no!!, Single with a Vengeance, 3-D Booty, Joe Magic, Posse in Effect, "Lee Ioccoca ain't ————!", the spons, "This is a song which is near and dear to my heart" and Dad's barbecue. Just like Jordan, let the sky be yours. You're a true friend. Good luck in all of your endeavors and keep the dream alive. ETM and DG



David Scott Thorn
Yuma, Colorado
Ocean Engineering
Marine Air



Dave, a farmer from Yuma, came to the Sweet company from 35. Dave, our married roomate, and I came together first semester youngster year. Three engineers with good grades, what a rare sight indeed! Dave was always the studious one, but Spoons and I worked on him diligently, and eventually Dave saw the light and school took a back seat to socializing. Dave even switched from bubble head to jarhead. Second class year the trio was broken, but the two of us carried on. Our last semester at USNA we took a bull major under our wing when Stretch moved in. The memories are many, too many to list them all. Some of the highlights include taking care of Chris when he came back drunk from DC; even better was the time we carried him back to his grandmother's house. Don't forget your time as hooker, and the parties that followed. And finally first class year included the RV excursion to the Army game, our ten yard drive at Tiber Creek with Zerph, and your trip to Mexico. Good luck in Marine Air, and always remember three youngster roomates and their dreams for the future. RCW



Colin Sean Walsh
Manasquan, New Jersey
History
Navy Air

Krasnoya Colin, he took the rare 6-year approach to Squidly U. A year of grunting and grubbing in Texas at MMA left the Jersey boy dreaming of a gnarly cutback, but the best he could do was land himself with the scuba-trompin' Longmen of 33. But our fearless leader of the 'We dig Dippy' club wanted more of 'finest training available' so he eagerly jumped at the chance to spend a year with the fine crew of the USS Paul. Undaunted, but perhaps a little delayed in his quest for that holiest of holy certificates, Col decided he'd try a little sweetness. Gitmo aside, DC became the weekend watering hole. Then THE year ended with the DC ADVENTURE. Colin has always been blessed with the "how can you remember that?" photographic memory. He knows more of the class of 89 than we do, thus public relations chairman was the obvious position. With the privileges came the responsibilities as NAFAC became a bitterest pill he ever had to swallow. But now, smooth sailing lies instore for our man with P-cola in hand. RODEOO! YAHHH! John V., thanks for everything. Mom & Dad, I couldn't have done it without you. Love, Colin. JED & MWR

Lance Richard Westerlund
Sanger, California
History
Nuclear Power - Surface

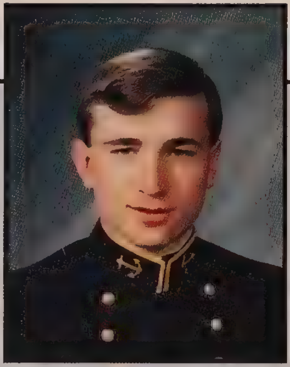
Lance came to these sacred shores from sunny California. He soon found himself chopping through the halls with the rest of the old Dirty 30 crowd, trying to keep his tan while feeling the flames. Alas, our poor lad had entered a world of no warmth, no light, and, tragically, no fresh fruit. Lance survived this trial by fire to emerge in May, clutching a plane ticket to California where he could be reunited with the sun, the surf, & the light of his life, LaCinda. After this brief sojourn, Lance returned to Annapolis to begin a new career as a youngster in Sweet 16. 2/C year saw Lance spending a semester as a Coastie, learning how to maintain a coast-to-coast love life, by telephone. He persevered, however, making the best decision he ever made in his life during Christmas leave. Returning to the Severn shores, Lance sported a new fiancee and a formula for making great grades while enjoying his free time to the fullest. 1/C year brought more all-nighters, good times with his giant brown Tonka toy, and adventures in bar hopping with Skippy, Hank, and the boys. Good luck ole buddy. It's been fun. CVO

17th

COMPANY

Robert Clifton Williams
Seminole, Florida
Marine Engineering
Nuclear Power - Submarines

"You gotta roomate? Now you do." With those fatal words and 3 years of this place Rob's become my best friend. Rambo was destined for the military (the civilian world won't take him). Youngster year, wearing shades at night because our future was so bright, Spoon yelling obscenities at the Academy, "Them", Geppeto's pizza and yards at Tiber Creek. We finally did it, a first down! Shoes and books getting chucked around the room not to mention out the window. Living proof of the better rested better tested theory, except heat transfer, that took the Bible. Rob is the most calm cool collected person unless something ticks him off or common sense isn't used which "never" happens around here (Why do you think we call him Rambo?). The only man I know with attributes too large for the Marine Corps. So it's off to subs, with their pay he might finally pay off his mastercard. 1st class year brought a new hobby, car testing i.e. time trials, top end, crash test (2). Now the women, the Florida possesive one, dabbling in the dark side, fatal attraction, and the one who defied gravity. Friends True Never Abandon. DST



Michael Allen Windland
Palestine, West Virginia
Systems Engineering
Surface Warfare

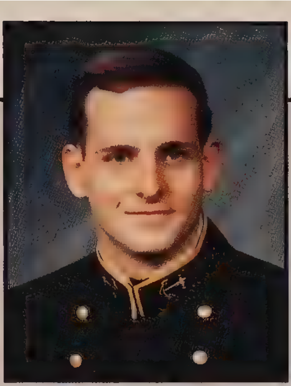
Mike came to the Academy wanting a degree in Systems Engineering and to graduate at the top of his class. By the end of Youngster year everything was developing well and he had his first 4.0 semester. Fortunately, a new roommate second-class year forced him through an extensive course in probability that consisted of playing cards for five to six hours a night. Within weeks he was shown how to predict huge bar tabs (or at least to expect them), exam scores (sans studying), and the next Saturday night sleeping ground (by now Mike had developed a keen sense of adventure that drove him to explore new territories like the lockers, usually some time after closing). Never forget Middleton's - They'll never forget us! - American Pie, Hank and the Ramones. The desk never fell, and your computer made it, but all my buckles are broken. I know we've got three finals Monday, but let's go camping...JLR

Bradley Steven Armstrong
Roundup, Montana
Computer Science
Surface Warfare

The lad who grew into the man called Brad arrived at Camp Tecumseh knowing his Army reserve training would serve him well. At least he survived. Youngster year found Brad at the center of musical roommates, but his slow transition from Engineer to Scientist seemed to occupy most of his time. Second class year found Brad living with the Crown Prince of Peru after Christmas. But Brad could always fall back on the Bradley Fighting Vehicle. Two things had that shut down: '90 and their driving habits, and the Uncle. After his 12 days of SPOACS training, Brad conquered the dust mites and moved into first-class year. With NAVTAG and the position of Zampolit of SPOACS, Brad kept busy. Now he goes out to the fleet, hoping to finally find rationality. Happy New Day, my friend. KDB

Carlos Martin Barbosa
Georgetown, Delaware
Oceanography
Surface Warfare

Bobo blew in from the large metropolis of Georgetown, Delaware to take USNA by storm, but somewhere along the way he lost his elevator shoes. Being the gung-ho individual that he is, he didn't let this slow him down for a second and decided to go out for airborne. Of course, the hard landings didn't help his height problem much. The Little Colonel quickly earned his Gold Jump Wings, which will help his career in the Marine Corps greatly. At the end of second class year, car loan in hand, he left to purchase his high performance car. Somehow, he ended up with a Chevrolet Beretta which was no match for Gramps'300ZX no matter what he said (all show, no go.) With this fine start, the Little Colonel developed into the Little General culminating in selection as Company Commander second semester. This was mostly because Bobo is one of that truly rare breed who really does love it here (and says so.) Now he is off to the Tico to start another chapter in the ongoing saga of his life. Maybe one day we will meet out there on the high seas Bobes. Until then, Semper Fi.



Stephen Kyle Barrie
Tempe, Arizona
Aerospace Engineering
Naval Flight Officer

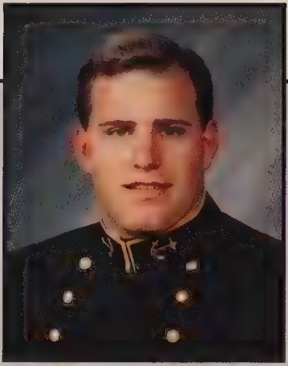
Stephen Barrie, reigning from the land of the sun, came to this God-forsaken place with style, grace . . . and his computer. A year at ASU prior to plebe summer did nothing for Stephen's professional preparation. You know those ASU sororities, and if you don't, you should! At the start, a sweat of the first kind. Many in the Thundering Herd got misconceptions about him. Three years in the Stalag have changed all that. His knee, that was a trick, to get the waiver, I mean. But on Feb. 7th, Steve was a flying machine! "Go 'FO!" was all I heard that night. Hey Steve, remember Santa Fe? It was about the same sight. When I was deserted, I wondered just how it would be, rooming with the one called Stephen Barrie. It's been a trip, lots of fun and a pleasure that's all mine. When we're all gone, Stephen will do just fine. So Mach 2 it'll be, away from this place. I'm sure he'll burn'em up, it's just the right pace. Semper Fi! -a bright green Marine

David Rand Bates
Houston, Texas
Systems Engineering
Naval Flight Officer

Mr. Happy came to Navy from the town of highway murders, hoping to adjust some attitudes and free the South. Once here in Yankee country however, he had enough trouble just staying SAT and collecting insurance checks for the car he wrecked that night with his honey. But just who was his honey? Anyway Batesy, we laughed alot (mostly because you were the first All-American to quit a sport) and because it seemed like you were never quite finished with those systems labs. Oh, and by the way, who will ever forget your famous party trick at Randy's? When the going got tough, you went NFO. Hang in there, scope dope, and stay away from anti-mids in those bunkers. Dave, you had more roomates than you had weekends. Best of luck. BJK & DBC

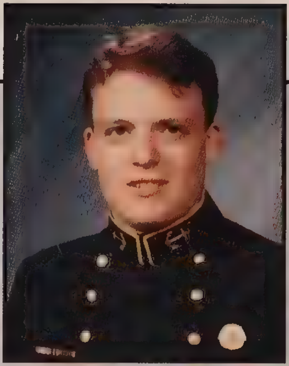
Brett Michael Bekken
Greendale, Wisconsin
Systems Engineering
Marine Air

Brett started his naval career singing, right back to America's dairyland and his own high school. Youngster year he decided to try something more relaxing, lightweight football. He never had too much trouble making weight, but instead getting the coach to notice him. He still managed to make all-league while viewing most of the season. He also managed to prove himself fickle as a female, or is that about females? Brett showed his true Marine colors by graduating from Bulldog with Honors; graduation from OCS found him the S-2 (Intelligence) Officer (Marine intelligence...a contradiction in terms?). The SEALS called him and he almost answered, none of us knew for sure until his number was called. I have no doubts that Brett will be one of the best going Mach 2 with his hair on fire...wait, A-6's and F/A-18's don't go Mach 2 and Brett doesn't have any hair! Better to burn out than fade away. JDS (Butch)

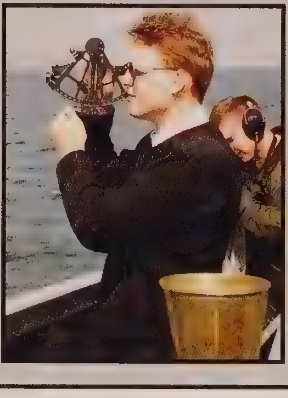


John Henry Bitting
Princeton, New Jersey
General Engineer
Surface Warfare

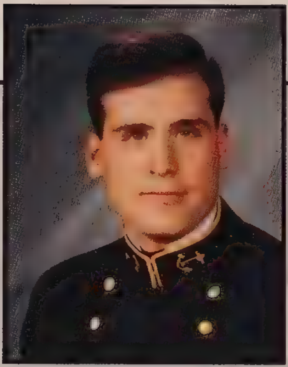
"The Bitman" hails from Louisville, Charlotte, and Princeton. No matter where his true roots lie, all three locations would surely claim him as their "favorite son." His routine weekend trips down to Chapel Hill would be proof of such a statement. The 300 mile trip was never a discouraging factor because he could always count on his pride and joy, "the Monty." Jay was never afraid to put his auto through its paces either, four speeding tickets are proof of that. His 3/C year, Jay rewrote the regs when it came to room standards. 2/C year brought on an interesting professional development technique. I think his motto was "the louder, the more professional," just ask Mr. Rump!! 1/C year Jay tried to prove the hypothesis that the more sleep you got and the least amount of studying possible would result in good grades. Jay also distinguished himself in the area of sports as well. He was "all Brigade" in fieldball and a turnaround jumper during our "smokers" on the b-ball court. Jay was a great roommate. If there is any truth to the old saying "it's not what you know, but who you know," we all know Jay will be set for life!! Good Luck Stud, WRT



Kevin Dean Bostick
Eugene, Oregon
Physics
Surface Warfare



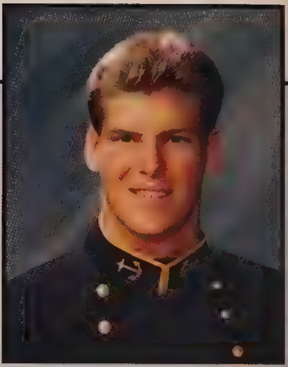
Kevin's greatest challenge in life was fitting his college education into seven years. Going to Oregon State for two years made him realize that mere lechery was not enough, and the higher calling of being a drunken sailor awaited him. Plebe crew gave Boats much time on the water, and an extended Youngster cruise solidified his destiny to become a Professional at Sea. Youngster year allowed Hawsepipe to continue his drunken ways in the many taverns and pubs of Crabtown. Kevin's social nature allowed him to befriend many townies and n'er-do-wells. This social nature continued Second class year when he befriended the underclass with his constant attention to their welfare. The same year he would gain fame by winning the color pennant for his greyhound of the Severn. First Class Cruise with the Canadians gave Kevin his greatest challenges in shiphandling and beverage consumption. His last academic year consisted of receiving Admirals, avoiding formations, drinking imported beer, avoiding homework, and listening to Irish music. Fair Winds, Following Seas, and OP-03 awaits you. See you in the Fleet. BSA



David Bartholomew Carson
Barnesboro, Pennsylvania
Mathematics
Naval Flight Officer

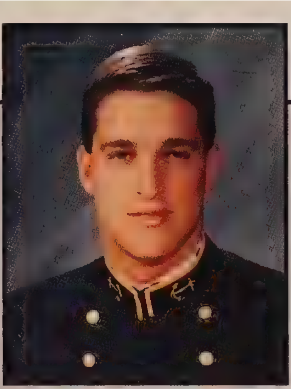
DIEGO-GARCIA

A.k.a. Steamer or Big Dave, this retired 17th CC turned down Pitt for the sleek jets, smart uniforms, and exotic ports of call he had always heard about while growing up in Barnesboro, PA. Plebe year was tough, but the real fun came during the first of his three semesters of EE. Warned early about "academic suicide," he quickly jumped ship to the Wonderful World of Math where he was able to get an extensive OA background. No matter what he did, second place was never enough. On the basketball court, "The Cleaver" knew no friendships and took no prisoners. "The Roaming Flamer" made plenty of friends during Plebe Detail as he rotated between hyperventilating plebes, sleeping, and partying it up. In the three years that I've known him, Dave has always been the comforting shoulder I turned to when Aero wasn't going well. Yes, maybe you should've gone Aero. You've definitely made an impression (sophisticates would say bad) on me, and 15 years down the road whether you're playing in that metal band, working as a proofreader for Fujika, watching over the kids, or opening up that martial arts dojo, I'm sure you'll be nothing but successful. Best of luck always.EPL

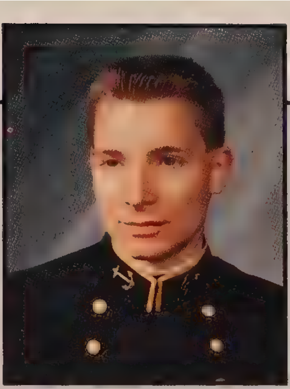


Christopher Michael Cashman
Plantation, Florida
Economics
Supply Corps

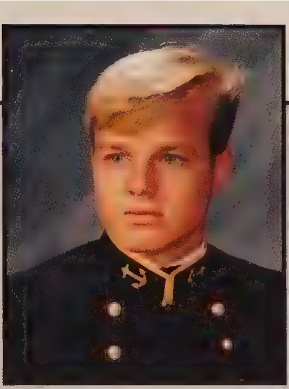
Once upon a time there were 3 fine plebes in "GOLF": Chris, Herman, and Geoff. The first was the youngest and biggest... CASH hails from the sun. (Is that how you keep your tan all year long?) The All-State QB was lured to NAVY with promises of Start-dom, but recieved the Uzelac juke. The Golden Arm went on to evening workouts and Brig Champs in "the last bastion of manhood." Never materialistic, this Heartbreaker found no substitute for his 911, nor his diamond-filled ring. Despite his love for REG gear, he always BOUGHT the latest VICE threads (Speaking of vices, lets talk credit cards...). Remember the SHRINE (But who was that girl(s): "MS. R. MCKEDS"?). Folks moved to DEEtroit, but all stayed close with vacation trips. Standouts: fear of heights (oh, yah, you just like the bottom rack), fitful sleeps (hope that talking doesn't get you in trouble), fluency in Espanol (Guadalajara era magnifico?), springbreak drives (Look Ma' No Eyes!), and Sr. year bar hobblin. Chris joined the Corps (future Lt. Food)... In 10 years Cash will be out and a CEO of a FORTUNE 500 and playing football on the side. Saga continues with CESTERO...



Herman Jose Cestero
San Juan, Puerto Rico
General Science
Marine Air



Geoffrey David Cogan
Paris, France
Political Science
Surface Warfare



Christopher Stuart Cronk
Highland, CA
History
Naval Flight Officer

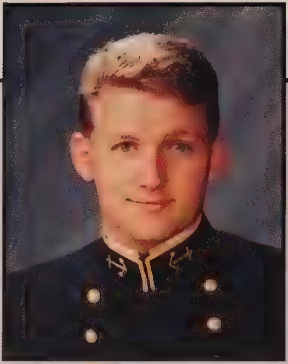
Kenneth Jude Dyer
Coventry, Rhode Island
Systems Engineering
Nuclear Power - Submarines

...continuation from CASHMAN. Al Clemento Cheito El Jefe Tigre is a native of the Tropics: complete with tan, sand behind his ears, and a burning desire to fly. After his "NAPS nightmare," he became one of the most popular plebes in Playboy 21: "countdown-circuit-chow-calls" from January to May (the only way the flamers could control him). Smooth transition to the STALAG and Upper class life: sweetheart, (Who says you can't meet your girlfriend at Dahlgren?), restriction (How high was that wall?), the Silver Bullet, and a Varsity Letter to wear on his sweater. With a vertical jump of 38" the staring setter for NAVY VOLLEYBAll rallied the attack (Remember E.Strasbourg?). AC BOARD Survivor Club (later NARC, Hello SGS) and BULLDOG Camper. Memories include: 143J, Mrs. H. and the inlaws, comatose "Mischief" hat, forever in blue jeans, guns'n fishing, Springbreak (Candy Store), GUTH RA RA, Charleston nurse, THE WHO and LED ZEP, pina colada slurpees, the FIELDBALL two piece tongue... Five Down and Glory-watchout MARINE AIR! In 10 years, Tiger will still be flying fighters, or maybe, just maybe, a high school prof and volleyball coach. For final chapter see COGAN...

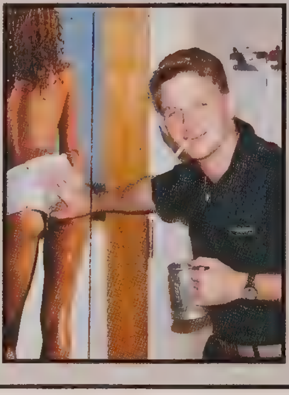
...continuation from CESTERO. Yo GEO! The last shall be first. Where the hell are you from Congo man? Africa? Mid East? Maryland? France? Wish you would pick one! Its been a long and winding road for Sten: MD STATE Tennis champ, Mercersburg, NAPS, G Co., & finally one of THE roommates. The Neat Freak and monk of the room was slowly molded to keep up with the latest: from New Wave to Flat Top to--"It looks great, Geoff." THE outdoorsman kept his nose clean and Squash became his new racquet: rose to #1 captain, and ALL-AMERICAN. The Faddish Frog gave up red meat and wine for a red SAAB and mountain bike. A restless sleeper and dreamer. Will always remember: TEAM NAGOC & vacations at home, SWEDEN & their blondes, FOREX Cruise with the French, Ring Dance with a Fiance, Rabbit, Grandfather Mt, sponsored by the OLDS--speaking of old, 7 years old?... Geoff goes on to Haze Gray and Underway in JAPAN-what's up CHENG?... In 10 years Sten will be--who knows?--probably working for NATIONAL GEOGRAPHIC or the UN in Africa and training for the TOUR DE FRANCE. And so it is--the chapter ends with was 3 Roomies venturing off to a European vacation & then to the FLEET. CMS HJC GDC

Captain California, Cronk....Ahhh.... I mean Chris. The devilpup destined for the cultural diverseness and distinction of the USMC found yet another facet within the liberal avenues of the U.S. Naval Service. Hey Chris, you can't wear a walkman on a jet. The Ster indoc; ding-dong Sterman arriving. Sporting his save the whale sandals and his Hunnington Beach high and tight, Chris quickly gained an appreciation towards peaches and M/LT Ammedick. While pondering his individualism, Chris frowned upon scuba slothing and yuppage. HOWEVER, driving a 320i and a possessing a 1989 Dole parking pass foiled his divine vision. When not on the sloth circuit, Ster channels his orb of individuality on the "baby faces" of the Atlantic waves. What an animal that King Neptune has raised on the heinous waves of the Pacific Ahhh... I mean the real coast. In order to handle those 5-g kickbacks, Chris has devised a patented 2-day buff plan-...Huge...We could always depend on Stead-fast Chris ...Don't blow me off! Like I mean Ahhhh. Anyway, the Major has a pup to be proud of. Haircut? Reveille? Norelco poster chile. Love Ya Babe. MWE & MM

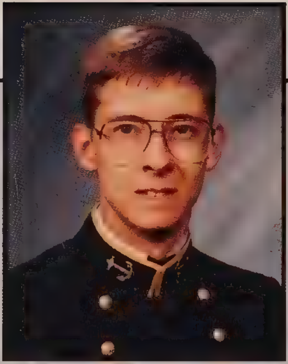
Kenneth Jude Dyer, the Systems Engineering lambent flame of intellect. The true victim of the American Teaching Society. We hope we convinced you that walls DO push back. He is mercurial in the hockey rink, a thaumaturge with a stick and puck. This splendidferous bonhommie has a haberdasher with an astute eye for the 20th century man. His wardrobe is admirable, astounding...sexy. He's ran silent, he's ran deep. He has traipsed many ski slopes, he has conquered many golf courses, and never without his full line of hair accoutrements. The Silent Service is getting our finest. We are gonna miss him and bid fair seas and following winds to our one and only...Dork. WTP



Joel Richard Godwin
Madison, Wisconsin
Physics
Surface Warfare

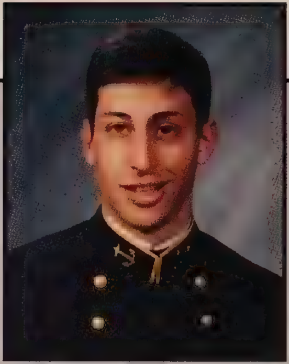


Joel led a charmed life for three and a half years; setting records in missed classes, study hours wasted, and computer villians conquered. He went CORPS right from the start and ended up with the BIG GUNS in back. During his numerous secret weekend missions, he earned the code name CONTRA. Youngster year Joel deciced the work required for an english major wasn't worth blowing off, so he switched to PHYSICS, feeling that particles were more important than participles. Joel was always an easy target for the cute young ladies of Maryland, even though not many took shots. Joel wasn't happy unless he found himslef wrapped around a pinky finger. Joel's last year at ooz-snah had a tremendous calming effect on his lifestyle. He aquired a family style, dragnet special, Ford L.T.D. and one girl put an end to all his nights out with the boys. CONTRA Always remember: If it's a good song, turn it up and make it better! Good luck, JCO P.S. Send me a ball cap, but keep the picture. I'll envy you from above. You lucky SWO DOG.



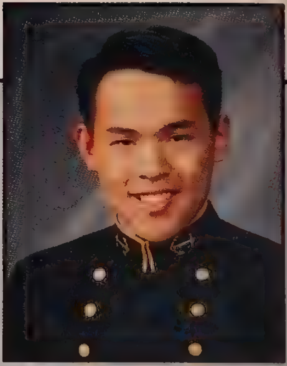
Kevin Everett Kinslow
Bremerton, Washington
Mechanical Engineering
Nuclear Power - Submarines

Well Kevin, we finally made it. Thanks for putting up with all the craziness for three years. I'll miss you and all of your stories, habits, and humor. Best of luck, and God bless. BJK



Ben Jonah Koenig
Bethesda, Maryland
English
Nuclear Power - Submarines

Rarely in your life do you run into a person who leaves a lasting impression like Ben Koenig. Though having differing views on many things, we have encouraged one another for the last three years at USNA and grown to truly appreciate the strengths of the other. My memory of "four years together by the bay" has been unforgettably blessed by our friendship. Good luck in the future and God bless. KEK

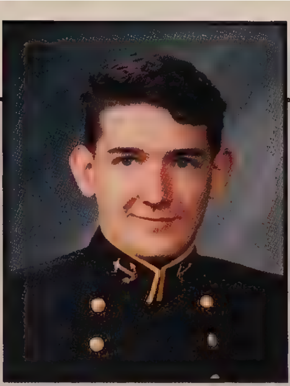


Edward Pojen Liu
Rockville, Maryland
Aerospace Engineering
Nuclear Power - Submarines

Ed came to USNA all the way from Rockville, MD dressed for success and with a work ethic that wouldn't quit. Ed knew right from the start that Aero was the easiest way to get through the Academy and he was right. If he wasn't sleeping or getting schooled by his roommate in hoops, you could find Ed burning the midnight oil and hacking away on the computer. He always managed to maintain a positive attitude towards Canoe U. and always seemed to be getting the good deals. Ed was especially pleased with his first class cruise, where he exhibited that same good cheer; Diego G. will always inspire fond memories in the Big Guy. Ed reached high levels of sophistication and maturity after youngster year, thanks to frequent visitations to a select women's college to see his hometown sweetheart. Ed elected to go submarines--for the thrill and excitement, of course. His tenacity will be of great value in Orlando. Ed, all I can say is, "It's been a pleasure". You have been a great friend and roommate for three years. Best Wishes. DBC

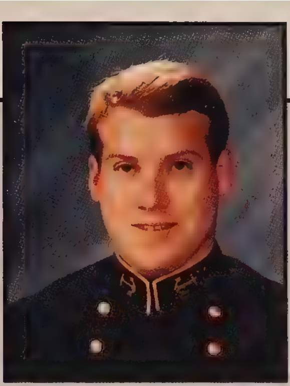
Robert Frederick Lydens
Suffolk, Virginia
History
Surface Warfare

Rob came to USNA from the Tidewater area via NAPS and will return there following graduation. Rob lived by the rules, "There is no such thing as too much sleep" and "Work smarter not harder!" Yougster year saw Rob fighting the eternal battle to stay sat and keep his weekends. Second class year thankfully brought Rob a new major and gave him the job Training Officer, a job he kept into first class year. Rob is a veteran of countless intramural basketball games, having played both regular and 3 on 3 ball for 17. His last year here was spent putting 15000 miles on his Chevy Cavalier enroute to Williamsburg, Virginia and back. Second semester was spent trying to answer the question, "Is Pam my girlfriend or my fiancee?" The USS HAYLER could not ask for a better JO or a nicer guy. Good luck out there! MRV



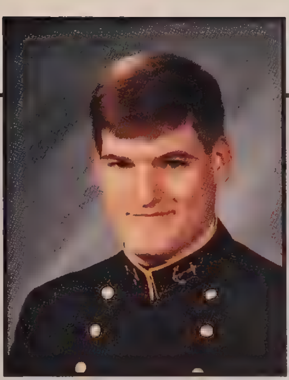
Andrew Michael Nugent
Billings, Montana
General Engineer
Surface Warfare

We don't call him Andrew, don't call him Michael. His name is Ted. His feet stink. Some people think he's unusual. I don't think so; Ted is Mr. Normality. He's got an old car with a few dents, a lot of class, and no gas cap. He's got a cat named Czar, a brother they call lettucehead. St. Johns, Thelonius, Brickskeller, and Bad Music for Bad People. Good memories. It's not sure what alma mater Ted will miss. A girl once said he has the fashion sense of a walnut. Why you ask? Purple high tops, plaid jacket, bronco busters on his shirt. I don't know why -- looks like Ted to me. WTP,II



James Christopher Orona
Palmdale, California
Physical Science
Navy Air

Jim began his Academy career, after a year at NAPS, in that "no man's land", that plebe's nightmare known as 19th Co. Somehow, he managed to come out of the ordeal relatively unchanged. Youngster year saw Jim unable to keep a steady roommate, until he found one that had common interests; girls, progressive music, and smokes. It also saw a lot of him at Dahlgren, being a master DJ and picking up the women. The beginning of 2/C year, he found a new home, and the customers of Middleton's Tavern came to know and love the man they knew as "Mr. Carnality" or "that loud mouthed guy in the corner." 1/C year, he had to change roommates yet again, but he had found his true love, his Camaro. Many girls can only dream of being treated so nice. Jim is pretty much known for his tendency to say just about anything to just about anybody, it made life for us pretty fun, but we did catch some flak, too. He surprised the hell out of everybody and picked pilot on service selection night. He's the only pilot who REALLY wanted to go SWO, but cheer up bucko, we can't all get what we want. Take care, best of luck, always buds, and don't miss that wire. JRG



William Terrill Parkhurst
Madera, California
Ocean Engineering
Surface Warfare

His name is Bill. Most people call him Bill. Don't call him Will, he don't like it. He is a engineer, even though he rode the rocket. He plays rugby and collects books he can't read. He ain't really that depressed, just seems like it; I seen him smile once. At Brickskeller, when I paid. He wears pastels. And golfs. And gots a car in a crate. But I'm working on it, and maybe someday he'll watch "The Blues Brothers," and then he'll laugh. Hold your breath. Knock before entering. amn

John Mark Petit
Pinckney, Michigan
Systems Engineering
Navy Air

John came to seventeen from Michigan, the product of the big city. Detroit you say?, no, try Pinckney, population 100 and growing feverishly. An engineer at heart, John managed to avoid both Wild Bill and the Rocket on his joyride through Maury. He even managed to escape the wrath of Calvin's dad. Remember him?, the guy who thought Debbie Gibson was heavy metal. Anyway, youngster year saw John lose his heart back home, and since we all know that he doesn't complain about much, I'm sure that he won't mind me asking: When's the ceremony? Weekends found John at Maggie's dancing his patented step by night and swinging his custom-bent clubs by day. (Don't forget the night you lost your car outside of Pete's.) Ultimately, John was enticed by the promise of a free flight jacket, and coming off waivers selected to become a Naval Aviator. Seriously John, good luck down in Pensacola, they're getting a good one. KJD

Ransom Robert Rogers
Annapolis, Maryland
Naval Architecture
Naval Flight Officer

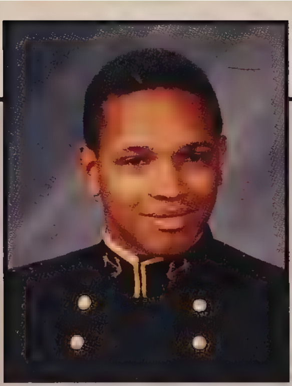
Randy (Homeslice) lived in Annapolis and he quickly adapted to Academy life. Wild parties youngster year at his house (Did your parents ever find out?) Slam dancing to the Hoodoo Gurus in New York; Major Tom at the Crib; and his good "friend in Florida"; Making a deposit in Spud's car and closely examining mine at Spud's house. Randy is and has always been a safe driver - close encounters between a small Maxda 323 and bus and an Rx-7 with numerous friendly snowbanks. Randy never let the bad times get him down and was always a trendsetter - beanbags, youngster parking, and a rock video. All of this while biking, sailing and being one of the brave few - a naval architect. Good luck at Pensacola and fly high. VS

Vikram Sardana
Houston, Texas
General Engineering
Naval Flight Officer

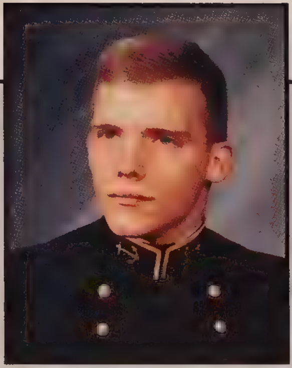
Nimmen (no middle name), came to the Academy from Texas, and we all know what comes from Texas don't we. He started off his time at the Academy in the halls of 6-2 in 25th Company. That was back when Captain Hewitt was still a company officer, and as a result Nimmen was one of the last plebes to stand restriction. After plebe year Nimmen set out on youngster cruise and return from the Phillipines a better man. For the remaining three years he would grace the 17th company with his presence. Nimmen's five basic responses of plebe year were reduced to only three and changed slightly. Now they were:"Its not my fault," "I'm not a clutz," "Give me a break." Second class year saw Nimmen starting off in smoke hall for a run in with a particular rug from 4-1. It was not until first class year, spring break to be precise that the real Nimmen was seen. In this particular occasion he had set out to P'cola to do some windsurfing but low and behold his car broke down, but that didn't stop him he rented a car and went to P'cola leaving his car in North Carolina. The grand total for this trip was $1000, but he had a great time.

James Kirkwood Selkirk
Oak Ridge, Tennessee
General Engineering
Navy Air

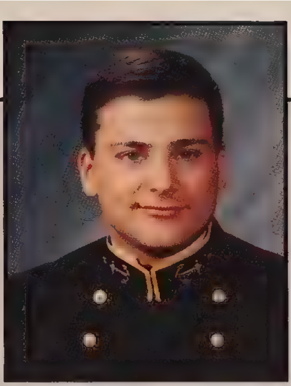
James K. Selkirk, Jr. known to most as "Doctor", "Keg", "Conan", "Axe", or "Jimbo" came to us from Tennessee. He was always more than happy to display his "good-old-boy" nature, and nothing bothered him, particularly plebe year. Once at a regimental come-around during plebe summer, the reg commander asked him who was on his staff. It wasn't until well into the rap session did anyone notice he read the list off the wall behind the reg commander's desk. Jim managed to leave a lasting mark on the Academy when he emptied a nights worth of used Jack Daniels into a leaky trash can leaving a ring on the floor of room 4313 that did not fully disappear until his first class year. A Varsity Sailor, Jim earned his coveted nickname "Conan the Barbarian" in a gravel parking lot in Block Island. Convinced that he is immortal because no one has proved him wrong yet, Jim has survived two car wrecks without a scratch. Hopefully he will do better when he gets in his jet. Yes the naval aviation community will gain a truely great pilot and human being. Best of luck Jim, and I'll see you on my wing. MTK, JDM, RHH.



Jeffrey Wayne Simmons
Lake Wales, Florida
Physical Science
Surface Warfare

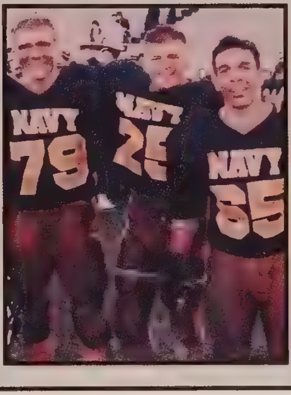


Joel David Stewart
Casselton, North Dakota
Chemistry
Medical Corps



Joseph William Stibler
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania
Physical Science
Navy Air

William Robert Tibbs
Santa Maria, California
Political Science
Marine Air



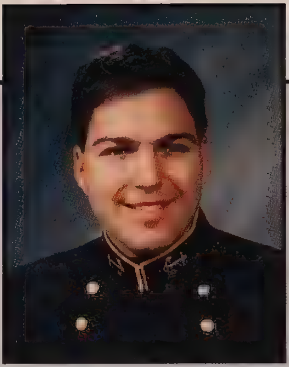
Jeff, better known as "gramps" by his classmates, was born and raised in Lake Wales, Florida. After 2 years of junior college and a year at NAPS, he entered the academy as a professional student ready to conquer academics. Head first he dove into the pillow of his blue magnet, testing the osmosis method of learning. Hey, but what do grades matter when you are part of the elite corp of Physical science majors. Jeff may have been a shy and quite person from plebe through 2/C year, however 1/C brought about a big change in "gramps" lifestyle. The Doctor of Dance spent many a weekend at the Safari Club, wooing the ladies with his smooth moves. Yet, Jeff remained a most generous person with his time and could be observed on many occasions teaching two of the company's worst dancers some of the easy moves commonly seen on "Soul Train." One weekend in Feb. Jeff met the girl of his dreams and has been hooked since. He made a 180 degree turn from "grumpy gramps" to Mr. Joviality. Since then the only place he could be found is on the phone with his bride to be. Well wishes to you and your bride. You have been a great friend and classmate. CMB

J.D., Mr. Wizard, Rodney, Scrappy, Butch: Whatever the name, it's all the same. Joel Stewart came from the outback of NoDak and made an immediate impact. Fieldball and Rugby were probably his favorite games, but Lightweight Football brought his claim to fame. Straight A's Youngster year brought a Chemistry Trident from my peer. But . . . he didn't have a real major . . . and he's a great guy, just ask him about both. A bright green Marine at heart, Joel proved his mettle graduating with honors from Bulldog. The call of the wild was not enough, however, as he chose to join the corps after graduation - Medical Corps, that is. A true stripper dick, the world rained down on him in the end. But through it all, the song remains the same. "It's better to burn out, than to fade away! Big shots, blood brothers and Piss Pots Forever! - Sundance

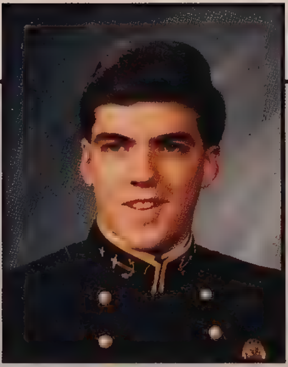
Joe spent his years at USNA setting standards of performance that all future midshipmen can work to achieve. Originally raised to row crew, Stibs opted for the more pleasurable things in life -- weekend golf tournaments with the Annapolis brew crew, varsity naked ice hockey, and searching for the coldest brews in Annapolis. 2/c summer introduced many adventures, Bahamas (Hey, its a barracuda, where are you guys going?), P-Cola (sleeping on a window sill - the best night of sleep he got). However, most of these times were in Joe's first three years. Just before the ring dance, he met someone who would change his life: Kerry. Joe said he knew he had found the right girl when he discovered her last name was Beers. Despite all these happenings, Joe was still able to carry on a great tradition. He will always be known as one of the 'Last of the Dinosaurs', a Physical Scientist. Joe mastered the art of writing papers, by using the same subject - El Nino - for all of them. Now Joe heads to P-cola for real, for the chance to be a Naval Aviator. Fly the friendly skies forever Joe. JWW and MDM.

Robert came to us from sunny Southern California. He survived four years of East Coast life and was still able to hang on to his laid back West Coast mentality. Affectionately known as Tibber, he came here as a master of the tennis court and lived up to his billing. Four years of consistent play landed him as team captain for his last. His long distance love has survived the test of time and a semester with her in Boston. Robert's frequent visits to Boston 1/C year afforded him time with Jodi and two speeding tickets. Never one to frequent the Annapolis drinking establishments, he was known to indulge on occasions that often left him taking an early nap or staining the floor. He did have one running tab he never failed to abuse called roommate borrow and loan. Robert surprised us all in the end by following his Bulldog lead in choosing the Corps. Living with Robert was almost like living alone at times because he was always playing tennis, but his calm, level-headedness made the room a pleasant place. I'll miss him as a great roommate and friend. Remember, "It's not the years honey, it's the mileage." Take care & good luck. JHB

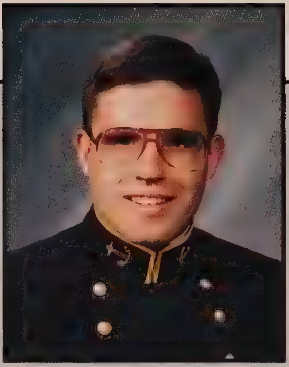
18th COMPANY



Mark Robert Vandroff
Lakeland, Florida
Physics
Surface Warfare



Raymundo Jose Villar
Lima, Peru
Systems Engineering
Foreign National



James Ward Weggen
Pine Island, Minnesota
Mechanical Engineering
Nuclear Power - Submarines

Wacky Vandy came to USNA from the New York suburb of Florida. Once here he amazed everyone with his intellect and various other qualities. Posture and house keeping were never among his stronger points. Fortunately, living in 5th wing 1st class year, the Lt. never came by to check the room very often. Mark had a line ready just in case. "Gee sir, the plebes must have trashed it while I was gone." Youngster year, Mark thought that he wanted to go nuke subs. YP squadron and living with a dedicated SWO quickly convinced him of the error of his ways. Always on interested in the cutting edge of technology, Mark chose the newest class of DDG service selection night. Just remember Mark, the cutting edge of technology is not always sharp. First class year brought VGEP cars and other things. Every night at taps, Mark could be found in the wardroom watching HILL STREET BLUES and getting everyone else caught up on the plot. Remember, "let's be careful out there." Fair winds and following seas. RFL

Ray, coming from Peru, arrived at Annapolis four years ago and he seemed as lost as Tarzan in New York City. You could see him going through his plebe year trying to find out what was going on. Three years later, as a second classman, he enjoyed very much taking care of the plebes in a very harsh manner. He liked his style so much that he continued it during his first class year as a three-striper. A "star" since plebe year, Ray reached a high academic level (3.5-3.6 isn't that sick?). He had so much liberty he did not know what to do with it. He would hang around with a special girl that ended up not being just special. Ray was never a "ladies" man until first class year when sometimes he would go out with 3 girls at a time! Ray, it has been awesome going through this place with your company and this does not mean that I am paying for your windshield (sorry). Good luck and best wishes. De tu mejor amigo, JPB.

James came to us from the thriving metropolis of Pine Island, Minnesota. Those who have been there remarked on the lovely all day tour of the downtown area. James was always too busy reading comic books and playing computer games to spend much time with his hobby, mechanical engineering. Many can claim to have rode the Rocket, but unlike James, few stood in line for a second ride. James struggled with long distance relationships but he was a doer, not a thinker, and solved this problem first class year. All the best down under. J.W.S.

Bryan D. Anderson
Lakewood, Colorado
Physics
Nuclear Power - Submarines

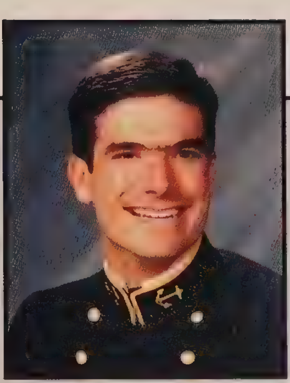
He comes from the land of Colorado. To the huge one whom we all admire, especially the females, he is known as the Sheik. Where do they get the name "Thor" from? A ladies' man through and through he has broken hearts all over the East coast, from the city docks to the state of Virginia ("Will she ever get the hint?!") to Georgetown ("I think she likes me more than a friend!") to the sunny state of Florida ("What was the name of that card game?"). He was the perfect gentleman the whole time. He finally found "the perfect girl." She hailed from his home state and captured his heart. There was no hesitancy this time. ("Why is my phone bill so high?") However, he left his roommate a lone bachelor. At the School he was described by others as kind, extremely giving and always willing to help one in need. There will be no finer officer in the Navy. The Silent Service is fortunate to have such a person amongst its ranks - as is the entire Navy. WMB

Charles Richard Bailey
Warrenton, Virginia
Polictical Science
Navy Air

Chuck ("Yo Adrienne") has a love for the outdoors, high performance autos, and dreams of going places. The football jock and jack of all trades followed Uncle Sam to Great Lakes in search of FT living, then entered Newport and became the leader of the Pack (1-1). After France (Boule and Cabaret Dancers), the 22 yr. old plebe teamed up with the 3 mauraders-Zip, Smitty & Clay-in 35 (the infamous ARMY-ABE Recon). Breaking records and beefin' up, Chuck emerged on the Track and Field team, throwing the 35 lb. and Hammer to All-American honors, a constellation of stars on his sweater, and 3 stripes as Capt. of Indoor. With a little GOUGEOIS, all-nighters (1 or 2) and mucho rack, he conquered all: from 2 AX BOARDS to DANT'S list and a shady past of Dangerous Liasons, to a R-DANCE Nightmare, only to stumble upon the greatest of families and their incredible daughter MCR. The Mafia stuns all with his bambi eyes, a Guido ring, CRB (red) VET, and the latest in Britches garb. Remember the Good Times at Old Rag Mtn and the best of roommates, Boot. Keep us gues-sing about the future: Top Gun, TWA, Beltway Bandit, or '92 in Barcelona? RABBIT

Monique Anne Beauchesne
San Jose, California
Physical Science
Surface Warfare

Mo came to us via Northwestern Prep. She spent plebe year in 26 rowing crew before she broke her hip. She faced the Ax in May '86 and won, although becoming a scientist in the process. Mo ended up in the top rack, where she stayed until first class year. She claimed to like it, though we knew better. She decided to do a REAL sport, and lettered in aerobics for 3 years. Remember the fateful call on the mate's phone which led to the Homecoming Dance and true love? Although she hated Quantico second class summer, the USMC has at least one good man. Bets were placed on the actual date, though Mo claimed no future plans. She lost October 16!!!! (what a great number). She gave us a scare before Christmas; remember the chocolate milkshakes!?! Who can forget Sly, Speedy, and Hobbes? May Calvin rest in peace. "I got it!" Surface Selection left her in Charleston, S.C. "But it's a great place!" Thanks for the great times and adventures. Good luck and never let the memories die. SMR



Wesley Mattox Boyce
Jacksonville, Florida
Political Science
Navy Air

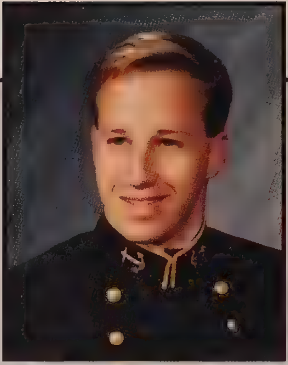
A good ol' boy from the South, he called his mom Ma'am, and his sisters often for advice. We affectionately call him Bulky--he's so huge. And a more chivalric person you won't find. Always willing to loan you his $200 high performance driving machine, usually minus an alternator, travel he did. The Bahamas-"Beck's Beer." France-"Horizontal", and of course Home to Florida-"Hooters-Nothin' like chicken wings and a pitcher of beer." Renowned for his goose-bump-givin' backrubs, he was a charmer. The Stewardess, the artist and fudge supplier, his French Connection, but most importantly blue eyes. "I like Brunettes!" And "I always liked Southern women." Now he has both in one, and I told him it'd happen-even when. Where's my pizza, anyway? And I'll be looking forward to my dinner at any restaurant I want. Never one to abuse his highly dextrous fingers "Hey Mo would you type ..." Thanks Wes--a great roomie and great friend. Pass the Diet Sauce please. BDA

Timothy Colin Brady
Chicago, Illinois
History
Nuclear Power - Submarines

When Colin came to the Naval Academy, it got Napolean Bonaparte the second with some Chicago thrown in. Why a history major with the vast military enthusiasm and knowledge went subs I'll never know. Wherever he goes his attention to detail and professionalism will serve him well. More than that, one thing Colin's known for is really helping people out. Need a watch covered, to use something, some help? He'd help you out. Colin knows how to serve people and that will help him out in the reactor corps. Dive! Dive! Dive! TCW

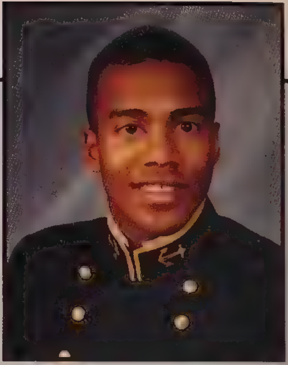
Laura Sue Bush
Grand Junction, Colorado
Aerospace Engineering
Surface Warfare

Laura Sue Bushmonster came to us from God's Country, (Colorado) where the people all drink Coors but at least they know a pop when they see one. Possessing geeky grades as an Aero but being too much the Bulldog, Airborne, and Running (N-star, GO NAVY!) Stud to be considered a geek, Laura was the most well-rounded (and most organized!) mid of all of us. (I know you are but what am I? Infinity!) "Lynn, what's the formula for the volume of a sphere?" Did you realize you were asking a single E? "Helping you" with your homework was one of the highlights of my time here, along with YP rides, "make it stop!", "Roxanne" (as our track theme song!) and who could forget "our song" by Dan Fogelberg. (Actually, what was the name of that song?) Maybe Kristin remembers, but we've taught her so much! Now that we're SWOs, fortified by SWO vitamins, who can stop us? (Wait, Laura's the short one and Lynn's the tall one!) Good luck in the fleet, Laura Sue, and may you meet your Prince Charming and marry him before I marry mine so I'll win the bet. (That goes for you, too, Kristin! But Rae already lost!) Be good or be good at it. Love, LAJ



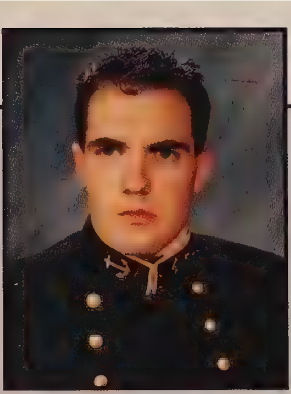
Gerald James Cavalieri
New York, New York
Oceanography
Surface Warfare

Jay came to us from the school of heavy air. Oh, did I say breeze, actually Jay spent 4, I mean 3 1/2 fun filled years with the intercollegiate sailing team. New York City tour guide, Mr. Social, Weasel, Cary Price, Cheeze Weasel. BMWs without electricity, Is that my O-coat? Jay will always sponsor a party. "Do you ever wake up in the morning and look next to you and realize it was a bad night." Sorry to leave you with the ugly ones. How did we ever get home? Spring break ski trips with the team. All the fun we've had these past years; it won't be the same without you. Good luck on the Missouri. Keep in touch. PJL & PJH



John Albert Duvall
Landover, Maryland
Electrical Engineering
Surface Warfare

I first met John at 0300 in the hall outside his room youngster year. It seems his roommates were sleeping (so early?) and he still had EE to do, so... Each night was the same: I'd ask how it was going, and he'd mumble something about his "mutton-head profs." With such an illustrious start, how did he ever make it through? But he did, and even taught the profs a few things on the way (as well as all his classmates taking Wires and Cables.) John's had quite a few crazy roommates through the years: naked Mike ("I'm hot!"), Doug E. "Fresh," and even (Oh, my land!) Todd "apple core" W. Not to mention the honorary roommate and wrestling partner "Evil" Lynn. John was one of the few engineers I knew with a little culture, even if I had to force-feed it to him. In exchange, he gave me such quotable quotes as "tofutti head" and "cabbage-patch looking ..." First class year: Company Commander, honor rep, track, BSC, Gospel Choir, and so on (and on and on...). Somehow, he managed to stay both sane and a very good friend. Good luck, John, and take care of that ring! CLK

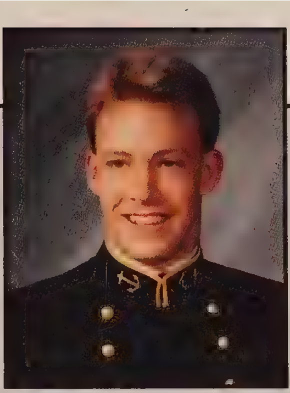


Joseph Michael Fagan
Charlotte, North Carolina
General Science
U.S. Marine Corps

The young Irishman, Joseph Michael Fagan, came to Canoe U. from the thriving metropolis of Charlotte, North Carolina via the Newport, Rhode Island connection. Fagan (alias Faigs) spent his plebe year in slack 32nd. It wasn't until youngster year that Faigs realized his true talent in 18th Company. He immediately made the varsity Annapolis Beer Golf team and lettered on the Severn Naked Ice Hockey team. When not diligently studying for his tough General Science major classes, Faigs spent his leisure time participating in other extracurricular activities: naked wardroom wrestling (I'm still petitioning the federation), teaching EE (Hey, I knew all of it last nite), taming Bill the Goat (Ron will never be the same), and of course always making his weekend rounds to Pete's, Riordans, and Mum's (Thank you for keeping us in business.) A true intellect (Have you ever lost an argument?) and a ladies man: Missy, Mary, Kelly, Janine, and the infamous Barbie. I will never forget you or the shower bell, or the slap contest. Good luck in the Marine Corps. By the time you make General maybe the Hornets will have a winning season. MDM

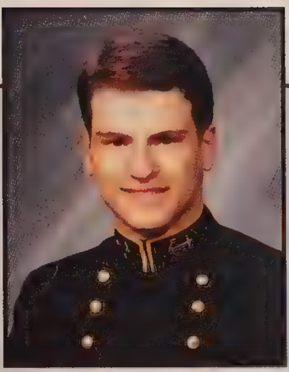
Anthony Dwight Faust
Denver, Colorado
History
U. S. Marine Corps

Tony came to us by way of NAPS. Although his academic prowess was not exactly spectacular, his pitching for Navy was. Not many people understood our man, Beast; he is definitely one of a kind. Second class year saw a lot of good times - how about waking up 5 minutes before formation every morning? "Yeah, I know," was all we ever heard! Those 2-o'clock-in-the-morning talks were always the best, - everything from being a door-gunner in Vietnam to being a great night to die. Speaking of dying, that laundry bag you owned was enough to kill anyone! On his lighter side there was Julie - the woman that tamed the Beast. Bulldog was a cinch and now you're going to be a Marine. Take my advice - drive tanks. It sure beats the heck out of humping! (Grease those treads!) You've been a best friend, helping us see the positive side of things and picking us up when we were down. Go easy, take care of yourself and that wonderful woman and don't spray too much hot lead down range! DES



James Francis Glynn
Albany, New York
Mechanical Engineering
U.S. Marine Corps

Jim came to USNA from the northern tip of New York. He came to play soccer and led the team to a CAA title, and tournie play, though he battled GUNGA for years. Even as a soccer stud, and a crazed Mech E. major, his social life was full. Memories - favorite drink: tequila and poptarts; home away from home: 21st Amendment; rain sport; The Trap and Athena; favorite wish: the return of the Major; favorite lady: Mom of the week; favorite party: W&M Tourney; favorite town: Kansas City; best joke: the princess; best move: USMC (I told you so); and his favorite girl: Dawn. Living and loving became a way of life, learning a process, and friendship a bond. ULS



Daniel Robert Hicks
Tuscaloosa, Alabama
Physics
Nuclear Power-Submarines

Hickster came to us straight from the Bayou (don't glaze). As a youngster, Bubba walked on water through the English major. Never one to coast academically, Dan switched to the rigors of physics. On weekends we took it to the bridge. Remember carrying the pole vault through Bancroft? Dan excels in catching, especially eggs. Intensely athletic, he developed a love for fieldball and could always be spotted doing a strenuous workout of pillow curls and blanket pulls while emitting moans of exertion. He became a trusty shellback on first class cruise sailing from Hawaii to Samoa. Next we road tripped to Los Alamos where Dan spent his time blowing things up. He also learned to throw those bones. "Baby needs shoes. Another barefoot baby." Dan's 21st birthday, a night he will never remember. As a firstie, Dan went from MIR to platoon commander to Middleton's. Stay in touch. Roll Tide Roll. 24-13. RJS

Patrick Gerard Hunkler
Fort Wayne, Indiana
Mechanical Engineering
Nuclear Power-Submarines

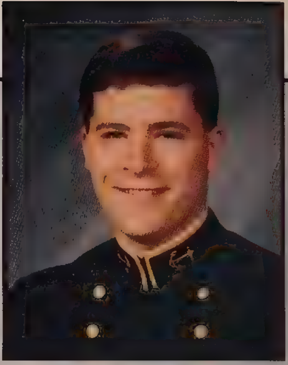
Patty, the experienced old salt of the crowd, came on the Annapolis scene with camera in hand. Every now and then he'd even manage to snap a decent one. As soccer manager we all knew he had important business to take care of during all those formations he missed. (Just put down authorized for soccer!) He confided in me one night and admitted he had this fetish about "pretty girls." He says "Mac, (pause) I LIKE GIRLS." I wondered about that one. Pat could always be seen cruising the highways and biways in his fantastic red K, (How 'bout puttin a little shine on that thing and make it glossy) and listening to Blues. (Jesus just left Chicago) Known as Patty to some, Hunk to others, his official undercover name was the "Gadgett Man" to all of those who needed him. (You got a timing light and some WD-40 or a metric wrench?) Pat has had more roommates than anyone else in the history of the Brigade. (HEY! THAT'S SWELL) It's not because we didn't like you son; you just got stuck with the wrong people! God bless and take care. MAC

Lynn Andrea Johnson
New Baltimore, Michigan
English
Surface Warfare

Lynn (Lynetta Boobka) Johnson came to us from famed Michigan, go Blue! (like those mittens). Lynn took the athletic world by storm, throwing things all over the place (shotput, discus, hammer, roommates...) and went on to become Varsity captain. In academics she chose a single "E" major, English, spending early morning hours typing papers and wondering why she wasn't an engineer (that's a switch!) BEWARE OF DISC KILLERS! Lynn's credit card bills were always amazing, even after just witnessing how much money she had "saved" shopping at the malls. Now that Lynn went SWO (can you believe it?) she will have to trade in her Diet Pepsi and Peanut M & M's for the more traditional coffee and donuts. We'll miss your jokes and friendship, Lynn, (oh, I forgot I was living with you again, Darn! LSB) and we wish you the best of luck with SWO, Crypto, California dudes, and getting various tan lines. Take care of Chistopher, Patrick, and Frank (yes, my wierd logic again! KAR) See you in San Diego at SWOS. You can stay up late partying instead of studying! LSB and KAR

Christopher Lee Knight
Portland, Texas
English
Surface Warfare

Now what? Don't wear the red jacket in Canada, "Dudley Do-Right" will be out of a job. You remain the only true "Knight" of the English Round Table to be able to hang with the EE +P's. Hey, what are you doing in my Physics class? Transparent eyelids must be the ultimate gouge; patent them, O.K.? Remember Chess Kings: "Why are his shoes tied so tight?", Folger's Theater: Much Ado, Merchant, A+C; "Maybe I should get out of the shower and go to the play, hmm..." International Ball: Baila la cha, cha, cha; Fred in a dress, I must confess. Two men and a baby, the "grunt", "Low dawdy!!" Corps forever more or half-eaten apple core; yech! Engel-spud and Colorado Springs--too fun! Oh no, here comes Evil Lynn. Romancing the red-headed Ring Dance date--don't bruise her ruffles! No more Chuck E. Cheese if you please. The only one through the end who I consider my true friend (All day after the wreck, I remember...). Salud, pesetas y tiempo para gozarlos; Amigos al fin, JADIII.



Joseph Richard Krycia
Eden, New York
Mechanical Engineering
Surface Warfare

There are three words that describe Joseph's life: volleyball, women, and gouge. In addition to these hobbies, he was a self-appointed devil's advocate. Never one to yield in an argument, his sense of logic seemed to outshine his QPR. Youngster year brought midnight room volleyball games, falling plants (poor Henrietta), and flying red wax. Second class summer Joe demonstrated an ability to pick lively dates. In P-Cola, he decided that he didn't want to fly anyway. Four years of hard work finally paid off with a trip to the East Coast Championships. All those box lunches. Remember playing golf in downtown Annapolis with Chip Shots and Long Drives? Joe also showed his Christmas spirit by carolling on the Eastport bridge. Joe will be remembered for his favorite sayings, "I know all that" and "Do whatever you want to do because you're going to do it anyway." Zarabanda. DRH, RJS

Scott Andrew Macmurdo
Aiken, South Carolina
Mechanical Engineering
Surface Warfare

Pride not prejudice--fly it! is a firm belief of the good ol boy from the depths of South Carolina where all that matters is fishin'. He endeavored to increase the quality of his life and so decided to make USNA his home for some four-odd years. As a mechanical engineer he learned the meaning of the word humility and boldly delved into the basement of Rickover--never to return the same. We missed the Rocket, hurray! When can you pitch for the butt pirates again, Mack-ma-do? Whenever you need a shower that has hot water feel free to use ours. Fair winds and following seas you swo daddi, of an iron man in a wooden ship, becks lovin, varmint. Elbow Key awaits your return. PH

Darin John Marley
Johnstown, Pennsylvania
Oceanography
Surface Warfare

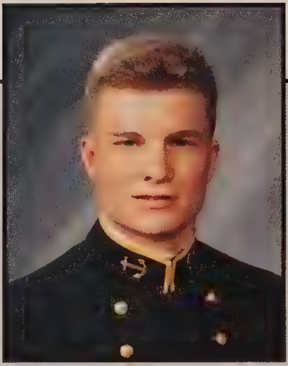
Darin came from the sleepy little town of Johnstown, PA, to find out what the Navy was all about--too bad you didn't find out until after 2 for 7 night! He breezed through USNA, excelling in academics with a 3.2 QPR. Throughout his time here, however, Darin has lived for two things. The first is Kimberly, his wife to be. Second, and perhaps more importantly (just kidding, Kim!) has been his search for the most dreaded monster among fresh water denizens--the mighty musky! Feel the Steel, baby! Do you remember HamChunk, Mahambo-Jahambo, P-Less, T-Rex, and the greatest "boy" of all, FUZZY? BOSE and ONKYO stocks rose dramatically second class year (you said how much?!) The feasts featuring Chips Ahoy, Ice Cream, the 9 for 5er with the free 10", and best (or worst) of all, Toll House Pies always made us sick! You know Darin, we had some great times and we had some not-so-good times. But through it all, you've been the best friend and roommate a guy could have. You made this place a breeze and a heck of a lot of fun. Thanks for everything. Just remember, SEMPER DOUGHNUT, BE EXCELLENT TO YOURSELF, and PARTY ON, DUDE! DES

Edward Romeo Martinez
Eustis, Florida
Systems Engineering
Nuclear Power-Submarines

This little man of big ideas hailed from the great state of Florida. His earnest beginnings here at the Boat School began in Roaring 20 where amid airborne wrist-watches he managed to get by. He returned to 18 youngster year after spending one pleasurable evening there as a plebe. Academics were never a problem for this systems major who aspired to be a grunt, however greed overtook him one day as he filled out his nuke application. Then love found its way into his life during second class year, but this guy just wasn't ready to settle down yet. Ed spent his last three spring breaks learning how to become a bartender at a small cabin in the Virginia mountains. I suppose he's looking for a well-paying skill to supplement his nuke and sub pay. He even ended up doing okay for himself with batt stripes one semester and brigade stripes the next. But there was always time in his schedule to stop in at a Pub in Abito or DC. However, despite all the flak we gave each other, you'll always be the greatest of friends. RAF

Michael Dennis Michel
Brandon, Florida
Oceanography
Navy Air

Miles came to sunny Annapolis via the direct route. Direct from almost failing out of High School to Nuke School, to his sub, the Stonewall Jackson, then to 20th Company for plebe year. Not much is remembered of Mike during plebe year except that he was noted as "sickly looking" and had his own special recipe for his cookies. Next our hero came to 18th where he made midnight runs to the soda machine and did a balancing act with a glass of champagne. Junior year brought love into Mike's life and schizophrenic behavior whenever Suzy was not around. Although half this year was spent at USAFA, we all remember him coming back "super charged" for the football game. Flaming Shots, Sleeping Naked in yak, and pocket ripping highlighted this weekend. Other accomplishments: the Hooters game, selection to beer golf HOF, naked ice hockey, Bill the Goat and SeaBee awards, a marital contract, a snazzy way of meeting his friends' dates, and runner-up in the naked wardroom wrestling championship. Mike, learning from past mistakes, chose the Top Gun life. Good luck in all endeavors Mike, you've been a good roommate and a great friend. JMF



Thomas Robert Peck
Beachwood, New Jersey
Economics
U.S. Marine Corps

Tom, or as I have known him, "Pecker", came to the Naval Academy with aspirations to fly. However, he was grounded before he even got off the ground--by his wife of course! Although this south Jersey native (he knows north Jersey rules!) was "whipped", he could be seen in McGarvey's, Pete's or Mum's "Pounding & Pigging", but only when the Mrs. let out some slack in his leash. Three stripes were fully taken advantage of by racking and his youngsters were spent in deep discussion with the one he looked up to the most. It was a pleasure rooming with the "kraut" for two years--I can't count the number of times he "HOOKED" me. He taught me a lot and was a tremendous influence. Pecker will be a definite asset to the Corps and I wish him the best in the future (even if his duty is in 29 Palms). GO MARINE CORPS! CAV.

Kristin Ann Reynolds
Ridgewood, New Jersey
History
General Unrestricted Line

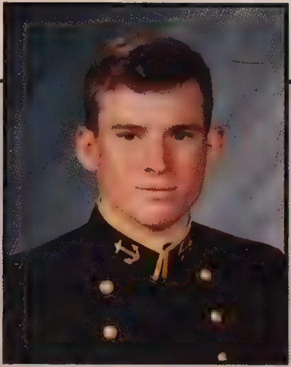
KAR (still not yet Americanized) came to USNA via Brazil, Japan, Colombia, Sweden and then finally from exit 11 on the famous NJ turnpike. Why did you pick NJ? Kristin can always be found kicking a soccer ball around with blond Swedish boys, and everyone calls you naive! Once she became familiar with "Leave it to Beaver", the "Jetsons", blue jeans, and pop (a soda with ice cream in it), we had no trouble communicating, despite Spanish-speaking flashbacks and French flare-ups. Kristin adapted well, despite her belief that the cowboy hat and Louis L'Amour are the models of American life. Thanks for being your spazzy self, Kristin, and entertaining and listening to us for 3 years. Although we didn't room toghter very long, you have to admit that we had a blast. What would study hour be without a lot of laughs and as little studying as possible? I can't believe you, corrupting me like that. What next--foul language, fast cars (automatic), and hot guys in flight suits? I can't wait. Take care, God bless, and never lose that blush of yours. (RLR) Good luck in Panama! Love, LSB, LAJ, RLR

Stephanie Marie Rhoades
Raleigh, North Carolina
General Engineering
Supply Corps

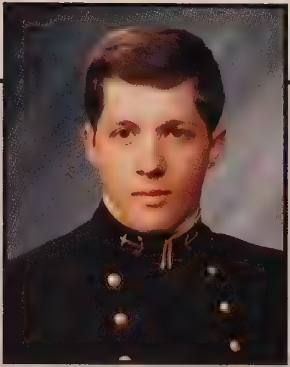
"Good Morning, Mr. Breakfast!" Steph came to us from the South, though she lost her drawl plebe year. Lucky 7 was good to her that first year, but the volleyball team lost a great player when she quit. Youngster summer brought out the true Steffer. Remember Martha's Vineyard? ("Did you say the boat leaves in 10 minutes?!") She'll never forget long talks and good times with GS. 2/c year brought that nasty knee operation, Spring Break in P-Cola (the wall didn't help, did it?!), the switch from Mech to General (Why??). And we can't forget her car--such a passion for red sports cars! Steph enjoyed her first cruise so much, she took the abuse again and sailed south 1/c summer. And her love for aviation (or aviators?!) left her in P-cola for 4 weeks. It's been an experience, but fun! Sorry, Fred! The "boys" were a great addition to our room. Friday night talks were worth the lost sleep. Best of luck to you, Steffer my friend. P.S. Don't wait too long for the Big "D"!! MAB

Raelene Leah Ryerson
Umatilla, Florida
Political Science
General Unrestricted Line

"Hey babe!" What comes next? I guess I'll find out someday--I'll probably turn red too. C'est la vie! You have been an awesome roommate this last semester (why DID we wait so long?!). I don't know what I would have done without your understanding and encouragement. I will never forget late night talks, chocolate cravings and laughing about "the ooiegooies." I still hate pears, especially ones that go rotten on The Shelf. Take care of your "stuffies" in the backseat of your car and maybe your new home won't be such a Grand Central Station! Best of luck with your "schnookums" or should I say "hooker." You have eternity to learn to write "Y's" (smile). Vaya con Dios, mi amiga querida! KAR

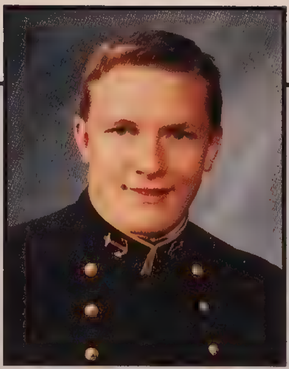


Daryl Eugene Simon
Gautier, Mississippi
Electrical Engineering
Naval Flight Officer

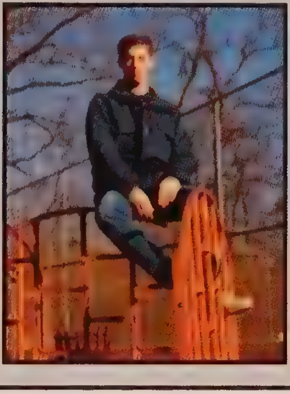


Rick John Stoner
Lewisberry, Pennsylvania
Physics
Nuclear Power-Submarines

Christopher Angelo Venezia
Verona, New Jersey
Political Science
Surface Warfare



Todd Carey Waldemar
Denison, Iowa
General Engineering
U.S. Marine Corps



Daryl, D, D-Bone, Death-Bone. This man of many names came to us from the swamps of Mississippi with less meat on his bones than a King Hall spare rib! But, somwhere inside all that calcium is a heart bigger than his CD collection; unless you've thrown it away or lost it! An outdoorsman all the way, but you've yet to see the light when it comes to fishing! Speaking of light--NORAD comes to mind! It brought us many enjoyable moments...almost as many as all the "Ho Chi Pie's" we feasted on! Don't forget "the boys" who joined us: Butthead, M & J, T-Rex, P-Less, Little Mr. and especially Fuzzy! We sure had some rare forms of life in that room! Most of them lived in your laundry! How 'bout that SDB shirt? What was it? 2 1/2 years? NICE! Well, I must say we learned a lot from each other over the years, and we found lots of fun somewhere in all that hassle! You were the best roommate I could have ever had, and our friendship is...well...you know! Fly fast and hard! Just do me a favor and don't drop test the plane. Finally--be excellent to yourself, and party on dude! P.S. Have a Day! DJM

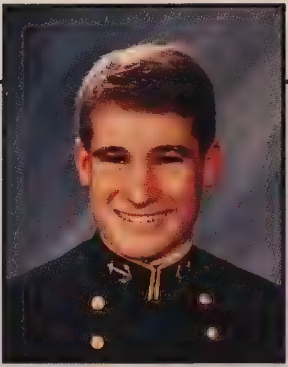
When little Ricky was twelve years old he looked out his bedroom window at Three Mile Island and decided that he wanted to work on nuclear plants. So, he decided to wander down to USNA and do it as an ossifer. Never one for verbal acuity, Rick made up for it with an astonishing sense for figures and formulae. He's the only person I know who can tell you to 6 significant figures how many shares of Puritan he has, but thinks every song ever written is performed by Journey. Rick sold his soul to get his masters at Hopkins, working long and hard when others would have settled for mediocrity. This drive and determination will serve him well, even though he can't spell too gud. One thing though, Rick, when you're on your sub, keep your feet covered. You don't know where the toe monster is lurking. And I still owe you for that half-digested oyster. Beware the COCKROACH BAIT. DRH

Chris came to the Naval Academy seeking to be the best surface warrior he could be, thus giving up a possible future in the Mafia. He played four years of varsity football, finally earning his letter. He'll be most remembered for his pass that was intercepted by Notre Dame. As a political science major, Venez dilligently searched for the gouge. The "Gouge Master" figured why study during the week when he could pull all-nighters when the time came. We all knew where his priorities were . . . the rack and watching TV reruns of Cheers. He even liked EE so much that he went back for a third semester. After four years of being a modern day Romeo, love finally caught up with him. Venez gave up the single life to make the road trip to New Jersey every weekend. Always remember head butts in McGarvey's and good times with the boys! It has been a long four years, but good times and good memories abound. Chris has a great future and is a definite asset to the Navy. To a great roommate: I wish you the best of luck! TRP

Todd, a homeboy from Iowa, had a shocker when he hit Form 2 plebe year. After conquering Form 2, Todd, affectionately known as "Waldo," went on to bigger and better in Serene 18 and "Wild Bill." Where "Wild Bill" failed to harness Todd's carefree spirit, Mech E. had a little better luck. Todd's ability to "work out" and his capacity for eating soon won him the new name of "Beef." Those who knew Todd will remember and admire his zeal in following Christ, and his desire to help others know Him. We will all miss Todd's big heart, sense of humor, and drive to please God. I think the Marine Corps has finally found one of the "few good men" they've been looking for. WSS

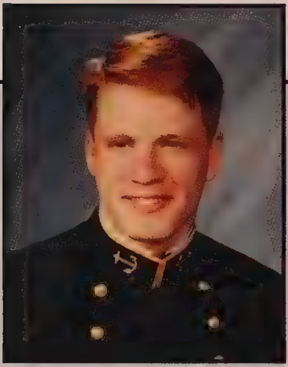
19th

COMPANY



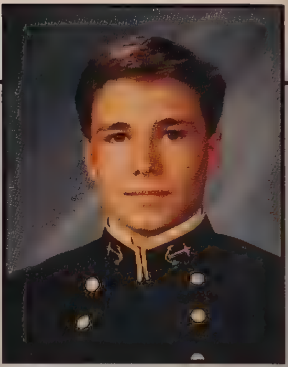
Brian Richard Wetzler
Wilmington, Massachusetts
Political Science
Navy Air

"Do not weep for us, we will be back in 90" says Wetz, a man who swears by the Bird and curses the Coop. He will probably die in a shamrock green casket clutching a piece of holy parquet. Wetz's lone goal at the Academy: to be a flyboy (how'd you add 2 inches?). A connoisseur of imported lagers and wines, Brian was never one to turn down significant discussion with anyone. An incredible conversationalist, he often used lines like "what do you think of Bugs Bunny?" His other idols included Batman, James T. Kirk, and Gen. MacArthur (but his brother was a grad!). Brian's favorite pastimes included sleep, blowing up 8 foot pteradactyls, working on engine transmissions, and sleep. In addition, Brian was the only mid to have a furnished kitchenette, and a tropical rain forest in his room, complete with banana trees, lightning and thunder. (Would Spud, Bag, Boo or Chuck approve?). We'll all sure miss your sense of humor as well as your sweat gear that lived in the closet. By the way, it's grions and rice tonight. Take care. MAC



Christopher Kevin Barnes
Yardley, Pennsylvania
Economics
Surface Warfare

Chris came to Canoe U to swim after a year at the Peddie school. A tour in Slack Six and the swimteam persuaded him to concentrate on academics. He had the profound ability to teach everyone the night before an exam and draw a blank when it came to CRUNCH time. He also had the acute ability to let people know how he felt; poor old Buck and Boil face Barnsey let them know how it really was. Red, Barnsey, Mr. Personality just add C2H6O. "I lost my ring!...I'll cut you...No substitute for food dude-...Mama didn't raise no fool." Not very good at playing hide the car keys. Could we ever do anything together and stay out of trouble? No matter how much trouble you had here we know you'll do well in the fleet. Good Luck! Keep in touch. PJL & EWL

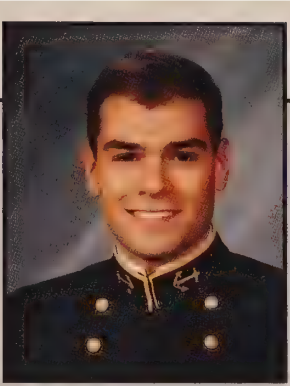


James Fredrick Berg
Brunswick, Maine
Mathematics
Navy Air

Jimbo, The Man, The Myth, The Legend, hailed from the booming metropolis of Brunswick, Maine. The son of an infamous P-3 pilot, Jim seemed to have the competitive edge from day one. He came from Serene 18, which for many mortal plebes was the end of their Naval career, but was his year to excel. Jim was fortunate enough to have a few squared-away roommates, but as time progressed, he formulated his own definition of squared-away and chose to room with a slob Lacrosse player. Grades were never a problem for him until the night before the test, at which time he would scurry around the hall and pull an all nighter, but with who? "Who is that strawberry blonde stud driving that red corvette?" (oh it is out of the shop?) Soon after Jim found out women mids did not suit his taste, his appetite grew for LEW's. The last few years have been great. Good luck at P-cola (take no prisoners). Keep in touch. Oh what a wangled webb we weave! MDK, EWL, AJS.

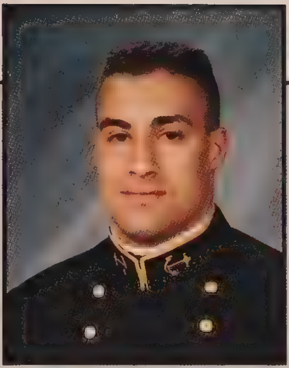
Devon Marjorie Burr
Washington, D.C.
Political Science
Oceanography

There is only one word to describe Devonski--INTENSE. This intensity showed itself in a 4.0 and a varsity letter in fencing first semester youngster year. As time wore on, her attentions went in other directions--dancing and going out. The crazy side of her surfaced at Dodger's when the icewoman pinned Turbo. Dev moved on to bigger and better things. She began to shave her legs and spent a semester at USCGA. After an unsuccessful attempt to enter the Coast Guard she rolled the dice and came up with Oceanography at service selection. She made us laugh as she stood on line across squad bay at Bulldog and became the Bulldog poster child. She finished off her Academy career with a Chairmanship position in NAFAC. Does anyone know why she spent so much time in the phone room plebe year? Good Luck Devon- set your dreams high and anything is possible. JAS & MER



William Allen Dodge
Crofton, Maryland
Political Science
Naval Flight Officer

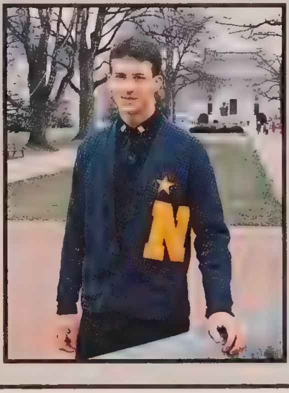
Billy D, alias the Hairy Mecca, aka Powerwagon came to USNA via Crofton, MD, Parris Island, and UMBC. Thus, Plebe year was anticlimatic. He spent Plebe year skating through 36th Company and then found his true home on 2-4 in N-n-n-n-nineteen. Youngster cruise found Bill in GTMO, that garden spot of the Caribbean. 3/c year was spent with the Mentor weaning his pupil into a monster at Mike's (carrier landings down the stairs, broken house, broken car), Syracuse, and "Baby Doll's". Oh yeah, he went to school also! Bill was famous for his excellence in time management, BDI's, the Titchuba Dance, the Grease Man Rap Song, and the amount of hair on his back. "You Zeek!" He started dating his future bride, Sharon, before Flame year and spent many weekends enroute to Columbia. He went to Bulldog and Hawaii, where he became convinced that flying was a much better mode of transport than humping. He became tired of busbody and used his car loan to obtain a second hand Camaro via SMR, plus a personal spot at the body shop in the same package. To a Great Baldini, running partner, and friend, good luck in P-Cola and keep singing that scat. Double.



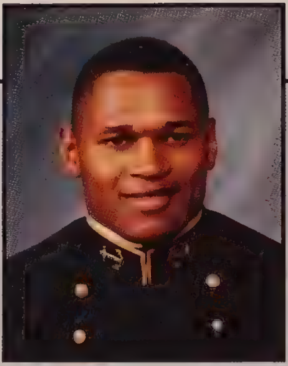
Michael Anthony Jimenez
Miami Beach, Florida
General Science
Marine Air

Mike hails from Miami Beach but he is a New Jersey boy at heart. He started out at USNA in 4th Co., but his main occupation was football. Youngster year he met his honey Cindy and his weekends have been busy ever since. Second class year he got the starting noseguard job on the varsity squad; but at the end of the year he told the coach to find someone else to play on the meat squad and so Mike started spending more time doing other things - namely Bulldog. After firstie summer, Mike came back to USNA with the fires stoked and raring to go. All in all it's been a great two years rooming with you and I wish you all the luck in the FMF. -JCM I could not have made it successfully through the Academy without the loving support of my two best friends. Thanks DAD. Thanks HONEY. -MAJ

David Allan Johnson
Milton, Massachusettes
Oceanography
Surface Warfare



Coming from some small town outside Boston, this quiet, reserved creature came to Purgatory, Md in search of self worth. Lacking a lot of support, he managed to gut it out through plebe year with the help of good grades and a varsity letter in gymnastics. Youngster year began the metamorphasis. He began to growl, drool, and dance like Denny Terrio from Dance Fever. He sprouted fangs, claws, hair, and boldly socialized with girls named Miss June. Fortunately, he never lost his sense of responsibility, as he would almost always be the "designated driver" when returning from our frequent bible study classes in D.C. 2/c year was more of the same for David, with more emphasis on relaxing and socializing than studying. 1/c year he dropped gymnastics and became the backbone of our company softball team. Unfortunately, the Johnson name-sake was tarnished forever when David received 5 demerits for not returning his library book. Rooming with Dave for 3 years was the luckiest thing that's happened to me. I wouldn't be here now if he hadn't have looked after me. Thanks, pal, for putting up with my garbage for 3 years. Looking forward to San Deigo! JJM

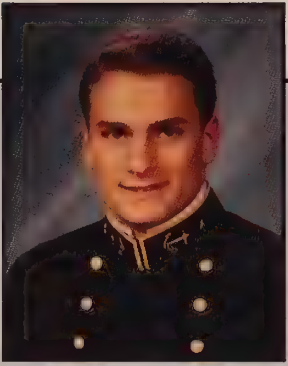


Ronald Fitzgerald Jones
Tucker Hill, Virginia
Physical Science
U.S. Marine Corps

Ron Jones came to us from the far-off land of Tucker Hill, VA (where is Tucker Hill?). He claimed to be a country boy who had trouble adjusting to life at USNA. Ron made history by becoming a four-year veteran of the Lejuene Hall Gang, but pulled it through. Ron validated Plebe year, but not academics. Youngster year found the Big Man playing football, which lasted until the 3rd Ac-Board, which effectively ended that career. Ron claims to be a ladies' man, but had only 4 girls who were legal ("Lots of Babes", indeed)! Ron finally decided to be a Corps Dog after going to plebe summer again (affectionately called "Bulldog"). There, he earned the title that carried him through first class year. Go get 'em, Ronbo!! Enjoy yourself on the big Green Farm!! (Ooo-rah!!! or WOOF!!) MRL

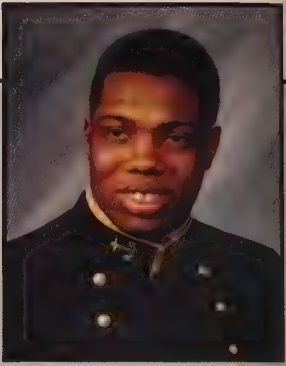
Mark David Kapral
Corning, New York
General Science
Supply Corps

Eyore, Kap, Snap, Snappy, Satan. Tag team matches with Ed, Hanch, and Uke; Dartmouth bus ride; Ocean City '86; 4th wing barber. Mark came to us as one of the Upstate Boys from Corning, N.Y. though he always took the long way, stopping in Newport. Kap was never one for the books, just barely getting by. Oh Well, as he would say. After pulling his grades up from a 0.4 at 4 weeks plebe year, Kap never looked back or forward. You could always count on that 2.0--actually not. He was always cheery and ready to go with his morning announcement "Good morning you ----." Kap was the only person who knew how to cut hair well, but he was the one who needed it most. It was rare that Kap broke a reg, but when he did he was sure to get caught. After his "night on the town", Kap decided to give up lacrosse and take up pole vaulting as he vaulted himself over the wall and into a deuce. Kap never had to go far to find a lady friend, in fact he usually choose 2nd, 3rd, or 4th wing. He was sly, but not sly enough. Nothing but Supply would ever fit you. You've been a great friend. Keep in touch! Oh what a wangled web we weave. JFB, AJS, EWL, TH.



Brian Douglas King
Mars, Pennsylvania
History
Navy Air

And what a fine Scottish lad he is! Brian was one of those indecisive youngsters who was attracted to the military life yet longed for frat parties, beer stocked reefers, real social life, and places like TROLLS. Up to this point of his life, just about every one of his plebe year roommates and cohorts in "SMOO 105" had left to grow their hair long and pierce their ears. Fortunately for us and the Brigade, Brian was influenced by his fellow Scot and second semester 3/c year roommate to stick around. Lo and behold, after surviving through Diffy Q's, EE, and a few Army-Navy games he became a mega-striper and a Navy jet jock. During his tenure here, Brian has swooned many women's hearts (shall we not mention the Psycho soccer player?) and has yet to fall on the wayside to marriage. Being the superb athlete he is, Brian helped 19th Co fieldball to become "the essence of life." With keen eyes for deer hunting and the McGregor determination, he will be one of the Navy's best pilots. That's assuming there are no mobile telephone poles in the air. Take care buddy, I'll miss you, and don't forget the promises! Long live the McGregors! HCW III

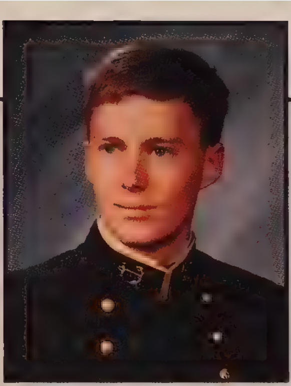


Michael Rena Leflore
Pasadena, California
Computer Science
Surface Warfare

Mike Leflore came to USNA after a stellar JROTC career in Pasadena, CA. He began his days in the 5th Company where he soon became known as MR. PEP. After a long Plebe Year, Mike developed into one of the nation's finest. He was a "Jack of all Trades". Around the track, he was poetry in motion. A party animal who didn't know when to say when, he was a music lover-(HIP-HOP), rack artist, art collector (comic books), sports car driver, and an olympic hopeful in the art of playing computer games. First Class Year saw Mike succumb to the pressure. After going to an AC Board for doing so well on the 1 1/2 Mile, Mike became engaged. But don't worry Mike, she'll still be there after you come from sea (or will she?). Look on the bright side, maybe you'll have some kids that can teach you to play basketball!! Good Luck, Mike. Enjoy your days as a SWO DOG and best wishes for you and Dawn (and the 40 kids!! Oops!!!). RFJ

Ernest William Linsay
Hockessin, Delaware
Oceanography
Supply Corps

Erndog came to us from Hattiesburg, Mississippi as a Mississippi Mudpie. As a plebe, Ern played varsity soccer, but during youngster year he realized his forte was not on the field but the surrounding area pubs. Though Ern chose Supply, we feel he might have been better as a lumberjack. We will long remember the first tree he ran into, although he doesn't. In Spain Ern thought he was Tarzan swinging on a $600 tree until he fell on his back and was surrounded by Spanish constables. All in all it was a good experience as everyone seemed to be for Ern. Although most would prefer to remain at the beach and relax for the night, Ern had a knack for wanting to go back 120 miles to "sleep in his own bed" even though the bravo alpha charlie was twice the QPR. Most expected Ern to settle down in Athens with the beautiful Bets, but when the heat was on, Ern would not budge and chose to live the life of a rabble rouser. Ern you have been a great friend and the male bonding will never be forgotten--keep in touch. Oh, what a wangled web we weave. JFB,MDK,AJS

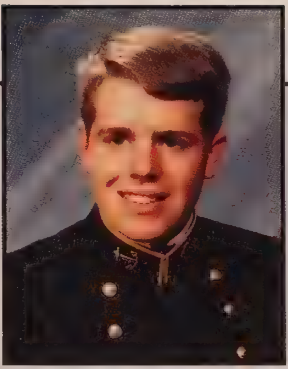


Per Johan Lovfald
St. Petersburg, Florida
Physical Science
Navy Air

PEAR came to the Boat School from a retirement community, feeling it was time to hang with the younger generation. From the beginning, Per set his priorities to include sailing, cars, music, his social life and school, in that order. Mr. Porsche, 914's now 911-I'll make my own pass-ing lanes-fat Nina in D.C. and abused chicks from Brown-uniforms out in town?-4 weeks with djr and ckb-1.0 and go...I guess I'll stay-the last of the physical scien-tists; why study?-slam dancing in Mum's-SNORING machine-he'll sleep alone-Lovfald-Mr. Skier-blender olympics-Easter in Conn.-nice rocks Jay-Olympic trials with Miami-whatever you do don't give me my keys-let's go out and find another consumption stand-3 striper baggit-I'll take my libs even if I am unsat-come on Barnesy, nobody will find out-appliances are against regs-chow packages from home-I never get any-make your rack-who's the slob now?-green beach-where's our turf?-ARMY NAVY '88 escapades-12 hours in a Beemer with CVP and GJC-if you're breaking one rule, why not break them all? The last 1&1/2 years have been fun, though troublesome for me at times. Good luck in P-Cola and with your eyes, and don't be a stanger. CKB

James Robert Maxfield
Houston, Texas
Aerospace Engineering
Nuclear Power-Submarines

The day that I met Jim Maxfield (I-Day), I thought that the Navy might be in trouble. After Plebe summer, I knew it. From day one, everyone heard about the "Jag," and when we finally saw it First Class year, it never went anywhere, except the shop. Arrogant and haughty, Jim spoke of AIR, FLIGHT, CAT SHOTS, NIGHT LANDINGS, MACH 1, WINGS OF GOLD, and SPACE. He even amassed more flight related paraphernalia than the Air and Space museum, but his true color (green-$$$) came out in the end when he applied for a nuke interview. Service Selection left the silent service with another overpaid bubblehead-to-be. A diver that never dove (but with an "N" and two stars???), he didn't march a P-rade from Plebe Summer until First Class year when, to our relief, he made Batt Staff. With sword in hand, he proceeded to become a drill expert. With a birthday, never missed by the Plebes, every month or so, Jim has to be the oldest Midshipman ever to graduate. Have fun, friend, with your career and newly "snaked" woman in Orlando. And, if you have any extra $$$ send it my way. Farewell. WWR



John Christian McClure
Northbrook, Illinois
Physics
Nuclear Power-Submarines

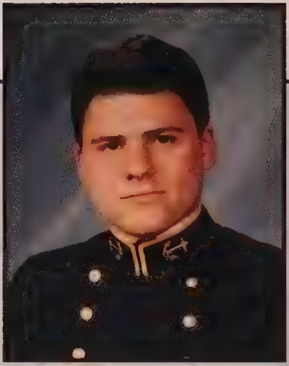
Coming to us from Chicago is the one and only true Big Fella - John McClure. I realized John was in 19th Co., but I really didn't get to know him until we agreed to room together at the end of youngster year. I thought second class year ought to be pretty cool rooming with John. He seemed like a nice guy who studied a lot and got good grades. Then at a Dead Week party at the end of youngster year I found out that John was a party animal too, as we slammed shots of tequila. OOORAH. Second class year started, and first semester went well. Then second semester came along and there was an addition to the family. Old H.C. decided to move in. You are a heck of a guy, John, and one of the last few good folks left in this place. I'm thankful for having a roomate like you who put up with me. I'm happy to claim you as one of my good friends. I guess that's because you're the Big Fella. MAJ

Larry Leroy McFall
Huntsville, Alabama
Political Science
U. S. Marine Corps

The BIG FELLA came to us from Huntsville with his sights aimed on graduation and a career as an infantry officer. Living on the outskirts of the company Youngster year brought about McFly later shortened to just Fly. As a 2/C he became every plebe's best spoon, especially at uniform inspections. Never a great friend of academics of any nature he excelled on the PT field to wear the "Golden Shorts" of Conditioning Squad Instructor fame. To a man who thinks MRE's and cat food are gourmet meals, jumps out of airplanes and runs through the jungle for fun, consistently loses his list of things to do, and is the best roomate I ever had, I say: here's the perfect Marine. Best of luck to the future Commandant of the Corps. RMM.

Jason Jones Michal
Key Largo, Florida
Computer Science
Surface Warfare

Skinny kid without nametags; Diving phenom; UVA-the beginning; EOS leave in the Keys, THE BURN, the girls, U4EA; Summer in Phx., aka Paul (Paula), the evil twins, Rocky Pt. Mexico 1, 1st of many MAC adventures, 9-shots-and-3-beers, the dead-girl, you like'm old (Zazoo's and Coconuts to name a few); New companies-same old freinds; Ford=guardrail; The one-eyed-checkered-party-magnet-geiger-vette, remember Abbey's?, unforgettable adven-tures=rotodex; Epsilon-Charles, party- shark, silver ICBM's, vocabulary-all-our-own; Dr. Steve, Mrs. K and our home the K's; 2nd-class-summer-roomies, GFS, P'cola, Longneckers-jumping-bush; More road-trips to challenge death; Sid and Johnny go to DE; Only $25 at the junkyard: Blue RX7 (sunroof of course); EOS back in the Keys with David, Matt, and Sister Theresa, there's a joke; Hoofmaster #1; NC was your idea; SWOface. You made 4 yrs. at USNA worthwhile. We had more fun than midly possible. Thank God I found someone to share in the unrelenting competitiveness. Two individuals became one. Sorry I abandoned you 1/c year. We'll get together and win the real money. I'll miss you, my best friend. CC

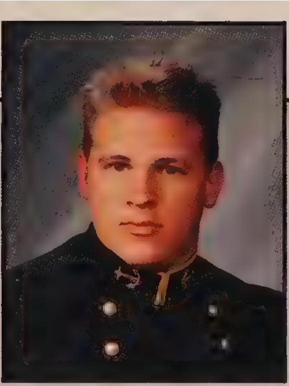


Richard Michael Miller
Euluss, Texas
Ocean Engineering
Surface Warfare

Horse is definatly a different breed of cat. We were thrust together by fate youngster year, being the last ones to sign the roomate list. I never wanted another roomie after that. I've never known two people to compliment each other better, I'm still waiting for our first fight; it ought to be a doozie! The boy hooked up with Mrs. Right and before we could talk him out of it, had done the dirty deed. He was the first in the company to bite the dust, depriving so many young ladies of the Horse. Once meeting Red everyone understood, though. You are one of gentle disposition, caring, understanding attitude, with an uncanny knack for reducing the worst problems to a managable size and solving them. Thank you, Ricky. Gonna miss you somethin' fierce! Be careful Big Guy! LLM

Carl Vann Petty
Longwood, Florida
Political Science
Naval Flight Officer

Flamer wanna-be, Taps-taker photographer, master of politics and plebe indoc, Carlos "the international terrorist", continuously imparted his vast knowledge upon the hordes. 12 hrs in the Bimmer. "Per, is that a barricade?" "I can't tell--the wipers won't work!" "Well, turn the lights on." "They ARE on!" You'd never guess what happens in New Rochelle at 3 a.m. Not one to lower his standards, he professed the superiority of southern women. Unfortunately, in the name of charity, these standards were ocassionally compromised. N.Y.C., MD, CT! "Northern women just don't know how to dress." "Big paper--need a big shovel." "Paper by Vivarin, sleep by Sominex, body by Dupont." Walking to class: "Hey, did you see that Robocop?" Pioneered new uniforms: "I didn't know you couldn't wear P.E. gear in the Midstore." "They're all a bunch of Eurofags." "Pax Americana!" "Hey, Carl, you goin' to any classes today?" "No, I'm gonna do NAFAC. Yaaawn." The two-time company commander couldn't keep a grip on a piece or his "in" box. Roommates and RIO's are thicker than blood. We always supported you. Good luck in P-Cola. WAD, PJL, DJR, HBV



Paul Albert Purdy
Glenmont, Ohio
General Science
Navy Air

Paul Purdy- 19th's very own "Fat Little Buddy", came to us as a "4.0 over 4" sailor from the back woods of Holmes County, Ohio. In his 26 years of existence Paul has experienced marriage engagements, long romances, one night stands, and oriental massages. Mr. "Fickle" was famous for his itch. About once a month Paul would get uptight and frustrated with the Academy and take off on a 7 hour adventure to the watering holes of Ohio. Paul has had many escapades around the world including a painful visit to his ship's clinic during 1/C cruise. Their are only three things that Paul values in life- women, weights, and food. He takes pride in the fact that he can involve himself in any 2 of these activities at any one time. Paul is always ready for a good time. Name the place and he will be there with one arm around a Babe and the other hugging a bottle of Seagram's. This Ol' Man has been a hell of a friend and I hope our careers will cross. LR

Luis Ramos
Orlando, Florida
General Science
Surface Warfare

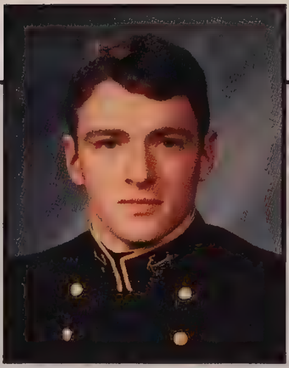
Lou "Rambo" Ramos is a prime example of anything is possible if you know the right people. Of all his achievements, he will be most fondly remembered for his exemplary performance on the second class PCR, and his ensuing promotion to the four-striper position of Brigade Training. Lou has also had a variety of career interests. He started the program as a Marine, then switched allegiance to SEALS, and then he finally decided to go Surface Warfare. Lou's devotion to duty has always been a character trait for which he is envied by his peers, and viewed with awe by his subordinates. On the serious side, Lou has always been a hard worker, a good friend, and a dependable roommate. He has always placed a greater emphasis on the military vice academic aspect of the Academy, and I am confident that he will be successful with all his naval endeavors. P. A. P.

Derrick John Reiton
San Antonio, Texas
Mathematics
Navy Air

Derilict, Mary Lou, Spikoli, Dude, DJ came to the NAV with shallow pockets and open hands from the big country of Texas. After sucking it up with CVP plebe year, it became apparent that the difference between a 1.89 and a 3.89 was another 12 hours of rack a day; a formula that has served him well. Disagreements with practice time forced an early retirement from the swim team. If Scrooge doesn't make it as a Naval Aviator, a career as a stunt man in Holywood awaits him. From fence-hopping youngster summer to mastering the Quantico O-Course, Mr. Coordination kept the Ortho-Clinic in business. His team table etiquette served him well at CKB's; "Pass the #@*&! potatoes!" Other eventfull moments: driving cars with empty gas tanks ... Boom Boom Reiton dancing with Rudy, Turbo, and H ... Reiton Savings & Loan turned potato chip envendor ... Not everything revolves around Texas ... A blossoming love afair with CVP's phone ... and many more. We give you a hard time, but don't change a bit. Good luck in P-Cola and happy tail hooking. CVP, PJL, CKB

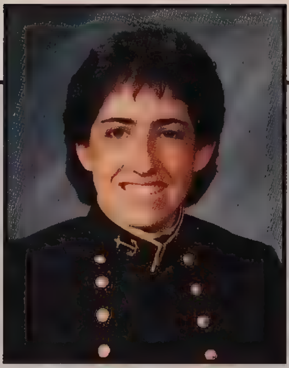
Mary Ellene Robertson
Springfield, Virginia
Ocean Engineering
Navy Air

Mare- "Four years together on the Severn." Cheerleading plebe year- turning green at Army. That firstie that had your picture on his blotter. "Sir- how do you wax a floor- we have linoleum at home?" Three years gymnastics and those sexy leotards as you banged it out on the bars and the floor. The pregnant nun. Twenty third company commander. Third Battalion Subcommander. Full Sail guitarist. Gymnastics manager. Brigade Administration. Submersible power supplier. The Christmas Glee Club trip and the multitudes. "I am not blonde." Bible study- don't forget. The willowy slouch with the head to one side. Herndon and the Annapolis Hotel. Skiing in Vermont with the woop, Ring Dance with the Coastie. Study? What's Studying? It's been fun. Buena Suerte. Watch out for the Juan-Types. JS



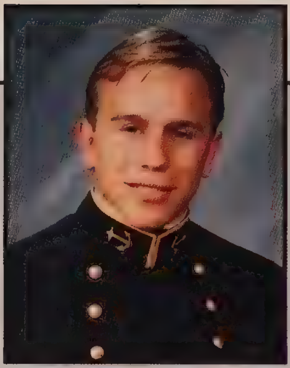
Walter William Robohn
Kansas City, Missouri
Political Science
Supply Corps

Willie is obviously one of those bad flakes that made it into the cereal box. From the very start, he marveled everyone with elusive stories of wild encounters with anything with two legs...bar none. His squad of two plebettes attest to this. This in turn left him with a single form-2 with 18,000 worth of frys on it, and a very memorable Baltimore day trip....CHARGE!!! Let's not mention the lack of accountability and the remaining 52 tours that as of printing are unmarched. Can we say no statute of limitations? But like all good war heros.. they all die...one gold band on the left hand left him side by side with an old war story and a new bride. Do we say, "welcome to the Navy" or simply run her through with the sword? But the final blow comes from infamous words during plebe summer, "Hey Mr. Walsh, what is wrong with the Supply Corps?" Another surface warrior dies to the land locked, money counting, embezzling, and most important, best fed officers in the Navy...The Supply Corps. In the end, Willie will be remembered by his bumpersticker on his door, "The more I learn about women, the more I like my Truck." Ciao, J.R."T" M IV



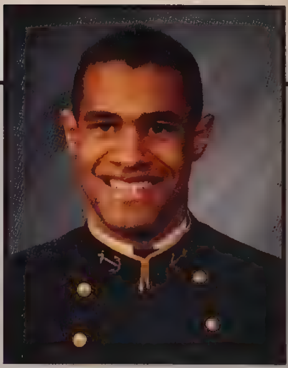
Julia Ann Smith
Fairfield, Connecticut
General Engineering
Marine Corps

Jules - never one to swallow her pride. Smitty, Smitteye, Miss Marine Corps. Four years with Mare - Helen, Russ, Moshe. What's is the Shape of KT's mid-digital? Bulldog, drill extrordinaire. Get me a cold one, Julia - one of the guys...Will I ever be SAT? What is SAT? What are weekends? Do they give weekends at Quantico? From one sucky school to another. TAD with 4BO. Do SEAL's have tonsils? "I never" at Beefsteak Charlie's - what haven't you done? Designated driver - I love to run. HRC rep - one hell of a speech giver - just ask BDK. Company Commander?? If there was only just one more semester...I was Ops last semester - it's my roommate you want. Jules, we may have given you a lot of grief through those three years but you're definitely one of the coolest girls at USNA. The "I never" guys.

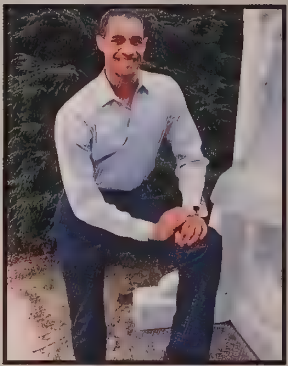


Adam Jonathan Sturbois
Athens, Ohio
English
Navy Air

Turbs, turbo, stub, butt-dart hails from Athens, Ohio. He did a stint at Naps and wrestled his way through plebe and half of youngster year. As the chesse factor increased so did the chances of little blonde haired blue eyes. Always faithful roll and wipe may graduate and still be clinging on. A serious skank monster, Adam was a sucker for stirrups. The V.A. horseface-nice turtleneck with scratches to match. If it wasn't for flat tires Adam might not have made it this far. Though Gentile bought it we all knew the story-how was the cheese? Even though it wasn't time to make the donuts, Mr. Sturbush managed to bat a .1000 with the Burlington fuzz. The late nite snooters were great-hope your butt grows, and flat tires can't save you now. Good luck in P-Cola and keep in touch. Oh what a wangled web we weave! JFB, EWL, MDK



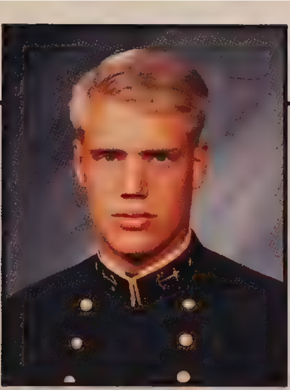
Derric Todd Turner
Burke, Virginia
English
Supply Corps



D.T. came to the Naval Academy via NAPS. He showed off his great athletic ability by making the varsity hoops team plebe year. His winning form graced the sports page of USA Today as Navy made its way to the final eight of the NCAA basketball tournement. By first class year, leading the team as captain, D.T. had become a star. 27 in a row; a new record! Too bad it was for missed free throws, and not field goals made! Oh well! At least he could say he made the headlines. How can we forget Derric seeking attention at the Ring Dance as he went around with that red and green flashing bow tie. Even the Deputy 'Dant had to laugh (for once!) Though D.T. was most known throughout the brigade for his basketball talent, his close friends knew him for the special person that he was. Although academics didn't come easy for him, he never gave up. D.T., no one deserves to wear their ring more than you. You are living proof that the most important things in life are worth struggling for. Good luck, and remember no matter what you do, you'll always be a winner in my book. DMS

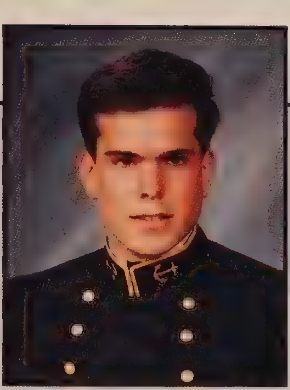
20th

COMPANY



H. Bradley Vogt
San Francisco, California
Marine Engineering
Nuclear Power-Submarines

A mind is a terrible thing. Anyone who has roomed with Brad can attest to this. From the beginning, "Hi, my name is H," we knew we were in for 3 yrs. of mind games, "DUDE"! After turning down numerous million-dollar contracts, he blessed us with his "singing" "Sitting On the Dock of the Hay." His competitive spirit, referred to as hyperactivity in children, left many a putter wrapped around a tree or at the bottom of a lake. His vast knowledge of autos left the mad (applied) scientist stranded twice with empty gas tanks. Who could forget his marks-a-lot tatoos he sported so proudly in swim class? "Dude, that's so uncool." Arian poster child, sub human, it's implicitly obvious, new-found hormones in Uruguay. "Dude, let me out of the locker." ARMY-NAVY '88, the Dudeman always did well on exams except when he took a tour of the greater DC area. Courtesy of turbo, the consistency of his musical tastes reflected his stable behavioral patterns: Judas Priest--Amy Grant. My how time flies--right out the window. Hours saluting the mirror, 8th & I'S gain, nuc school's loss. We'll miss you. Good luck Bradley. CVP, PJL, DJR, WAD



Howard Campbell Warner
San Diego, California
Aerospace Engineering
Nuclear Power - Submarines

It all happened long ago on the sunny beaches of SoCal. H.C. emerged from the surf and became a mid at good ole USNA. I'm glad we won out over Stanford or Cal Berkeley. After a tough but rewarding plebe year, H.C. was transferred into a real company-19. There were late night 3/c talks, showing each other old yearbooks and old girlfriend pictures, and crazy road trips. Chapel Hill, Charlottsville, or Pittsburgh will NEVER be the same. The women of Annapolis cried the day you got engaged--oh well, that leaves more fun for the other mids. H.C. what sport are you playing now? I've heard of multi-talented but this is ridiculous-football, sailing, FIELDBALL, and then track. I will always remember you as a brother and fellow Scotsman. May the Campbell clan live forever! All those promises we made--they will all come true someday. You will be great at Nuc Power school and I look forward to reading about you in the paper some day. Only good stuff of course. It has been an incredible 4 yrs. to-gether and we have made many friends in the process. Keep the faith, keep tackling those tasks, and most importantly keep your fly up! FRIENDS FOREVER, BDK

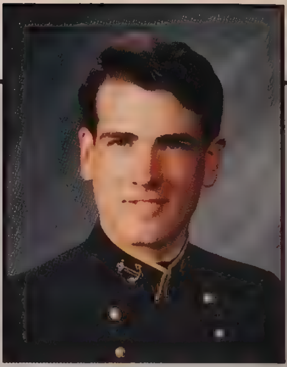
Scott William Akins
North Vernon, Indiana
Electrical Engineering
Surface Warfare

From the signless cornfields of southern Indiana, Scott William (SWAkins) Akins came to the Academy for masochistic purposes, specifically to major in Electrical Engineering (otherwise known as P.F.M.). Taking hits from the depths of Michelson has given Scott a fresh perspective on life, one of shrinking GPA's and a lost situational awareness. Sliding through Service Selection Night, he pulled a great gas turbine out of Long Beach, though he'll have a hard time studying in SWOS with all that lead in his Shiphandling book. His less advertised talents include trips off the clocktower, to the seaplane and through schoolyards with that infamous Latvian terrorist Shahad Brivalkalinas and other priors. Always looking out for potential training evolutions, Scott utilized resources from MacDonough to 7th Wing Pepsi machines. On to sunny California goes a good friend to regroup with the Latvian Underground.

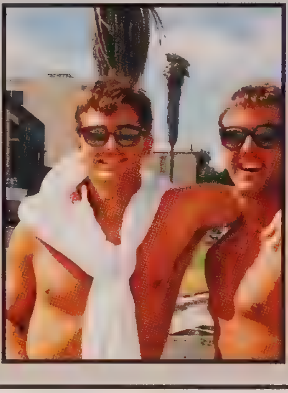
Robert Taylor Bennett
Georgetown, Georgia
Economics
Surface Warfare

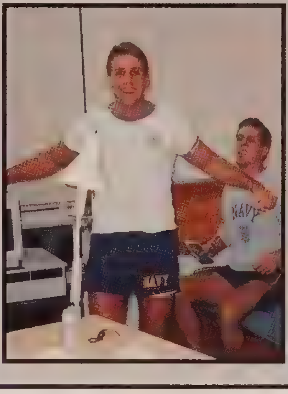
Robert Edward Lee Benson
Barnesville, Maryland
Oceanography
Marine Naval Flight Officer

Douglas John Brandeen
St. Paul, Minnesota
Mathematics
Supply Corps



Stephen Norris Burke
Santa Barbara, California
General Engineering
Nuclear Power-Submarines





Homeslice, Tayslug hails from God's country. Just ask him, he'll tell ya'll all about the Georgia peaches he persuaded to talk to the Judge. He had a story for all occasions with a special country knack of turning a five minute story into a long winded novel. He came to USNA with visions of being the next Navy QB to win the Heisman trophy. Although he only played football during plebe year, it did not matter to the women, for they still gave him the HEISMAN. After spending all his own and his parents' money on 3/c cruise, he still managed to scrounge up $5 for another round for the road. 3/c year began Taylor's never-ending career of finagling with the dirty little rottens and becoming an expert in the two-minute offense. During 2/c summer, he celebrated his 21st B-day with a 21 gun ice tea salute, Long Island style. Thinking of transferring to U of M, he scheduled several orientation visits to the Vous, otherwise known as HQ. Homeslice reunion in Athens, O.C., Trader Lee's, Can-by-God-steal-your-hubcaps-cun, San Diego, HQ, Panama City, Mount Vernon. King of the meniscus shooter, Good luck and take care. GO BLUE!!! Fresh, B.A., Snoopy

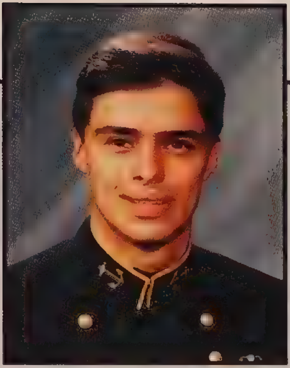
Bobby entered USNA after leaving the bustling metropolis of Barnesville, MD. Once here, Bob took his Oceanography major seriously, but not too seriously, always finding time to visit others, especially one classmate, who'll remain nameless (but we all know who). One good thing about Bob is that you always knew he was in his room by hearing the Smiths eminating from his stereo. First class summer brought on Bulldog which Bob tamed quite easily, though his sense of humor was probably not favored by the infantry grunts. Although Bob was granted a nuke interview, the call of cash was not enough to change his mind about the Corps. This is not suprising. With a name like Robert E. Lee Benson and an older brother in the Marines, Bob's fate was long since decided. We'll always remember his snappy comebacks and his practical joking of the aforementioned nameless person. Don't forget us squids, jarhead! Swing with the Wing! MLT, GPW

Hailing from Minnesota, 1/2 of the rotten twins, Fresh is the tannest man ever to set foot out of St. Paul. He spent a year of prep school in Santa Barbara, working on the tan on his body and the top of his head. He showed up on I-Day with Panama Jack, a weight belt, blender, assorted colognes, and a Xerox copier machine. Upon bottoming out in the 18th Co., Doug slid over to the 20th Co. After setting fire to every bar in Honolulu on youngster cruise, Fresh left Hawaii with one too many souvenirs. 3/c year, Fresh continued his consistently high standards in performance, displaying classmate loyalty by letting them all be ranked ahead of him. Spending his usual Saturday night at Dahlgren, Doug got a dance partner that would last a lifetime-Babs! Gouging his way through 2/c year, he ended it with debts rivaling the national deficit. It was hard to keep him from Xeroxing his last dollar. First class year found Doug losing his hair, eyesight, and hearing, thus earning him a spot in the real corps-the Supply Corps. Good luck to both you and Babs and congratulations to the Supply Corps which has a gained a tanfastic finagler. TAY,B.A.,SNOOPY

Steve left Naval Nuclear Power School, motorcycles, pineapple, ice cubes, and Q-tips all behind when he decided to come to USNA. Going from E-4 to plebe was quite a transition for Steve, but he soon met the woman of his dreams and his life here suddenly became more bearable. Steve always did anything he could to avoid studying, preferring liberty and sleep instead, but he somehow still managed to maintain excellent grades. His life here was quite varied; he went from having stars to being UNSAT, from being company commander to serving restriction. Looking back at our four years together brings back fond memories of Jimmy Leggs, handcuffs, radio control helicopters ("I really don't think I'm gonna crash it"), lasers, seaplanes, target practice, road signs, Friday night trips to nowhere (or was it everywhere?), and Jetskis, just to name a few. It's been an interesting four years, to say the least. You've been a good friend and roommate. Best wishes in marriage and in the Fleet! SWA

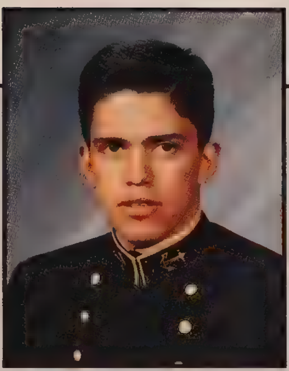
Brian Christopher Clifford
New York, New York
Physics
Nuclear Power - Submarines

Cliff came to USNA a quiet unassuming baker from the Bronx. I first came to know him in a purely "medicinal form" in NL102. Arriving late to 20 3/c year, I found Cliff my roommate. He has been a great Monday to Friday roommate, (his weekends being spent entirely at CUA). The few weekends together were memorable: chicken & orange fights at the Best Western, Pop Tarts & pantyhose during June Week, BBQ sauce fights in Manny Brown's, and jockey rides upon many a backstop. After cruising through plebe year with a 4.0, he decided to work for a change, choosing EE as his major. After a run-in with J. Homer and several unsat weekends, he decided that Physics was better, leaving more time for Diane. Cliff's study habits were legendary: either off to the library, geekbox in hand, or staying in the room when the box got too full. He needed 17 cans of Diet Pepsi, a bottle of No Doze, and 2 packages of Suzy-Q's to sufficiently call it a night. Nuc Power School is in for a surprise when the "Big Red Dawg" enters its hallowed halls. Spiff, you've been a great roommate and friend. Best of luck trying to "citify" Rocker down in Orlando. Feug



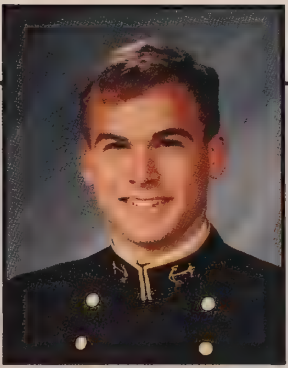
Lino Covarrubias
Heber, California
Systems Engineering
Navy Air

Lino, the Heber success story, proves that California's Imperial Valley can produce something besides vegetables. The desert southwest is finally getting around to producing aviators of its own instead of just giving them a place to train. After spending a year in San Diego broadening others' opportunities (whatever BOOST stands for!) Lino came to the Academy with a seasoned wit and finesse - always knowing when to "check six". He always believed that the laugh justifies the means. Theory was constantly put into practice, in staying a half step ahead of Bancroft and Maury Hall. Regarding the "femmes" it was, in the eyes of Tumbleweed, a Linocentric world. "Only when the wind blows," was a confusing, often repeated expression. Was he referring to carrier ops, to the hot air exiting his mouth, or his preferred manner of making his presence known without words? Lino has an ability to find, and make use of, resources that would make the oil companies green with envy. After four years of learning, training, adapting and overcoming, it is time to move on to the place where one can literally strap it on. Buena Suerte Amigo. MED

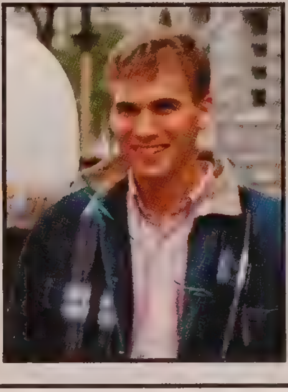


Mario Enrique DeLaOssa
Yuma, Arizona
History
Navy Air

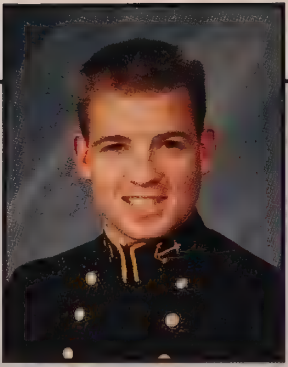
Mario "Griz" (his wanna-be pilot call sign) DeLaOssa, just another fine specimen of our nation's melting pot, came to us from the beautiful and lavish (ask any Marine) metropolis of Yuma, Arizona. He arrived at USNA with only one goal: "to fly Marine Harriers," and quite frankly showed his motivation to the cause by being one of the loudest plebes on 8-2, next to me, of course. Fortunately, he was only a plebe for one year, and his dreams of going green were admirably changed due to his great summer camp experiences with those "devil dogs" (does bulldog ring a bell?). Mario led a sinusoidal life style at USNA (even though he's a non-engineer) and beyond a doubt his first French experience proved to be just that- "Where is my Mario? Right here honey". He will always be remembered as a liberal who questions all and can BS over any subject he knows nothing about. Griz will do well in our friendly Navy skies. LC "T-weed"



David Lawton Feuger
Savannah, Georgia
Political Science
Supply Corps



Feug was born on the crest of a new wave and rocked in the cradle of the South. After 3 years, I came to love him almost as well as he did himself. Feug was the life of the company-he made everyone laugh in his skintight Santa pants or while doing the Madison. 3/c year was the great drought, a time of male bonding and REM, Dino, call ball, and there's no one huger than Big Dave Feuger. Feug's passion for rugby began that year, showing us he was a tremendous sportsman as well as athlete as he took up diving too. Luckily, that's one sport in which WMD is not a handicap. Youngster summer allowed David to sleep in some of the most historic land in the nation. Thank you, Mr. Lincoln. Second class year brought EE311, 622, Mexicali, Angela, a Camry and David's subsequent transfer to UGA Athens. Rumor has it the Camry can now drive itself south on 85. 1/c year brought him the coveted Navy N. I couldn't think of a person I'd rather have gone through this with. With a friendly smile, fearless attitude and ballpoint pen, you will no doubt redefine the way the Navy does business. Good luck, and remember to drive to the right unless you're passing. BCC

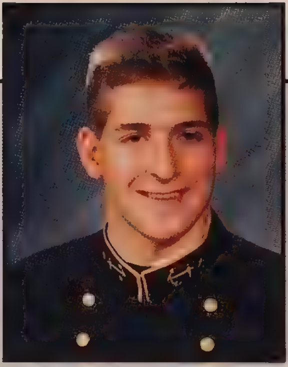


John Griffin Gibson
Newington, Connecticut
Oceanography
Surface Warfare

Gibby came to USNA a graduate of NAPS-almost. He survived plebe summer with Tom Bruce. Ac-year, he quickly took time out to pioneer the Lafayette sport of bush jumping. Always helpful, he tried to improve his roomate's literary skills through nocturnal force-feeding. Many people ended plebe year with a bang at his post-Herndon party. Youngster year found John in a new company (20) with new friends like Darth Vader. He was often busy with the gymnastics team, but when he wasn't, his easy laugh, creative sound effects, and warped sense of humor made him interesting to be around. 2/c summer with Kleck and Lat, then ac year, when academics crashed down, along with other things. (MaryAnne, or was that "Fatal Attraction?") Remember camping with Bob and Adrienne, the Seaplane, 1/c Cruise, Marine Corps-PSYCH!, "they painted my car?!", Schwartz, "I'm so HUGE", 13 knots, Return of the Jedi, 21st Amendment on crutches ("USE them!"), "Them Tau Baters," and parties (U-Hart, October, don't you talk?). John was a great roomate, a TRUE friend, and definitely NOT "The Boy." Best of Luck and GO SWO (Gas Turbines--there is no substitute!) RRW

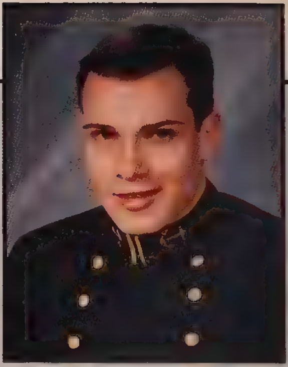
Aaron Edward Gilbert
St. Louis, Missouri
General Engineer
Surface Warfare

Aaron "Goober" Gilbert will always be remembered for his refined manners, immaculate appearance and meticulous room standards. Always being the soul of tact, Aaron made many good friends, chief of which was Fourth Battalion SupO. He has always been the epitomy of the model midshipman and always ready to make a bold fashion statement. Who else would have thought of wearing a shower cap to formation? Aaron always was a salty dog. With this came his shrewd tactical skill--he often referred to himself as Napoleon. His intellectual prowess was evidenced by his change of major (from Mech E to General E), and his decision to go SWO after graduating from Bulldog. I guess the Corps just wasn't ready for Aaron. Aaron is anxiously awaiting his arrival to the USS Nashville as MPA. With his wit and charismatic personality, he is destined to be an outstanding Naval officer.



Michael Keith Harnett
Hunington, New York
Political Science
Nuclear Power-Submarines

When I first met Mike and his family at orientation, I had no idea that this would be the man to hook me up with the blindest of dates, the "bestest" of computers, and a plethora of good advice. As one of my best friends, Mike was always willing to help me when the going got tough. Mike is one of the hardest workers I know, and this hard work has paid off at the Academy. Mike has established himself as one of the front runners of our class, and I'm sure that this is a sign of things to come in the Fleet. I still have not put together how Political Science is conducive to a thorough understanding of submarines. At least he'll know where they're going if not what they are. Mike is already getting ready for NUKE SCHOOL; he has sold the old four function calculator and is looking for something with a "few more buttons". I'm sure that he will figure it all out. Mike is and will always be a hard charger in the Navy or anything else he does. "JUST DO IT!"To a great friend, JMJ.



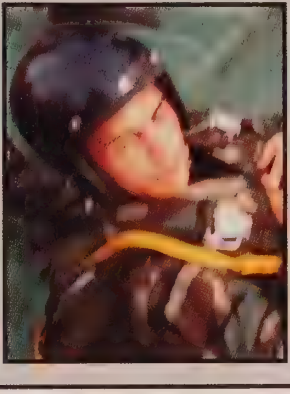
Michael Abrams Kelly
Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania
Mechanical Engineering
Nuclear Power-Submarines

Skelly was born and raised in the steel mills of Pittsburgh, destined to journey beyond his smoggy environment and pursue his desire to become a "glowing bubblehead." After spending a youngster summer on the SSBN 620 with him, I am well aware of his fondness of food (burppp) and sleep. When he and Kleck (Chilly Willy) became my roommates, we shared many Mech E nights together with Pink Floyd, rice, and Mega-Burger & Weenies, not to mention Feug, Mookie, Chuck, & Cliff-all accomplished "master rice cookers". As a midnight ritual, we complained about everything, and discussed everything from Skelly's toes to the way he winks. His talent and aerobic coordination always amazed Kleck and I. He can bounce up-and-down to the Beetles' song "Ob-La-Di, Ob-La-Da", do the perfect "dork" impersonation, and impress us with his Mick Jagger "chicken walk." I guess we were afraid he would grow up when he fell "head-over-heels" for Shellie Kelly, but instead he got worse. He'll always be a grateful "dead-head" and a comical genius. I wish Skelly & Shellie the best of luck and all the blessings of life. Thanks Skelly. LAT & KLECK

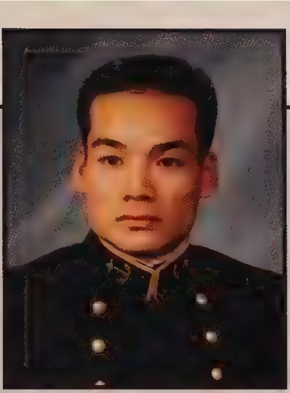
David Richard Klain
Bethlehem, Pennsylvania
Political Science
Surface Warfare

Dave, affectionately known as D.R., has always been one of the more professional members of the company. Anytime anyone had a question, they would ask D.R. 90% of the time they didn't get an answer because he was fast asleep in his USNA blanket cocoon. D.R. is going to take his professional knowledge West to begin his long naval career on the "Pocket Cruiser." With his leather jacket, Firebird GTA, and Colt .45, D.R. is going to take San Diego by storm. God Save California. Happy Sails, Dave! May you never have to leave your ship. GPW

Michael Timothy Klemick
Birmingham, Michigan
Political Science
Navy Air



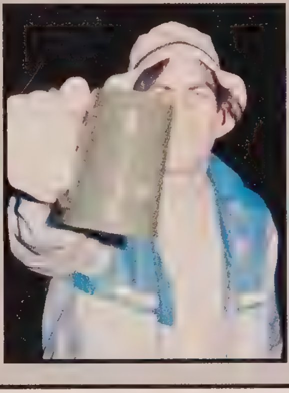
Mike comes to us from Arkansas, though he'll never admit it. Before coming to USNA, he vacationed in S. Texas for a year, where he played Marine and acquired an attitude interpreted by some as a desire to excel, while interpreted by others as "$&#*! you, get out of my way." Distinguishing between Mike's moods is as easy as identifying his guttural grunts. His many accomplishments include a 1-minute dash from gate 3 to 4-3 with a BAC somewhere above legally dead. The fortress in which he dwelt plebe year was guarded by a motley crew known as the "Half Ton Club." At 180lbs., Mike was the featherweight of the bunch, but he always managed to pull his own weight. He went from the Playboy company to Boring Roaring Twenty, where he began the quest to make the viscious man-eating mouse of Bancroft Hall extinct. Mike was never very good at animal ID - on one safari, armed only with a lacrosse stick, he mistakenly waxed a fruit bat, proving that the lax stick is, indeed, mightier than the fruit bat. The aviation community is lucky to have him aboard. Best of luck and we'll see you on the flattop. JKS, JDM, JGG.



Michael Shinichi Latimer
Spanaway, Washington
Marine Engineering
Nuclear Power-Submarines

Young Lat, in search of his inner being, left the timberlands of Spanaway, Washington, and journeyed to the land of Annapolis. As he sat under Tecumseh, he had a grand vision to serve his country, so he ripped up his application to MIT, saved a buck and decided to stay. Plebe summer, however, terrorized young Lat's inner being. Thus, youngster summer, Lat signed up aboard an SSBN and searched the depths of the sea for himself. He loved this world of high tech and nuclear reactors. After winning his patrol pin and dolphins, Lat thought he had found his niche in life--he wanted to be a GEEK! But poor Mike failed. The sweat of Marine E, sleeping through formation and D.R. did it to him. First class summer, Lat went half way around the world--and he found half of himself. In fact he liked it so much he went back Christmas, but through all his years at USNA, Lat did find his purpose in life, steaming the finest long grain rice for his classmates in 20. In fact, when Lat finally leaves his sub and the Navy, he plans to buy Three Mile Island and open the world's first Nuclear Powered Rice Steamer. AG.

John Douglas McDowall
Monticello, New York
General Engineering
Marine Air



Darth Vader, Rock, McMouser, or the Missing Link, comes to us from the Jewish Alps in New York. From Phoamin' Phour to Boring Roaring Twenty, he demonstrated his ability to terminate mice with extreme prejudice. Always at a loss for tact, he was often as subtle as a battleship in full camouflage. He could sneak up on something with freight train-like precision. A self-proclaimed engineer, he always stayed up, destroying the peace and tranquility of the late night with caustic assaults upon engineering books. His final triumph came when he held a court-martial and executed his thermo book with a 9mm. We hope that there are plenty of trains out there, because this GE is ready to roll. After 10 days of excruciating freedom, Rock will legally enter the bondage the Naval Academy only dreams of-marriage. Though our wayward son is owned by the Green Machine, we won't hold it against him. Best of luck to you and Michele, Semper Fi. Later days, better l---, purple haze. MTK, JKS, JGG.

Thomas Joseph Phelan
Winterpark, Florida
Economics
U.S. Marine Corps

He came from Winterpark, Fla. with 870 SATs. It didn't matter that he never got above a C in any of his major's courses because he came here to row, and row he did. From the Junior National Team, enlisted Nuclear Power School and NAPS, Tom took the crew team by storm. He spent four years in the first boat with a small lapse second class year which couldn't stop the huge one. I really feel sorry for D because of the drilling; There can be only one; The engine room; Big big big big Tom; Working out with the Minnow made you a man; Hey, let's quit Bulldog... Okay, let's go Seals; Weenie; Imagine that... a C in performance. I can't believe they let you in the Corps. You have been a good friend even though you will never be as big as me. Give 'em hell at TBS. Mookie

James Robert Ronka
Colorado Springs, Colorado
Aerospace Engineering
Navy Air

Ronks cruised through plebe year in 29th Co, and after scrambling to 20, learned about the harsh realities of the Nav. Youngster year Jim earned the Bilgemaster award for such heinous acts as doing sit-ups on Sheltrock's B-robe. Jim was always there to help others see the light in Statics and Dynamics, and never asked anything in return, except to not disturb him during his precious afternoon slumbers. It finally took 2-for-7 to convince Jim that CU Boulder was not the way to go, plus the prospect of stripes and other fringe benefits. Jim's career as an engineer proved to be a 4-year all-nighter, but constant intake of Mountain Dew kept him on top. As an exchange student at USAFA, Ronks' dreams of cross-commissioning came to an end when he got homesick for the Boat School and the real pilots. An avid skier and tennis player, he could be found on the slopes in winter and the courts in summer. Good luck in the Aviation community and may you be the first P-3 pilot to go to TOP GUN. One final note: in the far, far future, when your commitment to the Navy is up, just remember these three letters for the key to success-MBA. MLT, JES

Michael Walter Russonello
Staten Island, New York
General Engineering
Navy Air

After squandering a year of his life at a two-bit civilian den of liberalism and loose morals, Russ, an Italian-American son of Staten Island, came to the Academy as a true piezan. He quickly distinguished himself in all endeavors exclusive of academics. During his four years on the Heavyweight Crew team, he gained notoriety as a strong oar and Hubbard Hall's resident expert on automobiles and the rituals of courtship; it's too bad Russ isn't as slick with EE as he is with women (but we're sure his southern belle doesn't mind those shortcomings). Naval Aviation has finally found the man they're looking for in the precedent-setter affectionately known as NFOD, although we hope he won't be five minutes late for the dogfight. Congratulations, best of luck, and thanks for all the good times (and good advice) we shared. PAPPY/GUNNY

John Ernest Shassberger
Shawnee, Kansas
Political Science
Surface Warfare

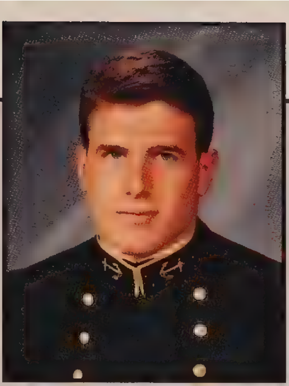
John followed the Yellow Brick Road into the reality of plebe year. Freshman year in Thirty-Tool was enough to make anyone wish they were a Sigma-Chi at KU. After a few wrong "GO ARMY, BEAT NAVY"s, Shass quickly mastered the plebe game and moved on to 20th Co. and Legendary status. Shass' entire four years were plagued by a weakness for KU sorority chicks, especially a "I hate you, I love you, I hate you!" relationship with KB. From the high speed chases on I-395 to the adventures at Nevermount, he left behind a trail of broken, battered, and bleeding hearts. Too similar to Woody on CHEERS, Wrong Way Chaz was always one for a good laugh; we know you did it all on purpose. Have you ever figured out how to get from 2nd Wing to the Midstore without taking at least two wrong turns? We understand it only took you three years to figure out that Bancroft is a big H! Maybe someday we can join you and Buddy Rich and go fishin' in the Jeep, but then again, you might wake up to reality and buy a BMW. (For more reasons than one!) Good Luck on the West Coast and its "Bigger Beaches". May all of your EOOW fantasies come true. JRR, MLT, MJT.

Jeffrey Scott Shelton
Bristol, Virginia
Mathematics
Nuclear Power - Surface

Jeffro Sheltrock was born in a cabin (claims it's a summer home) and raised in the hills of western Virginia. His own Uncle Jed never found oil so Sheltrock was forced to attend the Naval Academy. He arrived here with his favorite pair of PJ's, his good blue leisure suit, and the latest issue of Reader's Digest. His first home at USNA was in Sweet 16 where he lived with "tall-tale" Chicago, a culturally enriching experience. Jeffro had a short career on the baseball team, and an even shorter career as an EE major when he tried to make fancy new gadgets for the folks back home. Jeffro finally went on to bigger and better things - to take command of 20th Co. As Big Man, he had many morning meetings with the Deputy 'Dant, testifying on behalf of his subordinates' many outstanding accomplishments. Jeff spent many road hours in his cherry red mustang visiting one of his fav-orite friends in N.C. Though a registered Republican, Jeff is really a liberal at heart; in fact, once on his way back from N.C., he decided to stop at a small town and donate $500 to the Durham County Welfare and Rec-reation fund. What a great American you are, Jeffro. AEG

Michael John Tesar
Corpus Christi, Texas
Mathematics
Nuclear Power - Submarines

Named the Worm for his bookish appearance, Mike showed us there was more behind the nickname. Coming from Corpus Christi, Texas, Mike forgot his accent, but remembered his sense of humor. After an interesting year in 17, and an eye-opening youngster cruise, he settled down to earth, landing in 20th company. Youngster year also brought a rash of injuries to Mike, occurring about the same time the rest of us were hauling wooden barbells on Worden field. This trend continued until second class year, when he found a small bit of professionalism in his heart. Academically, Mike has never had a problem to speak of, but he did decide a 4.0 in Physics was not as challenging as he liked, so Math became his major of choice. Socially, he always had time for fun, and between W.E. trips to Goucher in the Pumpkin, he found time to check out the D.C. bars. Mike decided to go with the (cash) flow on Service Selection, and opted for Subs, saying something to the effect of "sleeping is easier below the water than on it." Good luck to you at Nuke School, even though you won't need it, and when you get stationed in San Diego, look me up. Your friend, MLT



Mark Edward Thomassy
Virginia Beach, Virginia
English
Navy Air

After a year of prep school and a year at Penn St., Mark finally realized he was ready for the rigors of an English major here at USNA. Bringing his 3.96 GPA from Penn St., Mark earned solid D's in Calculus, Physics, Steam, and EE, but somehow he always seemed to pull through. After earning a letter in 150's plebe year, Mark tried his hand at rugby, earning himself a six inch scar on his right shoulder. After two brutal losses in the G-town arena, Mark thought it would be best to be a lover not a fighter, so he turned his attention to a bodacious Mountaineer. Once reality set in, Mark realized he was no one-woman man. Nothing could hold Mark back 2/c year--not the professionalism of the 20th Co. first class or the wall on Friday nights. However, crime never pays, and Mark soon found himself spending part of 1/c year counting cracks in the walls of Smoke Hall. Ever the gentleman and professional midshipman, Mark spent his restriction days showing a certain girl his own version of Yard Gouge. On service selection night, Mark fulfilled his dreams of becoming a naval pilot. Good luck and take care Snoopy. Fresh, Tay, B.A.

Michael Leonard Thrall
Petaluma, California
General Engineering
Surface Warfare

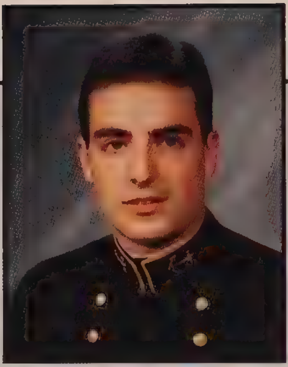
Thrash came straight to USNA from the murder capital of the world and home of wine coolers. Following in the footsteps of the Royals' George Brett, Thrash secured his own life contract with O' My Darling early in his Navy Career. Jet fighters and Mechanical Engineering faded from view as quickly as his hair receded from his forehead. While in 20th Co., Thrall helped convert many of the company's top 40 groupies to progressive music by introducing us to the finer points of air drumming. He helped pull 20th from the cellar of intramural sports competition by leading the heavy weight football and slow pitch softball teams to their first winning seasons in more than a decade, worshipping the religion of competition. It wasn't easy for a Mechanical Engineer to room with a 4.0 Worm and a 4.0 Spud, so General Engineer Mike Thrall found it easier to room with a Political Scientist named Chaz. Thrall, also known as Mr. Trivia, founded Eighty-Rho and led the GREAT CMOD REBELLION. Good luck Jennifer and Mike in San Diego, may your only sea tour fulfill your wildest dreams of a fruitfull civilian career. Love Ya Big, JES & MJT

William Justus Townsend
Virginia Beach, Virginia
Mathematics
Navy Air

Spud, Alias B.A., came to USNA via Virginia Tech to be a Navy Pilot and had no other expectations. However, he excelled in academics no matter how little he tried. While we burned the midnight oil and scrounged for the gouge, Bill slept away the semesters waking up just in time to receive his 4.0s. Youngster year found him honing his plebe boxing skills on the weekends in G-town where he would take on entire gangs. However, his best punches were thrown with his face. Christmas brought the end of his single days when he received two huge gifts from his sister. Bill found another love during 3/c year in Rugby where his endless workouts in the rack pushed him to All East honors and spots on several select teams. 2/c year found Bill pickled; however, after one session of AA he was a new man. He always tells us that right before he passes out. 1/c year brought plenty of the same - Sarah, rugby and beer - not necessarily in that order. Bill will always remember famous trips: New Orleans, SanDiego, V.B., the 'Vous, Penn State, Colorado, Daytona and B.C. Watch out P-Cola. There will never be another B.A. at USNA. Good Luck. Snoopy, Fresh, and Tay.

Gary Phillip Wegley
Germantown, Ohio
English
Surface Warfare

Gary came to USNA from the arms of the US Marine Corps, via Bowling Green. He was dedicated to the Corps, and only the Corps, until Leslie entered his life 3/c year. It only took six months for Gary and Leslie to know they were right for each other, for Gary came back from Christmas leave an engaged man. Gary's schedule then revolved around the multi-hour phone calls to her. In spite of these time/financial constraints, he still managed to continue his pursuit of academic excellence as an English major, and athletic excellence on the heavy-weight football and slowpitch softball teams. First class summer brought only 3 days of Bulldog, followed by extended duties with pistol detail due to his friends in Bancroft Medical. Gary wore out the 2nd wing elevator and began a new quest--to find a ship which was welded to the pier. He found it hidden away in Charleston and he and Leslie will be heading there next fall. See you in 5 years in the civilian world, unless you find it deep in your heart that haze gray and underway is the only way. Best of luck to you and Leslie and remember to keep smiling, even if you're on a Knox. DRK, REB, MLT



Robert Paine Wilson
College Park, Maryland
Physics
Special Warfare

He is hard but fair. The more I hated him the more I learned. Desire. Motivation. Humility. Meekness. Strength. Endurance. Goals. Leadership. It doesn't end. It never will. A future Navy SEAL. Future member of an American elite fighting force. Warrior. They couldn't have found a better man. Definately not a "Yes Man" but an "Idea Man". Workout log. Morning training. Afternoon training. 0445 Severn. Duty, Honor, Taps. THIS IS THIS. Don't forget it. I won't. Good luck, Rob. See you in the Gym or on the Beaches. TJP

Robert Rice Wyand
Atlanta, Georgia
Computer Science
Nuclear Power-Surface

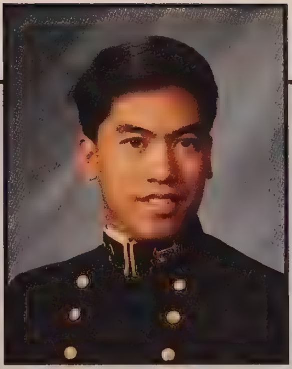
Schwartz made USNA his mecca via CIVLANT to join the Double Deuce Co. As a Plebe he was a genius at many subjects except sports. It's rumored that he couldn't name five football players. "I could too! It just took awhile." Spring break Rob discovered alcohol. "Joe, am I drunk?" "Oh, good!" "Joe, where are the keys?" "In the trunk." He was also Graced with a walk on the beach. 3/c year Rob lived with McMouser and Klemick. The duo readily abused our genius and even wrote a letter to a well-rounded young lady explaining Rob's desire. NOT Amber...strike two...Jackie, Army '88...foul tip. It's a full count folks...Sorry wrong game. I told you he was a sports rock. Camping: "A pillar of light and wisdom." The Suzerain. Prairie Fire: "My scalp is sweating. Thanx Bob." Friday nites at the O-Club, gymnastics parties, Level 42, U-Hart, "October, can't you talk?" Lost in D.C.: "Where's the bar?" "REG-A-MENT A-TEN-HUT?" Darts with Dave, Brickskeller with the crew, the night at Camelot, the Pres. of PMC playing Tuck-a-buck: "But she had nice...EYES?!" You've been a TRUE friend. Good Luck at NPS. "Don't let the Tau Baters get ya down." JGG, JLG

21st

COMPANY

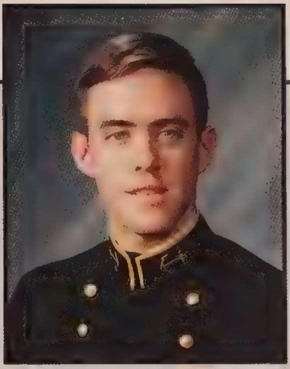
Chad Francis Acey
Lynnwood, Washington
Aerospace Engineering
Cryptology

Chad Francis came to the Boat School from Lynnwood, via Federal Way, Washington. Chad stormed into plebe year and arrived into 21st company in all his glory. After skillfully mastering Aerospace Engineering for two and a half years, he left our company to take charge of 4th battalion. It will probably take decades for the batt to recover. Chad could always be found doing all he attempted with an undaunted spirit, consistently meeting with success. Chad's only flaw (color blindness) forced him to select a non-warfare specialty--a.k.a. Cryptology, a job where he got his start attempting to decipher my handwriting, (no small task!). As usual, he was up to it, and he is certain to excel in the fleet as he has here. Chad, my friend, I wish you all the best, and a life blessed with fair winds and following seas. SAW



Redante Gamboa Dacanay
Powder Springs, Georgia
Aerospace Engineering
Navy Air

Ed (DAC) arrived at Canoe U. via Atlanta, Georgia, following his big brother's footsteps and landing at the doorstep of the Thundering Herd. Although an Aero, he indulged in BARKADA and real estate. Ed spoke softly, but carried a black belt and a Gucci watch collection. Even if he was awarded with excellent performance, he held the wall pole vault record, and the super halo-effect. Ed won the first semester democratic company commander election, probably because he was always free to help his classmates. Even though nuke offered the most money, he "decided" on Navy Air. His many hobbies changed each year here at USNA depending on the availability of recreational personnel. One thing is certain: is his love for youthful beauty. The fact that he considered himself the car enthusiast seems to confirm his driving habits but, he suffered a minor drawback youngster year when he attempted to jump several cars on Route 50. He was not successful and backed up traffic for about 2 hours and 5 miles. Once again he escaped the wrath of Capt K. God Bless you. Let's do it. "Nobody bother me!" R.G. Associates & GDT.



Robert Bernhard Dumont
Mobile, Alabama
Electrical Engineering
Nuclear Power-Surface

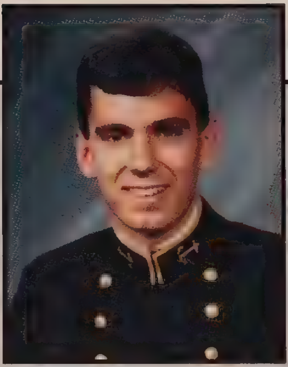
Dummie, Doobs, Rob. He who underestimates Rob at first glance is foolhardy indeed. I have always been struck by his resourcefulness and good luck combined with his high capacity to work hard. One of the few remaining EE's left, Rob earned his degree the hard way - there is no gouge for EE. Rob, never seeming to be lacking women, would meet them in the strangest places - in a closet in France, at the airport after he missed his flight, in the parking lot of a Taco Bell. With those baby blues (and his business card in hand), he never missed the opportunity to charm their socks off. Rob was an optimist who was always quick to point out the humorous cynicism of a situation. The biggest mistake of his Academy career was taking on the Editorship of the Log--the biggest source of headaches and the source of more grey hairs than any undertaking here more than Leslie, EE, or me!). Luckily, Rob saw disaster on the way and jumped ship in time, leaving Phil the biggest headache of all! He's convinced that Nuke School will prove that of all the money being earned in the US every day, he's bound to get some of it. I hope you've enjoyed my entertainment throughout the years. Fair winds and following seas. RTK

Jeffrey Joseph Emenaker
Orange, California
Mathematics
Surface Warfare

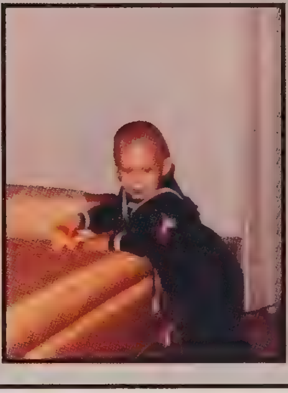
It all started with plebe gymnastics, and Em trying to figure out what was the min. Youngster year brought Math greats in the form of Nakos, the Sandman, the Yellow Rose from San Antone, a great idea (Hey I think I'll try out for V-ball), a last minute trip to Cally and a season of a lot of improvement. The summer brought more good times. Quantico (Where's Greenheck?), 25 knot winds in our 1-4 room, 5 mile walks in the rain in P-cola, and the beginning of our beach career. 2nd class year brought a new season of anxiety (I'm gonna get cut, I know it), and every night of tryouts, going over to MacDonough to check The List. Christmas gave us Lerch's wedding and the beginning of the Ang-Em union (Do you know what she looks like, I can't remember). You made V-ball captain at season's end (came a long way babe). Summer brought LSD-39, RoseFest reception, DT research (right!!!) and fun in Panama. Then our final season with its ups and down ending with ECC's. It's been a long time and a lot of memories. It's been fun and eventful. Good luck in your career and hope you can find a partner almost as good as me. Take care, brother. MJ

Robert Brent Fryer
Richland, Washington
Mechanical Engineering
Navy Air

Frydog, 6' 2", 195, hailing out of Richland, Washington came to USNA with a strong Mormon background, saving souls along the way. He had aspirations of being the first Navy wide receiver to win the Heisman and he's been getting the Heisman ever since. His athletic ability is paralled only by his academic prowess. The speed demon only failed the obstacle course by 5 seconds his senior year. Freshman year at the academy was a slow one for R. F. but judging from his performance grade everyone knew he was destined for greatness. Youngster year brought him a new coalition of friends and turned him away from the white salamander and toward the porcelain goddess. 1/c and 2/c years were highlighted by loss of weekends and spring breaks to Cancun. R.F. was at his best during these annual trips. Known as the shot doctor he would drink anything but the water. The normal human being would be a Rhodes scholar with the amount of studying R.F. did, but he was able to keep his grades low enough to lose weekends his entire Junior year. He liked EE so much he took it twice. A few names from the past: The Giant, Stacy, Teressa, Kara, Diana, Nicole and Nasty Nora. Remember SWO is temporary; flight is forever. B.S.



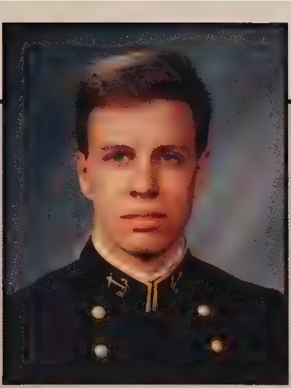
Donald James Glatt
Billings, Montana
Marine Engineering
Navy Air



Hailing from the thriving metropolis of Billings came this naive schoolboy whose fondest memory of home was the backing of his sheep into the lakes of Montana. Plebe year didn't prepare him for the carefree lifestyle of Playboy 21. After youngster cruise with a sojourn to Subic, "Donger" finally came out of the closet. New adventures were found youngster year with his roadtrips to Tech, Boston, and Ohio State, as well as late nights listening to his roomates' real life stories. This didn't benefit his engineering, even though he set the record for the most all-nighters. Don's highschool sweatheart metamorphisized into a fatal attraction, although he wasted a license plate on her. Spring Breaks consisted of crew one year and his eternal question of Bulky Studs, "Where's the beach!" To one of the greatest XXX actors around, thanks for making 4 rotten years the most fun years of our lives, you're an exceptional friend and one we'll never forget. DP,DT,&JR

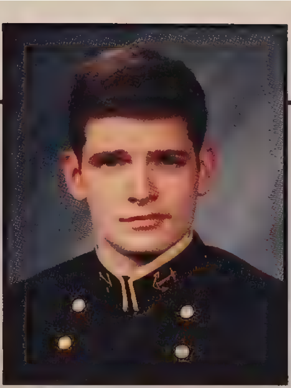
Kenneth Edward Harrison
Clinton, Mississippi
Electrical Engineering
Nuclear Power - Submarines

Ken, Kenny, Clint hails from the great state of Mississippi, or if your a native, Misssissippi. One of the youngest to come to the Naval Academy (his birthday is in January and he came here at the age of seventeen), he has successfully completed his studies with a minimum of work and a maximum of sleep. It amazes me that anyone can learn EE by just reading a book, but I've seen him do it! Kenny spent his plebe year in Dirty Thirty learning to rack by eight o'clock, an amazing ability he carried on to his upperclass years. Coming to the Playboy company youngster year he brought with him his penchant for study and desire to rack. Second semester that year, rooming with Slug and Sluggo, their room failed to see daylight or anylight for that matter. Moving on, Ken brought a zeal few can imagine to the company lightweight football for all four years. Often he would lose 10, 20, 30? pounds in a week just for weigh in at the beginning of the season. An amazing feat by any standard! First class year Ken was gone to Wilmington most of the time, for what we don't know. Anyways, Ken good luck in life and the Navy, give'em hell in Orlando, and take care of yourself. MWS



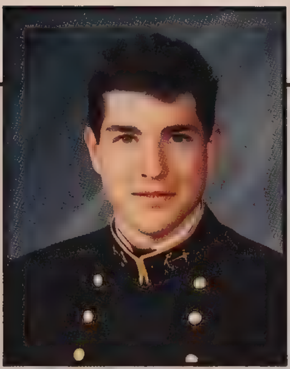
Leif Brian Harrison
Columbus, Ohio
Mathematics
Cryptology

The Mad Norweigien saw it in his best interest to become an officer in the Navy, using the five year program. Naps did pay off with his metamorphis from high school bonerack to his present bulky self. This period must have contributed to his "I love myself" personality which was only too evident to all around him. Always the cynic, a person's first mistake would be to get into a verbal confrontation with this fork-tongued master of the English language. The fond memories began second class summer and will last for a lifetime. Seven mids in a caddy, feasting Mexican on the fourth, the circle amidst 156 empties on the 15th green, and running in the sway mode back to the boat. Just TRY and get one of those deep, dark, savage, tropical, native of the islands tans over there in Scotland. Late night burgers and the "beast" at the stadium parking lot will be sorely missed. For your own good, keep the women problems to a minimum; no one up there will understand. Though academics and military evolutions will not be missed, you surely will. DJG



Richard Melvin Hobbs
Willmington, Illinois
History
Surface Warfare

Dick came to the Academy thinking that a little hard work and discipline would do him some good. 5 years, 4 Co. Officers, 3 Dant's, 2 black N's, and 1 year at sea later, he is still looking. Dick joined '89 after his extended, government sponsored, vacation in Mayport. At any rate, he joined us during 2/c summer and things haven't been the same since. He didn't quite make the bus back from OC and ended up on Assateague Island. (what did those two little blondes mean?). Pensacola was shocked to see Dick drinking ice-water, but for some reason it didn't help his singing or lower the volume. 2/c year saw Dick in trouble, but somehow he got through it and the summer arrived, thank God for Eastport, lawn mowers, nature buffs and color parades. His hobbies include skydiving and swimming; both in downtown Annapolis. San Diego had better be prepared. Hit it Grew! It's on my tab. Correct me if I'm wrong, but at this point we don't know. Good luck (you'll need it) and best wishes. JM and RL



Dale Patrick Hurley
Galveston, Texas
Economics
Surface Warfare

Little did I know my pudgey roommate youngster year, who was easily pushing 190, would become not only the captain of the lightweight crew team but a world class rower. We were seperated for a semester with DP getting the raw end of the deal. Reunification came with a price as we endured two weeks of Ghoul hell. Second class year our prince found companionship with a young maiden possessing a 4-digit phone number. As always, he took his induction into the Society in good humor. Let's take a stroll down memory lane: Buckets of beer at Papa Joe's and a social repercussion afterwards, the road trips in the infamous "Green Machine" and the B&B diet, and Mickey's on the mall second class summer. We often talked about all we missed out on not going CIVPAC, but memories like those made this whole ordeal bearable. A double dosage of the Marine Corps on his knees directed his destiny toward that of the surface navy. You will be missed, my friend. The term "brothers" seems much more appropriate than "roommates". Thanks for everything. DJG

Richard Todd King
Ventura, California
Political Science
Surface Warfare

I first met Todd aboard the 43-foot sloop Spitfire on our youngster cruise to Bermuda. He told us that he joined the cruise to learn the ways of the "she." No, Todd, it is "ways of the SEA!" His main reason for coming here was based on a typo in the academy catalog! Not wanting to make a liar of the Academy, he did his best to learn the ways of the "she" while he was here. From personally greeting every arriving female tourist in Bermuda for a week to inviting several girls to stay at his rented house during graduation, he put in an admirable effort. Todd was famous for his multivolume address book and his slick-talking conver-sational style that resembled a Senate filibuster. He could could turn right into wrong and convince anyone of anything if given enough time. His QPR is a full point higher due to his success in convincing his profs to raise his grade at the end of the semester. One of these days Todd is going to meet a girl who is glib enough to talk the master of evasion into a corner even he can not escape. That's when he'll finally get married. I wouldn't rush out and buy a wedding gift, though. Fusion powered wheelchairs haven't been invented yet.

Ronald Scott Lasorsa
Bay Shore, New York
Political Science
U. S. Marine Corps

Robert Patrick Lessard
New Durham, New Hampshire
Physics
Nuclear Power-Submarines

Philipp Lindogan
Marina, California
Political Science
Nuclear Power - Surface

Frank Ernst Lugo
Oxnard, California
Economics
U. S. Marine Corps

Lou, boobala, Latorso, came to the Academy via NAPS, due to wrestling ability. Upon arrival to Annapolis he continued wrestling for one year, earning that prized letter sweater. Having enough of the wrestling team he dove into supporting his company. First Class year he shined playing fieldball and occasionally softball, when he didn't have to visit his fiancee. She enjoyed her visit to his room and cost him 45 days in Smoke Hall. Let us not forget that Lou earned his airborne wings youngster summer at the resort known as Lakehurst. He has continued his jumping, earning his gold second class year. Along with his jumping buddy, Neanderthoele, he contributed greatly to the ATU. Wonder how Airborne Mess Night went this year? Yea, Lou is quite the masculine guy. We often hear him complaining about his abnormally high hormone level, as he bounces around the company looking for someone to wrestle. But between you and me this high level isn't doing much for his thinning hair. Lou enjoys nature and often danced in the halls in his birthday suit. Remember the cannon! You're a great guy and much success to you, Semper Fi. MWS, FEL

Rob, Slug, Fat-Boy hailed from the ultra-conservative state of N.H. Coming to USNA only made him more conservative. Passing up Real Colleges with a paycheck of almost $500 per month, he skated into the Polar Bear company with an undauntable attitude. Ranked top in the company, making his upperclass laugh was his forte. "Request permission not to bilge myself, Sir." In Playboy, he took on 3/c year full force, setting out to impress everyone with "slugging," and his classmates and profs by not only forgetting his pencil, but his books as well. Another member of the cave and the Andretti pit crew, the year was spent trying to get over Roman Eyes, visiting Howard, and regualr midnight trips to town. Not even the Ninja can hide from the hurricane. 2/c year brought THE END; Jake Blues was with the Smoke Hall Brothers. Other memories: watching music, a visit with the Grinch, bimbo magnet, legs dangling from the ceiling, reversing polarity, She's Like the Wind, tripping over every hurdle except academics. 1/c year brought the retaking of EE, the death of the rabbit, is this the Carpenters?, just remember it's pass or fail. Have a great time in Orlando; spread the wealth, or at least the gouge. KEH, ECMoo

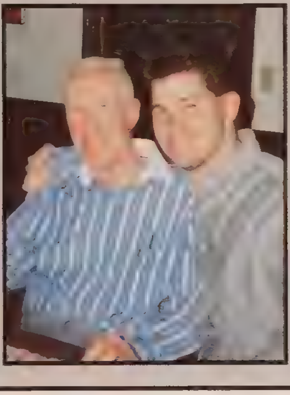
Flip came to this Happiness Hotel from a sunny and pleasant high school (he was able to continue this lifestyle as a Plebe). He was brought up in a most traditional manner. But his buddies here gradually tore at the bastion of morals that his mom had spent years building; and before long he was drinking with the best of them (although hazordous to his complexion) and in a constant quest for Italian women with "Big Hair". His accomplishments did include death threats from a young lady in southern Maryland as well as his unwavering call to support and defend the Honor Concept. Between Phil's expressed hatred toward the east coast and psychological drive to jump on Supras he still found time to shrewdly invest in the Stock Market and compile an impressive collection of parking violations. Although Phil finally took the BIG BRIBE and went Nuc, he'll always be remembered as "not accountable to anyone for anything". Good luck in your most excellent Orlando opportunity; I can tell you're looking forward to it. RGD

SLUGGO... This dude was a trip! He arrived at OL' CANOE U. from So-Cal, and somehow made it back home more times than most mids get to G-town. He was a master of the special request chit. Of course we knew there was a wonderful girl waiting for him there, but was she the only "baby" crying for him? There was always a good "excuse" when he came back late from Cali. He started at USNA in Stalag 17. Since then, he could be most often found on weekends in the 21st company wardroom because he was continually below C-level. He never quit laughing though! He's stubborn as a bulldog (USMC type), and never wants to be beaten, resulting in several scuffles from which he affectionately acquired his nickname. Frank loved to dance, and could be found doing so frequently. He enjoyed shaking that BIG OL'BUTT (It's the cutest butt though, just ask him!). We can imagine he'll stink after a few days in a foxhole, but we'd take him beside us anyday! Good luck with Didi and the Marine Corps. Remember, when the bullets start flying keep that butt down. God Bless and Semper Fi. RS, DV, RL

Edward Charles Maraist
Ft. Washington, Maryland
Economics
Navy Air

From the day we met Ed (Elwood), we knew that very little in this world phased him one way or another. He needed that quality since he lived on the edge for four years. You could say he redefined the saying, "2.0 and go".Over four years there have been a lot of memories. Remember Admiral Larson walking in the room? Or how about going to formation at 0200 and again at 0400? I'm sure you'll never forget breaking your wrist on the tennis court. Third class year brought the battle of room 4319, the electric chair, gimme the wok, naaaaah, Brian's snoring, and the Trent Mabe mile. Second class year was fairly uneventful due to the constant academic trouble Ed was in. The struggle resulted in two unsat semesters, DD in EE and the dreaded Ax-Board! Elwood finally got weekends first class year, so he and Jake went out on the road. Wednesdays were spent anywhere the slugs could find a beer.Thanks for the last four years and good luck in Pensacola! VVN, ETM, RPL

Charles William Mills
Atlanta, Georgia
Economics
Nuclear Power-Surface

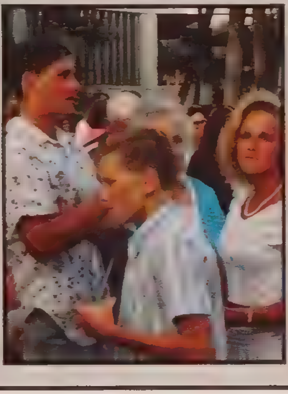


Gator, CW, Mills, but never Chuck--we're talking upper-crust Georgian society here. Charles entered USNA and strode through plebe year, and Canoe U, with little difficulty. A 3.7 + QPR, CW never saw a "C" and seldom a "B". But Charles did loose something plebe year, the engagement was broken and so was little Chucky's heart. He got the Heisman in a big way but rushed for overwhelming yards second class year with a shortlived sack of the former. Never a dull moment for Mills, he worked hard to please himself and fulfill the fantasies of those around him. Often he would set up EJ, Sonar, Pop bottle, with friends on hospital point. We must remember the many nights of 'proper phone etiquette' and a short visit to Buchanan's front door. Don't forget those long nights in the streets of Georgetown. A true love for the Navy, aviation, and money, made Service Selection easy for Charles, nuclear engineering? See ya on Wallstreet in ten years, Gator. I'll let you take out my trash. XOXOXO BSS

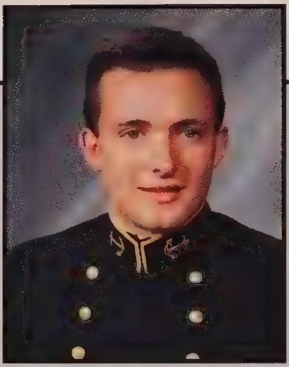
Don Arthur Mills
Knoxsville, Tennessee
Physical Science
U.S. Marine Corps

Legend has it that Don didn't drive or fly to USNA like most mids--he sprinted half the way and jumped the remainder. After one look at his physique, we believed it. The plebes in Serene 18 thought it would be best to get on Don's good side early. Even the firsties ducked into side shafts when he came chopping down the hall at a liesurely mach 2. But we found that under all of that intimidating muscle was the makings of the truest friend a guy could have. Don discovered his sport plebe year in which he has lettered ever since--varsity rack. How could someone spend so little time working out and still look like Charles Atlas? The only time he did work out was when he was in the process of validating some P.E. test--except for swimming. Don quickly found out that you have to have at least 1 oz. of fat to float. He would either have to get some or learn to swim the forty-year swim completely under water. All that racking finally paid off and 1 oz. of fat finally did appear, some-where, and he finally conquered the deep blue. The Marine Corps was then the only logical choice for someone with a heart of gold and a body of lead. To one of the best of a few good men, Semper Fi. Goobs

Thomas Christopher Popp
San Jose, California
Aerospace Engineering
Naval Flight Officer

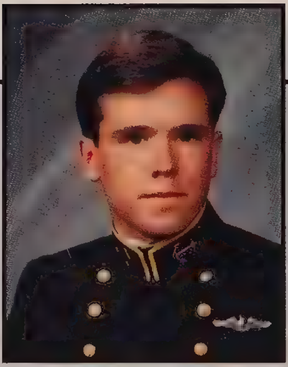


Tom arrived at the academy when he wanted (10 days into Plebe Summer) and came and went as he pleased. He had the administration believing his weekend excursions to California were to train with the U.S. National Water Polo Team. Never losing sight of the academy mission, Tom concentrated on life back home, played water polo and played water polo. Captain Popp and his '89 teammates made the difference--EAST COAST WATER POLO WILL NEVER SUCK. Four years of aerospace concentration did not hinder his study of the San Andreas fault. Yes Jeff, it was a rumor. Tom never slept in class. Tom busy? Just dangle the right carrot and bring extra pretzels. He never declined a water ski offer. "Hey Mike, John and I are # @&!= ready." "Sorry about that tow rope sir." He even added another twenty unit class senior year (the Lakeres won, RD, New York, Xmas, Mexico and a short drive to the retreat). Tom was blessed with more than a thin suit, a strong arm and a passion for speed. Thanks goes to the team and coach, Texas and Florida, family, friends, and the One upstairs. God Bless. BTK



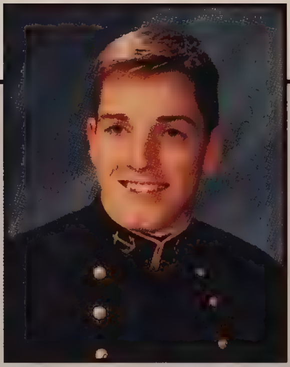
John David Ralston
Rushville, Illinois
General Science
Navy Air

John, JD, JUD, coming out of the back woods of Rushville, assumed the life of a nuclear enlistee. Arriving at USNA, he adapted to the rigors of Stalag 17, ending the year with a roll in the gravel. Hitting youngster year, JUD forged his name in the annals of Goucher, Catholic and Spoon River history. Quickly becoming accustomed to 140 mph on the way to DC, with an occasional D&D, JUD assumed the role as pavement painter, even in the "Batmobile". NAFAC and the speckled one brought an abrupt end to this fast-paced year. Over the summer JUD worked hard, driving a UHAUL and earning his "wings" in Florida. Second class year ushered in the "year of settling down", even though vows with his roomies the year before barred such commitments. JUD maintained his tan throughout the winter months with the help of "flip-flop." The TV GUIDE subscription was maintained, along with the 300 foot cable antenna. With the Nixon portrait came the motto, Slow dancin' Shwayin' to the music. Firstie year brought an eternal vow and a ticket to Pensacola. Take care buddy and remember the good times. Get P3's! GDT & BS.



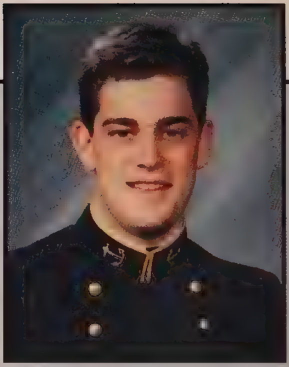
Eric Jerome Reilly
Lawrenceville, New Jersey
Marine Engineering
Nuclear Power-Submarines

If there was ever in the history of the Academy a particular individual who truly belonged here, it was Eric. Without question, his enthusiasm for the Navy was visible in every thought and action. Every move he made was carefully calculated towards deepening his professional background and strengthening his chances for success as a Naval Officer. From offshore sailing to marine engineering to Trident research and finally graduate school, Eric all but assured himself the best possible start one could have in the submarine force and in the Navy as well. Without question, Eric's personal integrity and concept of duty along with his love for the sea will undoubtedly ensure him a long and varied career in the Navy. His natural unselfishness and willingness to help a friend at any time day or night turned many potentially risky situations into those typical hilarious Academy close encounters. May your generosity and successes continue, friend. LH



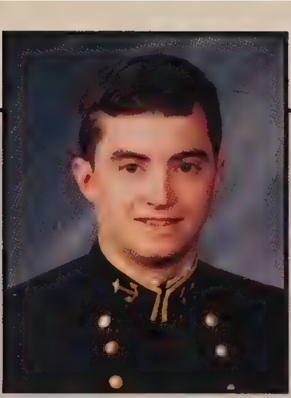
Thomas Lawrence Robertson
Fort Worth, Texas
History
Naval Air

The All-American Kid blew into town from Fort Worth, Texas like a tumbleweed--noone seemed to notice. Though quiet, his independent streak showed early. Not even a Milkbone could entice this sly dog to leash himself to Rickover Hall for four years. Tom almost made it through plebe year without a serious hitch; his major distinction--the last member of the Class of '89 on all-calls. Tom's motto for the rest of his stay was "If it's worth doing, it's worth overdoing." Academically he was all stars and G-Town. Physically-Navy Scuba, Airborne, marathons, and triathlons. Morally-well, you know what they say about two-out-of-three. Tom likes to think of himself as spontaneous and somewhat of a rebel, but most people think it's just lack of common-sense. He was turned down at his striper board for inattention to detail. He briefly toyed with the idea of being a SEAL, but realized he was destined for high places. We expect him to once again show us mortals how he thinks it should be done. Take it easy, Tom, only a few of us are allowed to walk on water. Remember, "It riles them to believe that you've deceived the web they weave." Keep on thinking free. RMT



Brian Stephen Sears
Blue Springs, Missouri
Economics
Navy Air

SHANA came to USNA from the plains of Missouri with ambitions for success. Sweating through plebe year, Bri learned to do things the right "shway". An inebriated youngster cruise foreshadowed the years to come. A genuine Supra lover, Brian often joined the boys in a D&D, even though he never had the ability to catch a hefty "jerk". Searmo loved skiing in Colorado as much as KU sororities. Perhaps his greatest feat was his reign as Class President, which allowed Bri his first political victory of many more to come. He loved aquiring cars as much as Van Halen at 140. Although Brian wasn't very good at hockey, he did score a hat trick in Cancun. Perhaps he is most famous for his discovery of the "sliction" factor or his love for rum and "MOM". Watch out P-cola, here comes big-time! Take care and you go to the bathroom while I pull the car around. DT, JD



Michael Wayne Steadman
Buxton, Maine
History
U. S. Marine Corps

Steady, Fish, Cliff was the old man of the company, having arrived via the longest route possible. Avoiding the Corps was his main goal. He started by going to a real school, then enlisting as a PN. At NAPS, Steady was known for his concept of duty; he was STEADROD. Things didn't change once he got to USNA. Still trying to avoid gunge, he got his Fish youngster cruise. Coming into Playboy, he decided maybe medical was the route. After barely surviving a semester as a chem major, he knew that the idea of subs was almost gone. As a second class he finally saw the light and went USMC (failing a nuc reactors course tied the noose.) Steady has made long strides to fight the aging process and get over 270 on the PFT. "I can't believe I'm taking orders from someone younger than I." Mike completed the 5 minute Uniform race at the tennis courts-..."Who plays this song"...trivial pursuit...A friend's sister....Orlando, FL...Spring Break '89. Steady was always there when a friend needed him--best of luck Marine. RSL, FEL, Fuzz & KEH

Brian William Sullivan
Garden City, New York
Mechanical Engineering
Nuclear Power-Suface

Cool Sul, or Sully to the civilized population of the world, is better known for his vertical leap, blazing 4.5 speed and sweet jumper than he is for pattened fake right go left, shoot left, score it in the upper left corner lacrosse game. Sully came rattling into this institution like pretty loose change in your pocket. However, after a lot of hard beer drinking and girl chasing, he refined himself into a model mid. Sul, on all those future midwatches aboard the USS THORN, just remember Cool Mo T will be down in the hole reading the latest SI and I'll be still buying my clothes from the uniform shop. RF

George Derek Tangeman
Orlando, Florida
Economics
Special Warfare

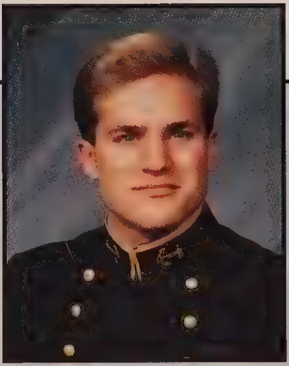
Derek, Tange, the cross-country runner from the inner city battlezone of Orlando, started his military career as a beaner on the Rio Grande. Pops always provided a welcome relief from the weekly duldrums at the Satuday football gaits. Youngster year brought hard core dancing with the Johnnies, and hard core driving in the Batmobile to such select locals as Catholic, St. Mary's, a fish market, and Goucher for double trouble (Why does This feel so good and the rest of the door). Moonlighting was a weekly event in the youngster wardroom with good seats, even on the mezzanine level. We were the Untouchables, in by the hair of our chins for taps and over the wall minutes later. Shortly after a shower came the beginning of a commitment that broke a vow made a year earlier. Second class year was rather uneventful due to a misunderstanding with a subsurface worm, no doubt you would have been a corporate executive for Macy's in a few months. First class year was the year of the whip and other masochistic SEAL workouts. Good luck in Coronado, buddy! JDR

Timothy Steven Taylor
Morton, Illinois
Mechanical Engineer
Navy Air

Tim left the Pumpkin Queen and the Libby's plant behind and came to the Academy believing the Great Pumpkin had touched his right arm with a thunderbolt. Tim enjoyed brief careers at many things at USNA, including: baseball, race car driving, drinking Tom Collins, and the Marine Corps. Tim thought himself as the Tom Cruise type, but the rest of us saw him as a dog catcher. Tim has a Great Dane in every port; "Hey guys, at least I'm scoring!" When Tim wasn't chasing girls, he could always be found on the basketball court or the links, but never in the library. Study habits weren't the only lessons Tim gave his friends, others included: nursing beers, jumping walls, dancing, changing radio stations to elevator music. Senior year brought company commander, Navy Pilot (oo-rah), #1 at John's, continued abuse from Wood and Chris, and catching Z's on the floor of Diamond Jay's. We hope you can see the lighter side of things in the future as you did in the Deputy Dog's office. Good luck in the future and remember that we've always got your six, even though the 5000 was your idea. See you in Vail. DW, CF

Christopher Lee Tranquill
Charlottesville, Virginia
Economics
Special Warfare

T., Cool Mo, Cool Mo T., Tranqs, or simply loose change. In short, this man could hoop. Rejected from the NAACP all-star team, T. laced up his cons and brought his "V" and no "D" to Navy and as a result developed into the best player known to the game. But T. did more than just hoop, he lived five whole years with the rock from New Jersey, survived an ac board, became a human xerox machine, and etched his name into the bars of Annapolis. T. was always one to uphold Navy regulations. His room was immaculate, his uniform sharp, and never did he miss a formation or class. Cool Mo would arise at 0727, back to bed at 0731 up at 1000 for a glance at the sports page then lunch at Reuben's followed by 18 holes. T. survived, got a 2.00000000 and is going to toss his hat and cookies on the big "G" day, of course, he'd rather watch it on his 19 inch, but only 1,550 days until freedom from the Donald B. Berry. We'll be keeping tabs on you, T. You keep hoopin and we'll keep shutting you out. And by the way, turn the light on before you tinkle. Best roommate I ever had, I'll miss the shoes in the middle of the night. BSS



Donald Taylor Vangilder
Easton, Maryland
General Engineering
Navy Air

Donnie, or VG, came to the Boat School from the metropolis of Easton (population 10, 1 McDonald's, post office). I-Day found him joining Club 34, where his adventures started. After arriving in the "Playboy" company youngster year, he tried to play the part. He had many female companions on the weekends(?) and on the varied and interesting rugby trips. Their looks depended on his consumption level (and sometimes it didn't!). He's one of "Maryland's Best" in driving and skiing (self-exclaimed of course). VanGhoul is one with Hood, with one Hoodlum taking up two of his years. He holds the land speed record from Hood to USNA (after taps?) and from UNC. Our favorite head restrictee earned the "other" letter sweater (more than once), and used 15 of his 9 cat lives in the process. Ailment: restriction, cure: MD lax game. Service Selection was a special night for him. He loved both P-cola and the six-week summer camp at Quantico, but he left the decision to the quarter. Soon he wore the "leather jacket." Remember, the landing gear and tailhook come down before you land. Keep looking forward, but check your six! God Bless and take care. FEL, RSL, RHL

Earl Eric Wartenberg
Palm Harbor, Florida
History
Surface Warfare

WART--only a priviliged few knew his real name. A SWO at heart, Eric sailed to the Academy like James Dean in "A Rebel Without a Cause" from sunny Palm Harbor. Though he had lived amongst Greeks, Tango conviced him his heritage was pure German (Stirb!). Long hair (and the weightlifter's body) dissapeared, but the non-conformist never died. A slack plebe year prepared him for nights (and days) racking youngster year--when the resident Californian Aero let him. Right at home in Playboy, Eric was a "Dark Brother," cheezy glasses and all. A connoisseur of healthy food and junky music (vice versa?), Super Dave found that Texans and REM don't mix. Although his Rack N' often got in the way of his O-course enjoyment, when the magic year arrived, Eric handled the cripple crown with ease (it must have been the carpeted room). From 31/31 as a younster to XO and the return of the Body Firstie year (for Cynthia?) we could always count on you. If you organize your life like your CD's then look out world! I'll never forget late night discussions: love, politics, and religion. You can be my CO anyday. TLR

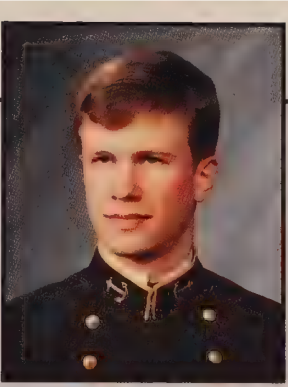
Stephen August Wistner
Lake Hopatcong, New Jersey
Political Science
Surface Warfare

Steve Wistner grew up in Lake Hopatcong, New Jersey (exit 15W). The son of a New Jersey State Trooper, Steve had dreams of going Navy Air. After a brief and glorious stint at NAPS, Steve entered USNA prepared to tackle the world. Little did he know that he would be going up against Navy doctors and professors more often than second class. EE and an incredibly screwed-up shoulder tried to bring him down. But, with hard work and repeated effort, they proved to be no match for the mighty "Wis". Only a collapsed lung, which took him out of the running for pilot, and a beautiful lady named Debbie, now his beloved fiancee, were able to affect him. Through his incredible drive, natural talent, and will to succeed, Steve has proven that he has what it takes to be an outstanding Surface Warrior and an outstanding naval officer. CFA

22nd
COMPANY

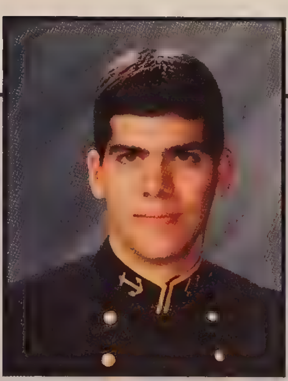
Emory Arthur Anderson
Punxsatawney, Pennslyvania
Aerospace Engineering
Surface Warfare

From the home of the official groundhog, small furry animals were always attracted to him. Stribling squirrels always spent time on his side of the room. 4/c year was rough for Em, for he started 3/c year in 22 high strung. By 2nd semester, he mellowed, but he still cleaned the sink during study hour and put on White Works Batman w/goggles to clean the shower. 2nd semester 1/c year, Em occassionally picked the hairballs out of the shower and swept the floor only on Mondays. Em subscribed to high fashion magazines then supplemented his wardrobe from Hecht's. He did receive compliments - as far as you know. Emory also supplemented himself w/unofficial, though aboveboard roommates; Charley '87, Lemonade, and Roland. Roland was an English ivy who had his own doorplate and was on the taps board. When it wasn't taking a weekend, it was ICOR. When Roland dried up over Xmas one year, so distraught was Em that he left the ivy lying in state on the desktop all semester long. Too bad it didn't draw pay. A fair wind & following sea. Continue to walk confidently in God's Vision. JWH

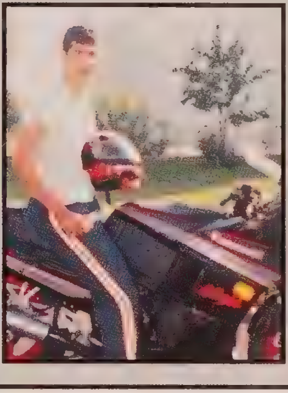


Patrick Scott Bayliss
Alexandria, Virginia
Aerospace Engineering
Nuclear Power - Submarines

Pat, coming to us from hearty nineteenth, decided to immediately take the high, hard path and chose Astrospace as a major. Surpassing his studying ability only by his hard work in the rack. Patrick attained the qualifications nacessary to be selected for the long submarine patrols. By no means was academics the extent of his life. Pat also created waves with his zesty musical selections, while afternoons were spent pushing P.E. failures past their limits. As he tools away from his well beloved home of four years in his stunning red Firebird, we all wish him an excellent career. - RDV Ah, Pat, the eternal searcher of a hot shower. But now let's join my assistant Tom who is wrestling a 12 foot alligator...... whatever would I have done without his timelyjokes (to which I might add he laughed the most.) may you have fun below sea level and remember you were in 22 not 23. - RMR Pat laughed his way through four years, we could hear him laughing blocks away. - JC "Nobody is impressed by your sitting in the front row when you sleep." - KC



Raymond John Benedict
Brick, New Jersey
General Science
Surface Warfare



Eggs hailed from the Garden State, bringing some strange habits and stranger music. The transition to military life was easy, shredding black leather jacket and ripped jeans for summer whites. In true USMC fashion, he immediately began to excel in all areas: Academics/Conduct/Performance. His career as an EE major lasted almost four weeks. With the switch to General Science, and the undying support of his Company Officer, youngster year ended on an upswing. Second class year brought new opportunities to lambaste unsuspecting plebes, two semesters of passing grades and an inversion in company rank, culminating in plebe detail (the horror stories continue). With a wild lust, (and ruber check), Eggs purchased a blacked-out Ninja, and introduced "basketball shifting" to motorcycle riding. His gusty riding at raucus angles yielded a short stay in Bethesda, followed by the fall from Mankdom (hence the Black-N, 45 days restriction, and new buds). May the Olds be filled with unending supply of Jack and the Ramones. Have fun out in Hawaii, but not too much. JFE

Maria Sophia Chapman
East Sandwich, Massachusetts
English
U.S. Marine Corps

How do you solve a problem like Maria? Easy! Just give her an oar, a pair of running shoes, or a hug, and she's happy. Maria arrived here plebe summer with a bronzed tan and "wheels" - not a car, but legs longer than Dave Robinson's that served as her main mode of transportation. 4/c year was filled with fun times and great roommates so it was no suprise when the four of them acquired 15 stripes in one semester, Maria contributing three from Crew. Her hard work and diligence brought success in all she attempted. Crew, Honor's English, and Bulldog were just a few of her accomplishments. The woods of Quantico proved that "it just doesn't get any better than this" so Maria signed up for the Corps and received her leather coaster on service selection night. Being your "twin" is a hard act to follow, because I don't know a more caring, respectful, hard-working person. Our friendship has carried me through the good times and bad, and our front porch talks and long walks during the Phinney-less days will always be w/me. What will Duska-doo w/o Ma-rye-a too? You're in a class of your own. I'll miss you. DLS

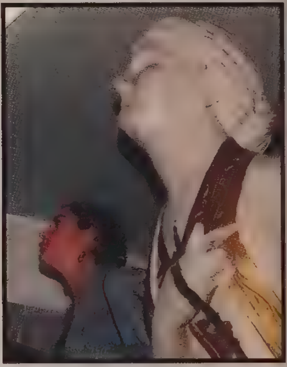
Eric Dalton Cheney
Jordan-Elbridge, New York
Economics
Navy Air

Eric sailed his way into the academy via the NAPS pipeline with the drive and enthusiasm that gave him success throughout his career here. Eric did become quite the Casanova starting out plebe year by earning the distinction as the first member of our class to visit Smoke Hall. Youngster year Sweetums decided to try his luck in Dalghren and met a very tall, very beautiful, and very YOUNG lady whose father is a Navy captain and his future CO down at Whiting Field. He certainly knew how to get a lot out of the relationship such as rides in SH-3's and even an F-18. However, first class year came and with it Eric's true love. Eric spent a good bit of this year on the phone and spent a significant part of his paycheck every month paying for it. The Chener always had time for anyone even during his busy schedule as fourth battalion commander. He is a good friend and loyal classmate. Eric, we will see you in the cockpit. MRL

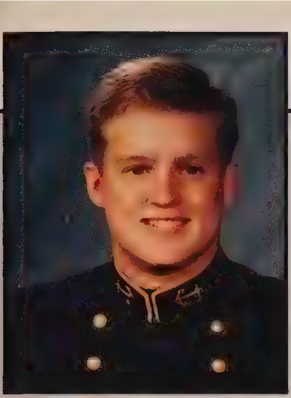
Gordon Brian Colton
Smethport, Pennsylvania
History
Surface Warfare

Brian came out of the woods of Northwestern Pennsylvania with two things: a dip in his mouth and a love for hockey, neither of which would he lose in his four years at the Boat School. Second class year meant over 800 cups of instant coffee and an affinity for Greenwich Mean Time, as well as an almost superstitious aversion to Mountain Dew and the Dune series. We nearly lost him to Bulldog that spring, but he finally came to his senses and traded his entrenching tool for OBA races on the pier. First class summer found the newly engaged Mr. C whooping it up in Bahrain and the Indian Ocean, after which he came back to do Plebe Summer Detail. Brian achieved the distinction of being the first to successfully call double-time cadence to a company of plebes without losing the dip in his mouth. We hope he will make it thirty months on the Moose without throwing himself off the fantail while laughing maniacally and frothing at the mouth. We wish Mr. C the best of times in his career and his marriage to Joan. PJH

Kristine Michelle Davis
Logan, Utah
English
General Unrestricted Line

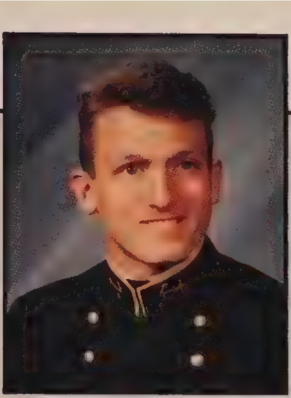


Bubbly Mud Puddles!!!!!!



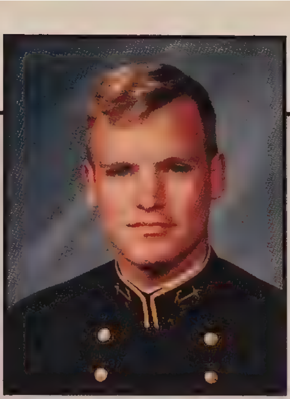
James Frederick Ehlert
Milwaukee, Wisconsin
Ocean Engineering
Surface Warfare

Jimbo was the type of guy who could do it all, usually to the chagrin of others. Though some question his methods, like choosing a roommate he knew would get booted for a two-man room (he got kept!), none dared do battle with the "Prince of Putdown". His extensive vocabulary, coupled with the ability to anger quickly and forgive slowly, became apparent during second class summer in the laundry room with a bottle of chlorox. Youngster year turned Jimbo into Jumbo in the weight room, where scrawny, loud-mouthed lax players targeted themselves for abuse. Second class year, Jimbo got his toy: a 170 mph crotch-rocket. From then on, he could be seen flying down roads while his two pupils slid in safely at home. First class year saw Jimbo with two stripes, but a tormenting "C" in performance. By service selection night his thirst to wear Marine Corps green had been quenched. A burning desire to skim the waves yielded a sweeper for the sass-master. Before heading to Coronado, he'll tie the knot w/the girl of his dreams. Best wishes for a long & happy career in the Navy. RJB



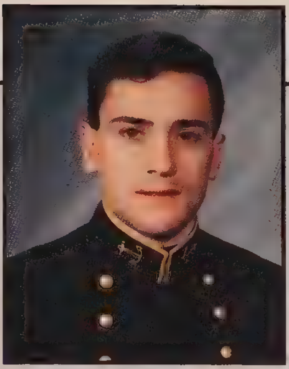
Brian Eugene Engel
Morris Plains, New Jersey
General Engineer
Marine Air

Brian came to USNA with hopes of becoming a varsity swimmer, aerospace engineer, and Marine aviator. Well 1 out of 3 isn't bad. He made 4/c year look easy by excelling academically. Brian made a couple of good if not wild friends in "Snooze" and "Knowiser" the surf punks. Youngster year Brian quickly rose to the top in 22 becoming company commander second semester. "The Manks" Bob, Pic, Thad, and Craig were by then firmly established. Brian enjoyed these close friendships more than any other part of midshipman life. Brian impressed all with his coolness, professionalism, and ability to party "K'N "A" DUDE". Times I know he will never forget include "The Trek to Tech" cruising 81 in the "Bat Mobile". Then there was the skiing trip to New Hampshire. A great time except for "TDTS". 1/c year turned out to be much more than expected for Brian. Co cdr, the 7 week ordeal, and the conspiracy. As go our separate ways, Brian is destined to become a true Marine Aviator in the form of Bull Meecham "Standby for a Marine". I'm sure he will remember friends and good times at Navy. CLW & THE MANKS



David Edwin Gray
Annapolis, Maryland
Computer Science
Navy Air

When Dave graduated from high school and finally came to USNA he travelled less to and from home to USNA then he had to get to his high school. Because his parents home is in Crabtown, Dave has been made the host to many 22nd company parties as well as a wayward station for all sorts of mids who are in different states of confusion. He finally got to good old USNA like a lot of us, on the five year program. Although he says Drexel was not that bad of a experience; he sometimes will admit that he enjoyed it better there. I find that hard to believe!?! Davey started off plebe year as a stunt actor for a local movie about water skiers. Needless to say "he fought a wall and the wall won!" Since that fateful summer he has decided to drive himself by taking up Jet Skiing. He also has been able to overcome some mild setbacks, and the system, to actually make it as a Naval Aviator. I guess they will let anyone fly these days. Good Luck and God's speed! CP



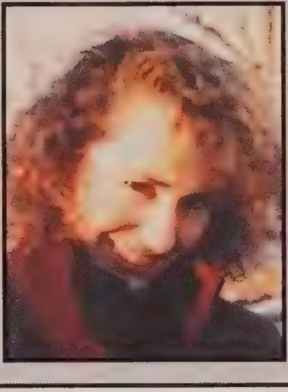
Carlos Alberto Grez
Vina del Mar, Chile
Systems Engineering
Foreign National

Upon reporting to the Naval Academy, this aspiring underwater agronaut was without doubt the best dressed new plebe in the class. Trading in his suit and tie for white works, 'Los quickly melted into ranks and got down to business. Overcoming language obsticals was the biggest challenge. At times it would seem it was all for waste, particularly one night in G-town when his car hit a policeman on foot. Our hero was driving a borrowed car with diplomatic plates, and could only mannage to get out a few phrases such as "I'm Sorry", "I've never been here before, how can I get to M street." The knight in blue assumed diplomatic immunity was involved and let the violation slide. The assassin came to plunder. Posing as a typical mid, 'Los managed to steal the secrets of the YPX-676 class patrol craft, rumored to exist a few short years ago, but now the mainstay of the greyhound fleet. Undaunted Carlos attempted to bust into NAVY research and development, the underbelly of the free society, but alas he was trying to steal secrets yet unsolved. Is that why his engineering project didn't work? I'm looking forward to visiting Chile and seeing her faithful son again. TLM

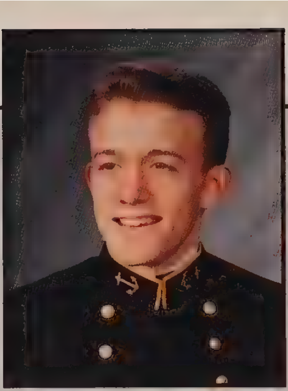
Robert Martin Hagan
Memphis, Tennessee
History
U.S. Marine Corps

Bob Hagan. . . a REAL man who appreciates REAL music-Bruce, Seager, and Mellencamp! Upon arrival to Crabtown, then a naive lad, he questioned the manliness of the Chick and Ruth's crowd. Plebe year in 12 saw an assortment of roommates--the Dietzer, Joe, Mike, and Scott. 3/c year, Bob utilized his southern charm with the fairer sex-Gretchen, the SLOTH, and a certain Pargo's camera shop waitress. All those efforts went for naught when he re-united with the love of his life, Linda. 2/c year, Bob found the soapbox and inspired some spud heads to reach into the grab bag. Bob met his nemesis at OCS in a certain navy-hating "USMC GRUNT" with Spot-"Are you some kind of engineer???" enroute to FLEETDOGdom where he encountered Gep and the Old West Shooters. 1/c year brought a car and trips to Adams and Mr. Pigs. As XO, it came to our attention that said name midshipman got the shaft but survived. Bob certainly leaves Mother B. a wiser, more worldy man for his experiences here. We will never forget the special friendship made in our 2 1/2 years as roommates. Best of luck to you and Linda--YOU WILL ALWAYS BE ABLE TO PT US INTO THE GROUND! Thad & Pic

Adrienne Mary Hegman
Charleston, South Carolina
Computer Science
General Unrestricted Line



Adrienne, more affectionately known as Aids or Hegmonster (thanks, Geoff), will always be remembered for two very special qualities: Her incredible fettish for keeping the windows open through our sub-zero Md. winters much to the dismay of two certain former roomies, and secondly, for her incurable flirtateousness. She stole the hearts (and hearts of parents) of many, including a certain '86 alumni (whom we in 19th Company knew by a more formal title) and her most recent conquest, a certain German boy who captured her heart first semester. (A $65.00 phone call, Aids?? Really, I though you were more frugal than that!!) Is that why you chose that billet in Stuttgart? Naw, couldn't be. (What about that former four-striper, anyway?) Her second love to boys was Comp. Sci., and she excelled in this area. Who else could have been so industrious as to "create" a program to spend an entire semester during first class year in Germany? Adrienne worked hard for what she got at USNA, and got what she deserved, graduating in the top 30 of the class, and #2 of our female classmates. Congratulations on it all, Aids, I'll truly miss you. Take care. I love ya. Marni



Patrick Jay Hudson
Mountain View, California
Naval Architecture
Civil Engineer Corps

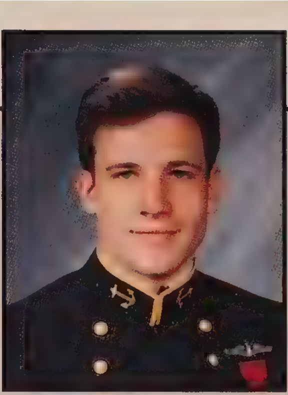
Patrick felt no pressure to attend USNA -- the fact that three generations of his ancestors graduated from here played no part in his decision to matriculate at the Boat School. His Naval Arc research project during first class year gave Pat an opportunity to gain a hip Indian accent (thanks to the Bhat-man), as well as to fanangle an all-expense paid trip to London for supposed "research." Unwilling to completely follow in the family's traditional career path (i.e. SWO), and with the help of a warped spine, Pat rebelliously joined the Civil Engineer Corps. Strangely, this California native VOLUNTEERED to be stationed in tropical Newfoundland, Canada. Apparently Mr. H, a card carrying member of Greenpeace, has an equal affinity for puffin, caribou, cod, and Canadian fishermen as he has for his newlywed wife Julie. We wish Pat and Julie the best of luck. GBC

Joseph W Huffaker
Lubbock, Texas
Mechanical Engineering
Surface Warfare

Joe is a native of Texas, but it took his distaste of the Annapolis yuppie to tranform him into the true yellow rose that he is today. In a metamorphosis that began during second class summer, his tastes changed from classical music and three piece suits to country music, cowboy boots, and a belt buckle that is big enough to cook on - too bad he scratched the non-stick surface while jumping the wall one night. Outings to Rudy's with Rick and Scott soon followed. The three years that he spent in 22nd company were marked by an unsuccessfull attempt at turning room 2127 into a college dorm room and several tricks that didn't go quite as well as was planned (hatchets and soy sauce to name a couple.) Joe was always good at fixing things with whatever means he had available. One example of this is the bent fence post that that he fixed with a chain and a car that had no functioning brakes - the same car that bent the pole in the first place. After four years of NESA and sailing, Joe realized that he had been missing out on something in life so he decided to work on a musical stage production - who could have guessed? Good luck and God Bless. EAA

Philip Brooks Janus
Indialantic Florida
Electrical Engineering
Surface Warfare

Phil came here with the masochistic desire to be an electrical engineer. Being a "double E" at USNA was not enough torture for Phil. He had to attempt to become a student of Russkie Yazig. After suffering through five semesters with Vlad and Ludmilla, Phil finally realized that gracefully bowing out of Russian would be better than being Ax-boarded out of the Naval Academy. Phil had a number of roommates and girlfriends while at USNA. Although he was never able to room with someone he liked, Second class year he met Chrissie. After a June Chapel wedding, Phil and Chrissie will be moving to Japan. Everyone wishes them all the best. GBC and PJH

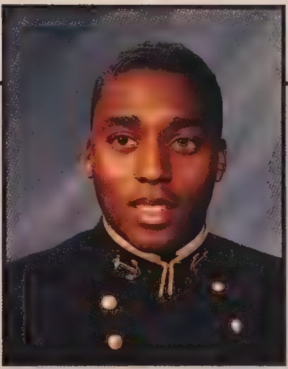


Mark Randall Lauda
Clay, Texas
General Engineering
Naval Flight Officer

Mark, better known as "Gramps," came to USNA after four years as an enlisted Nuclear Monkey Mate. I really got to know Mark when we were both scrambled to 22nd Co. youngster year. Being with Mark for three years, Mark and I became good friends. Fed up with the mice infestation at Bancroft Hall, I decided to make the infamous snorer my roommate. The plan worked, two nights later the mice were seen leaving through the front door. Mark has, however, woken up a few nights to a down-filled pillow shoved half way down his throat. Mark's most fabulous feat, besides graduating from this institution, is very admirable. As a plebe, Mark took the Sup's car for a test drive and held a formal room inspection on the Sup's bedroom and personal bath. Seriously, Mark is very reliable and puts 100% into everything he does. I would trust him with my life, not my car or my girlfriend - just my life. Mark narrowly escaped the miserable Newport winters as a SWO student, receiving his initial training in sunny Pensacola. Congratulations Mark. You deserved it. I'm going to miss your stubborn ego. Fair seas and following winds to you my friend. EDC

Margaret Lynn Marcantonio
Indianapolis, Indiana
General Engineering
Navy Air

"Margaret Marcantonio from Milan, Michigan", even our comrade Waverly got that one right! Marni-wow- these 4 have raced by like a certain VW westbound on NY Ave. Seems like we've existed from crisis to crisis unscathed, even without our seatbelts on. How did you survive such traumas as room 4451's infamous lone black sock (how did it get there anyway?) or divorce threat #1989 from that 5-1 alumni (you know, that 3-striper with the one-man room). You know my mom still believes you fell through our picture window. We've seen it all together: CA., MI., Tijuana, the mirrors of the White Gables (thanks for the tip), even Peeping Tom. Glaros would be so proud to see us make it through both ups and downs: KD's midnight snacks, Lapeski, San Juan "hunger" strikes, and the shelf...all of these being downs, of course. Now it's time to toss up our covers and grow our hair long! Will JP/MJ ever recover? Will we? Who cares as long as our pants don't wrinkle? One career tip, Marni: "Be a Bev--indulge!" Loveyou!! Eenie89.



Gerald Holmes Mathis
Willingboro, New Jersey
Economics
Supply Corps

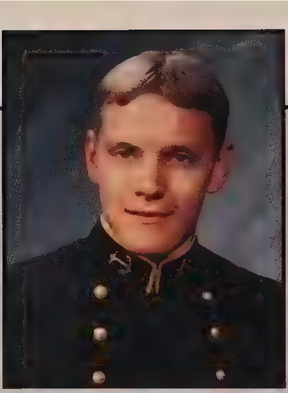
Four years ago I arrived in Annapolis via New Jersey turnpike. Little did I know I would be in a place so unfamiliar and surrounded by people so strange. Fortunately I found a brother of the same mind-unblind. He hails from the Chocolate City and is known as a man called Muse. As plebes we discovered suckers breed suckers. Then one day while practicing on the track I encountered M. Dog who happened to blow in from the Windy City. Together we've experienced the highs of track stardom and the lows of being sold out! Then one afternoon in 1985 I couldn't help but notice a strong brother, hopping on one leg, screaming a chow call. Little did I know he would be C-Mo, the final member of The Barrel. In four years The Barrel has become legendary by doing the impossible and the improbable. So, the next time you think you have an original thought-think again! I would like to thank MW(the lookout),LLL!, The Barrel,my family for their love and support, and my Lord and Savior Jesus Christ. Peace and soul...I'm outta here!

Theodore Lupton McColl
San Diego, California
History Major
U.S Marine Corps

Spot went through many challenges in his 4 years by the Severn. Although enjoying his first weekend by the end of senior year, he still managed to put in seroius danger his membership of the West Coast Chapter of the One Percent Club... His high alcoholic tolerance, about two sips and a deep breath, made him on an ocassion having lunch at a foreign diplomat's house, excuse himself from the table in order to have a long conversation with his very good friend Ralph. This, with such bad luck that everyone could hear his "private intercourse" since the door was open... The Corps finally got a hold of this fine grunt, some say because of his keen knowledge of Soviet Submarine threats. I'm sure you will do great in your medium (as long as you don't slack off in Machine Guns 101 in TBS...) so good luck and a loud "arrrgghh", Ted. c/a/g

Sean Terence Moriarty
Gilbertville, Massachusetts
General Engineering
Navy Air

Though Mighty-Mo will graduate from here (with his pilot billet), it did not materialize (sooner or later we all go general). Born with special ability, Sean could make friends quickly and lose them quicker. Maybe its that Boston accent he's been denying for years, or possibly his sharp, rapier like wit. With no room for idiots, hypocrites, or whiners, Sean always had room for sarcasm. This sarcasm, an Irish temper, and a trip to "the Pub" often led to wardroom riots. Due to his good looks, or perhaps his charm, he was always forgiven (at least until the next weekend). Speaking of charms, they destroyed at least two relationships. Highlights of his illustrious career include: drunk lunch, ruining stereo speakers, an interesting affinity for cruise boxes, morbid fear of Q-tips, a motorcycle with scratched fairings on both sides (sorry), and a car with the smallest 8-cylinder engine on earth. Lastly, he landed a ring on the finger of the only girl who will still tolerate him. Thanks for some great years. Best of luck always. RJBf



Alan Michael Petro
Uniontown, Pennsylvania
Computer Science
Nuclear Power - Submarines

Big Al came to us from Uniontown, Pa., with a peculiar gait and the desire for drill, subjecting us all to the familiar cadence of "Petro get in step!" Al, the Lord of Academia, realized that bulldog and the USMC did not tax his mental capacitance to the level that he desired, he decided to honor the submarine community by blessing it with his academic prowess. The submarine force, seeing their good fortune at hand, snatched up Big Al as the last submariner for the class of '89. Good fortune was awaiting Al on service selection night, for he not only received the $3200 bonus, but he was also able to drop Engine Math, which was not going well at the time. Good luck down in Orlando, we're all going to miss you. Sorry about your speakers. STM '89

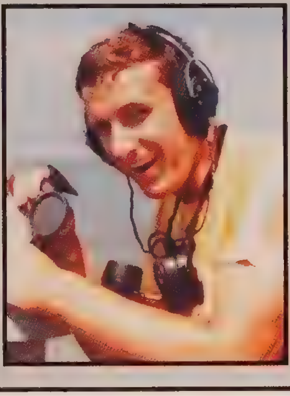
William Glenn Pickrel
Omaha, Nebraska
Electrical Engineering
Nuclear Power - Submarines

PIC MANK! Born on the beaches of San Diego and raised in the land of the Corn Huskers. Naturally played the state sport-F-ball. He dominated every Robitron machine in the Midwest. He left his electronic skills behind in search of Corporate America and the hearts of fair maidens. Couldn't bring himself to leave his old life behind so he majored in EE! 4/c year, Casestudy & Coxy taught him the finer points of Eastern culture. 3/c yr brought late nights with G"EE"K friends, Bobes & a full shoe. Robin helped solve his girl dilemma w/a simple question & sent him on his way to a yr of bliss(well almost). He never tired of Bulldog stories but couldn't resist wistful memories of a jelly filled summer. If he'd chosen to devote his existence fully to the EE Dept, he would have achieved academic greatness. Instead, he helped others more than studying and availed to a wide range of social activites. We'll never forget what a great friend you've been, Pic, Combat B-ball and all. These 3 yrs have been the best because of you. Hope you find that place where $'s are many, girls are friendly, & water tastes like Kamikazees! TES & RMH

Christopher Lee Saat
Clay City, Kentucky
Physical Science
Surface Warfare

The Saatster came to us from the Hills of Kentucky where he lived somewhere between the Hatfields and McCoys. After a rocky plebe year in 27 and some academic misunderstandings as a youngster, Chris survived his second Ax Board and picked up a new double major--Physics and Science. Chris made it through those hard times with the help of his music-from bagpipes to banjoes--and some motivation from the BBG. Second Class Year brought some welcome change: a new CO and a sympathetic if not personable roommate. After cruising on the Yorktown, Chris returned to Mother B with a new car, a new roommate, and a 4000 from the Summer School that wasn't. Chris reacted with his customary aplomb--Nothing could stop this future SWOGOD from his destiny of life on the high seas. Chris, good luck in all your future endeavors. Let your positive attitude lead the way and remember a day in port is a day wasted. Although often counted out, Chris got the last laugh. Through it all, he also proved himself a true and loyal friend. RMH WGP & TES

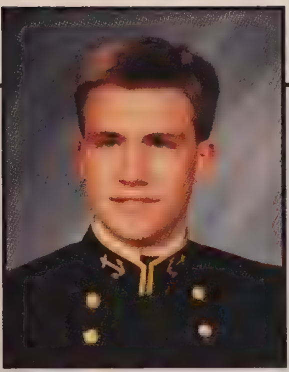
Thad Eugene Smith
Lebanon, New Jersey
History
U.S. Marine Corps



BIG HANDS, Big feet, BIG NOSE,. . ., well, you know the rest. This mild-mannered wall builder from rural NJ came to play football for the team via a year in the resort town of Harligen, TX. After plebe year in Big Stix, Thad gave up the pig skin and found his way into 22. 3/c summer found Thad on the 'Chon, making new friends in his usual manner. Youngster year saw the birth of the room. Who could have predicted such an auspicous event? The Batt Football, Beer, Wrestling and many a nap to Floyd found us becoming the best of friends. 2/c year, Thad shed his mild-manner and brought pain to many a plebe. The ring dance (don't eat the flowers) kicked off the summer of abuse--Bulldog, Airborne, and no hair foreshadowed Thad's true calling. 1/c year, Thad inherited a mess but, in true Smith fashion, led us to the promised land. Through thick and thin, his coolheaded approach helped us see the real meaning of things. Good Luck, Holmes. The Marines and Rebecca are getting a good man! Just stay away from the Port. WGP & RMH

Michael Roy Tribble
Rockledge, Florida
History
Naval Flight Officer

Mike Tribble left school in sunny California as a "youngster" to reach for the stars - he must have missed because he ended up corralled with the rest of us "plebes" in the herd. Though he liked to play the cynic, you could always count on him to help a classmate in need even though no one ever could hear you scream on 8-4. After getting over his Death Wish, he was able to join up with the Double Deuce. Even distance couldn't break up the old crew. Many weekend misadventures were spent with Fil, Tom, and Chaz. Never one to keep his mind on school work, Mike was always willing to drag us away from for a road trip. Remember the extra keys, you never know when you might leave your jacket on TOP of your car! That's the trouble with tribbles. Although he won't be wearing his father's sky blue, the Air Force's loss is Navy Air's gain. Don't worry, NATOPS makes you sleep eight hours a night. When it comes to friends, he is incomparable, even if I didn't get "The Hat"...yet. It took a while but now the stars are yours for the taking. Have fun in the danger zone, it's where you belong. Remember: check six - the rest of us can't be that far behind.TLR

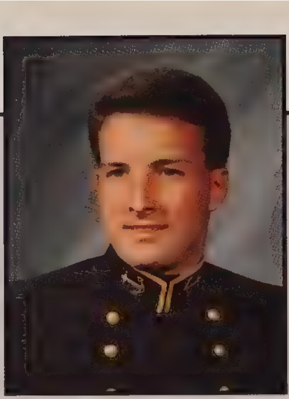


Rolf Diederich Versluis
West Hartford, Connecticut
Electrical Engineering
Nuclear Power - Submarines

The Sluister brought his chiselled, colossal bod to us from the cosmopolitan northeast. Though not of the hardiest stock, the local women found him quite savory. Being abnormally bright, albeit eccentric, Rolf opted for the elusive EE stature. He went through a plethora of roommates, including the Axe-murderer, the High Exalted Dudemank, Eggs, Wonderbread, Mighty Moslug, and the handiest of them all, Chantilly Fist. His one year stint with the tiny-weight crew team brought out the best, if not the beast, in Sting. Always quick to do a favor for a friend, and possessing an affinity for fine women and wine, he stumbled during 1/c year, gaining a Black N as well as command of the Dark Ages Restriction Battallion. A high frills lifestyle and its accompanying debts was belatedly financed with the acquisition of a nuke power bonus. Hopefully Rolf will be able to hurdle the obstacles of nuclear power with as little effort as he did here. Good luck and good times. JFE

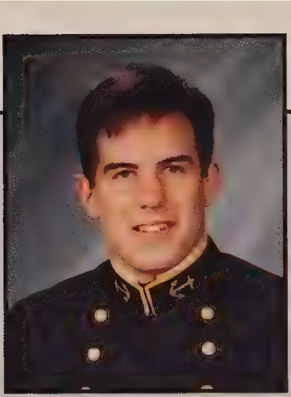
23rd

COMPANY



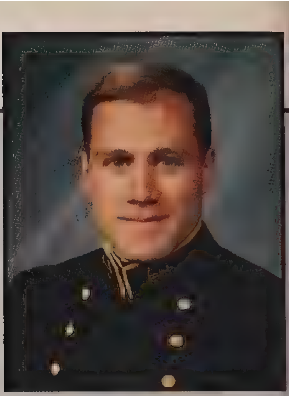
Mark John Wiggins
Annapolis, Maryland
Political Science
Surface Warfare

Wiggs came to the Academy as an Annapolis High folk hero. During his four year stay, Mark has upheld his reputation as an all-around student and athlete. Wiggs excelled on the soccer field and became a key player for the CAA champions and NCAA tournament participants. Mark is also noted for his military bearing on the parade decks. He must have inherited his drill skill from his gurus - Uncle Lar, Retz, Woody, and Hank. Although Wiggs was serious about his studies, athletics and professionalism, he still found time for fun. The Smooth one and T.D. shined under the Florida Sun along with the Slayers (Spring '88). Mark also has been known to frequent the Vous and to possess the uncanny ability to appear in two places at the same time! Mark is looking forward to becoming a hardcharging, go-getting surface warrior following his trip Down Under. I'm sure he would like to thank Smalls, Dude, All-Hell, T., his roommate (JM), and all the Fellas. Special thanks goes to his family for their love and support. GHM



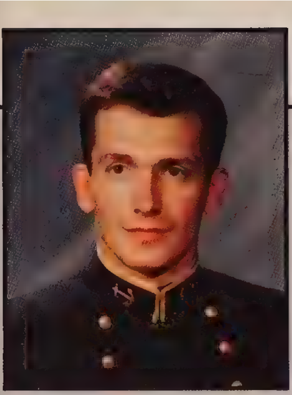
Craig Lancaster Wilson
Mansfield, Massachussetts
General Engineering
Navy Air

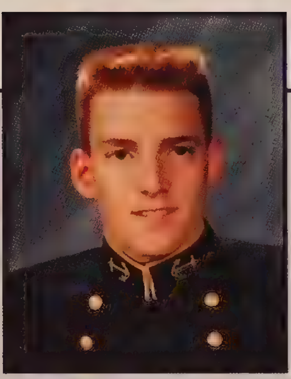
Mech E., Track & 7th Co. were all in Craigster's past when we became roomates 2/c year. As new GEs, the Zorb & I figured life was grand & we'd never have to sweat grades again. We were wrong. So as we battled Rickover, I was introduced to Zorbmath. Even as we fought off the academic bear, Wilstein found time to keep up on the latest top 40 tunes, rearrange pictures of himself on his blotter, and chase women. The conduct system & 16 hour treks were no match for the Zorb to see his women. But Lois and Denise(mommy) did him wrong & he was sentenced to weekends in Bancroft. Then a trip to Army, amazingly, brought Christine. So she clamped on the ball-and-chain and I haven't seen him since. 1/c year, a sinister CDR, the academic bear, 5 stripes between us and an attempted coup almost ended our Naval careers. Escaping all boards, and even a showdown with the 'Dant, we decided to hide in our room second semester. So we shot the bear and coasted. As time grows short, and Pcola closer, I can only wish my roomate the best. Even though his plans for breaking open his piggy bank at the rock store scares me. See ya at the bachelor party. BEE & the Manks.



Anthony Eugene Ahnen
Bayfield, Wisconsin
English
Navy Air

After living with Tony for a year I have come to realize now why I keep losing girls to guys like him. I have always heard that girls went for bald guys. Tony finally took the plunge and got engaged to Ruth Ann. Good Luck Tony and Ruth Ann, I wish you both fair winds and following seas. Tony almost blew out his knee in a tough game of touch football. Hey Tone, Supply Corps isn't that bad. Tony often gets confused in his trip to turn off the alarm clock when he mistakenly turns off the lamp. That's okay Tone, just don't confuse the outlet with the urinal. Tone tried to major in Economics, but after he failed basic econ he saw the writing on the wall and after getting laughed at by the advisory board, decided that English was his ticket to graduation. Tony has a love affair with snakes. Old Weise, his pet python, turned out to be his best friend in Bayfield, Wisconsin. Tony decided naval aviation is the way to go. Jets is the path he'll follow. Hey Tone, what about helo's? "No. They're like feedin' the ducks, they're fun, but you don't want anyone to see you doing it." DOG





Gregory Carter Allen
Georgetown, Indiana
Physics
Supply Corps

James Richard Armstrong
Fullerton, California
English
Surface Warfare

Kevin Michael Claffy
Rockville, Maryland
Astronautical Engineering
Navy Air

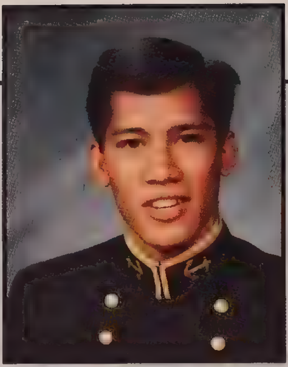
John Howard Cunningham
Bowie, Maryland
Electrical Engineering
Nuclear Power - Submarines

Greg's Hoosier accent and easy going personality earn him friends at once. He loves to "talk philosophy," to put it politely. His dip supply helped keep him out of trouble plebe year. Helped, but he still stood watch the day the hurricane rolled in. Gullible Greg. A note in your orange? And SBL, were those really just sunflower seeds and you were just pulling Greg's leg like in all the one-sided wrestling matches? Grades were good enough. EE662/4, physmech, thermal? Let's start early, say 0100? Study habits? Strange habits. Who says sleeping on the floor is the plebe thing to do? Just try to wake him, but yell over the barrage of alarm clocks and don't forget to duck! Greg violent? Ocean City: the chair, the bed, the lamp, the pot in the ocean. Where did that trashcan go? What's mandatory anyway? Test today? I'm going to be sick. Greg knew when it mattered though — the gall, sneaked a date to 4-4. 3-on-3, PT with the plebes and substitute CDO — Greg was there. As long as she's speaking to you, SHN says hi. Ready for the real Corps, hello Athens! God bless. — GSV, SBL

Jim, the man whose bad side you don't want to be on, especially when he was adjutant. Spring Break, End-of-Semester, any weekend, you name the watch, and Jim was willing to stick those on his "list" with it, but he really never meant to give anyone 5 watches in a month, did he? Jim accomplished much more. Since he was already amazingly "adept" in his technical courses, he chose English as his major. He could be seen at all hours before a blue computer screen that was full of masterful prose, insightful commentary, and literary analysis. Jim was definitely master at one thing, though, sports knowledge and trivia! He knows the nickname of every college sports team in the U.S. and maybe Canada. He can be counted on to know the outcome of any sporting and pro-wrestling (which is not a sport, no matter what you think, Jim). Maybe this knowledge is the product of his wholesome Nebraskan upbringing. Even though his home is in California now, it is still obvious from the colorful figures of speech that he uses that Jim is from a landlocked state. When Jim starts driving ships, everyone aboard will be glad there are no medians out at sea. JHC

Kevin has been a "sleeper" in more than one way. Sure, he played company sports, including hallway full-court nerf-hoop, spent endless hours becoming the SuperCalc4 master, and broke fragile items of furniture practicing karate while his roommates tried to teach him what "narcissist" means. However, except for the countless times he's thrown something against the walls (such as alarm clocks, lollipops, and jelly packets) he seems to have kept most of his energy bottled up inside him until he became the first set Twenty-Third Platoon Cdr. From that time on, the old Claffster who sat in the back of Aero and Astro classes learning by osmosis assumed the identity fate had had in store for him all along: THE CLAFF-DOG DRILL STUD. The plebes who showed up on I-Day that summer were shocked when they encountered this man with a booming voice, a crazy red flattop, and an insatiable need to drill his platoon. Kevin never stopped coming up with ideas to give Rock-Hard 23 an identity and motivation. With his drive and energy, Claff will be able to turn the pilots he's joining into Rock-Hard studs before they turn him into just another jet-jockey. -JHC-

John Howard Cunningham "the man, the myth, the legend." There are those of us who will never forget the first night you showed up from that extended 3/c sub cruise. Rich and I were busy congratulating ourselves for securing a 2-man room - impossible. At least we had someone to keep us in line! We should have known from the start we were in for some trouble, you being the "born to dive" type. Once the Big Toe left there was no stopping you. Quick to earn the reputation of the role model mid, JC was never known to deviate from the straight and narrow course, except for the "Lobos brothers incident", but that's another story. JC's academic genius was tolerated, because he was always willing to lend a hand. 1/c year came and someone put him in command. This company has not and never will be the same. We knew we were in trouble. Could we ever live up to this man's standards? Not a chance! Things got hot when the plebes took him out. What's another broken arm? We'll never forget your famous words, "USNA would be a lot better if everyone were more like me." It probably would be but who could stand it. Best of luck to you in your future. KMC

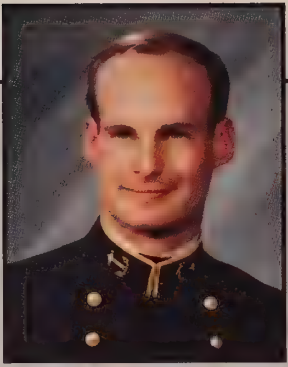


Richard Gerard Deguzman
Parsippany, New Jersey
Chemistry
U.S. Marine Corps

Rich came to USNA from somewhere in New Jersey, but no one ever held that against him. He gave up a promising wrestling career to pursue his dreams in the world of Chemistry. Since the beginning of 3/c year, Rich fought an uphill battle full of ac. tracking sheets. Time went by, as did weekends filled with studies, and Rich found himself in a long lasting relationship. Unfortunately, she proved to be about as much help for his chemistry grades as his wrestling. Rich battled through ac board after ac board and found himself in 1/c year. The ever safety conscious Rich decided it was time to find a new home, before he became injured at the hands of a roommate gone mad - "Ow!, that's my hair! You burnt my hair!" He was one man that never lost control of himself. Too bad we can't say the same thing for his car. He continued to have his troubles, whether sudden hair loss, violent Guzen attacks, financial problems- "What do you mean this check is no good, I still have more left." Despite his faults we still kept him around, after all "He was the only normal one of us." Best of luck to you Top Grunt. From all of us. KMC

John Oliver Donelan
St. Petersburg, Florida
Computer Science
Navy Air

John "Face" "Slim" Donelan joined the brigade from St. Petersburg, Fl., a booming town of newlyweds, nearly deads, and shuffleboard capital of the world. His experiences were normal for a mid; girls, beer, and trouble. John and the old boys - Plowboy, Bruno, and company spent more time chasing women than most mids spend studying. It was the best sport in town. He then took a break from Academy life and lived at the Vous. Trouble followed "Face", that is Doc and Sully. Whenever a rugby game was to be played, John, Sully, and Doc would sacrifice their bodies for the after game party. Speaking of after game parties, why do you hate B. C. or the whole state of MASS? Could it be your crime spree. After John walks to St. Petersburg from the Keys (500 miles) he may figure out what to do with a certain girl. As for his move from the Vous to USNA he traded a beer for the room from hell. John knows high ranking officers personally. How do you think he became a firsty? He has his stripe and is on his way to graduating, I think?! Remember the battle cry, "Ho, Navy Diver, Airbourne Ranger, Navy Air, Ho!" Best of luck. See you in Dec. JMM

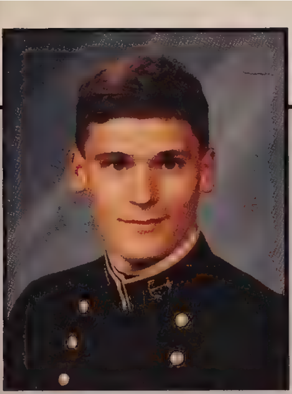


Calin Jon Evon
St. Charles, Michigan
General Engineering
Navy Air

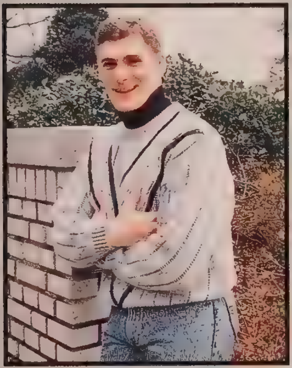
Well, Cal, here we are. A long way from VP-17, Po City, and drinking your way to a pair of wings. You came to 23 as a crew jock and a physics major. Too bad about crew. But you had your priorities right: better to graduate than to row. Oh, and about physics? You bailed out in time there (G.E., we bring good things to light!). After a year with the Toe and Foliage breathing down our necks, we hit the deck running into 2/c summer, but not before near death in a knockabout with Flesh and Fess. YP's were a blast, and so was NL301 ("Contrary to popular belief ..."). 2/c year went by pretty quick. And just because I popped the question to a pretty biology major from Va. Beach, you had to join the club and pop the question to some cute chemical engineer from home. From sub cdr to P.E. officer, you lived by one tenet: "Delegate!". Now we're ready to "pull the screen and ride the rail." Sure will miss the days of putting desks in the top rack, doing ceiling cheezes, and discovering the joy of methane. But there's nobody I'd rather serve with, buddy, cause I know I can count on you in the clutch. You've got alot to offer the Fleet and you'll give it your best. RAF

Sean Brian Foley
Catonsville, Maryland
Aerospace Engineering
Nuclear Power - Submarines

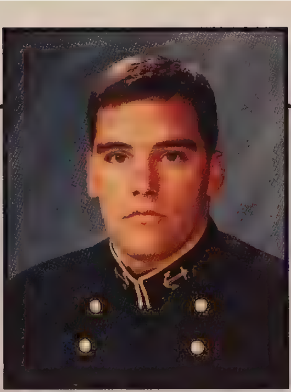
Possessing every high school graduate's desire to see the rest of our United States, Sean, who hails from Catonsville, naturally chose USNA, about 40 minutes away. After a thoroughly enjoyable plebe year in Second Company he joined 23 and Cal and Bob as roommates. Sean finally realized it was time to find a new roomie when he returned from class to find his desk mysteriously transported to E.G's room. We will all remember the great cheese of '87, when Sean survived an incredible 45 to 1 weight ratio on his rack. And then there was Dougie, our third. Not that Sean and Doug Weren't the best of friends, however visions of Sean embedded in the wall come to mind. Yes, Sean the Debate president and Doug the Poli-Sci. What a combination! Well, whatever his idiosyncracies or study habits, I have every confidence that Sean will get the best of nuke school and beyond. Oh yeah, Merry Christmas Mr. Poley! RMR



Robert Allen Forwalder
Akron, Ohio
General Engineering
Naval Flight Officer

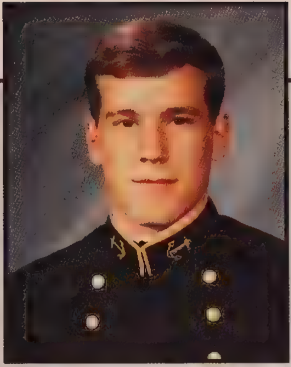


Bobby-boy, you made it. A long career at USNA as a General Engineer comes to an end. It seems like yesterday when you left your home in Akron, Ohio to come to the Academy. 3/c you met two of the best friends you could ever have, your roommates; make that one roommate after you and he convinced the other to leave by moving his belongings to another room. This was only the beginning of your exciting career as a Mech. E; that is, until you ran into "Q-tip head" and "the Maj.". The divine light of GE was now upon you. The "gay" club and Airborne Training Unit took up the remainder of your time. Oh yeah, Bobby proposed to his girlfriend 2/c year during Christmas Leave. Scratch the former two and insert the latter. After his roommate followed suit and proposed to his fiancee, it became ever so important to graduate. This is why they called room 4036 "Gouge Central" for General Engineers. With the masses of "gouge" being passed on in Rock Hard 23, who also saw the divine light, many-a-mid will be hooked. It's graduation, the weddings, and off to P-Cola for a career in the Navy. From your roommate to you, "til we meet-aaaa-gainnnn faaaaaat." CJE

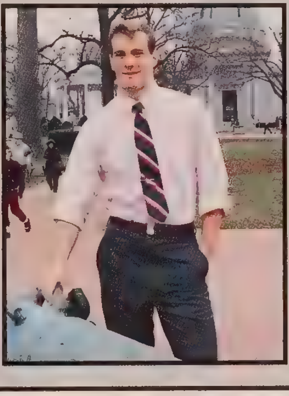


James Dennis Gonsalves
Shelburne, Vermont
Political Science
U. S. Marine Corps

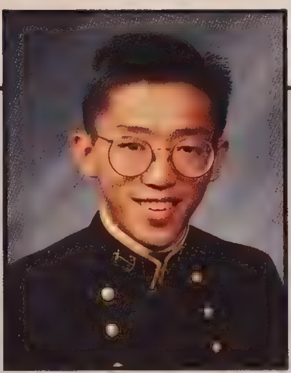
Well, a brief summary of Jamie's accomplishments say it all; high QPR, 4 stripes, capt. of the hockey team, and a member on the golf team. I'm convinced he knew people in high places! What didn't he do here? Nobody else could have helped me through physics, EE, etc., while beating me like a drum on the golf course, and mixing it up in the corners during hockey practice. But the thing we'll remember most about the kid from the Great White North, was his incredible knack for putting the "biscuit in the basket" in the closing minutes of a tied game. No doubt about it, eh? Not many people can say they beat the Canadians in hockey as well as being the medalist against Army in the spring of '88. And of course the girls, and our philosophical "sessions" trying to analyze relationships - like I knew what I was talking about. Although I tried to talk him out of going Marines, I'm glad I didn't because down deep he wanted it, even though he changed his mind once or twice. All I can say is thank you very much, and I wish I could have helped you as much as you helped me. It's friends like you that make an experience like this worthwhile. I wish you the best. MPM



Ernest Haquette Greppin
Westwood, Massachusetts
General Engineering
Special Warfare



We came back from 3/c cruise to a sea of new faces. We didn't even know our classmates. I don't think I ever met Ernie that year, I just heard stories. I kept hearing stories of successive all-nighters and mental breakdowns. Just rumor though. Glick, Jake, and Head managed to secure a barn with new furniture. However, as 2/c year rolled around Ernie had no roommate, so we acquired him. At first the three of us were a bit apprehensive, but his multi-thousand $ mega-stereo made the transition a bit easier. Now Ernie is happy with his academic situation, "Sooner or later you'll go General." Training Research Liason was a great billet for Ernie, and for the rest of us as well. Ernie managed to secure a phone with an outside line. Unfortunately, he always managed to call girls who were either leaving the country or already had boyfriends. We in 4038 had our own way of telling when spring had come. It was the time of year when Ernie set the alarm for zero-dark-thirty and drove over to the boathouse, where he would row backwards as hard as he could for two hours. Thanks for the good times; the bad times weren't that bad either. Jake, Head, Glick

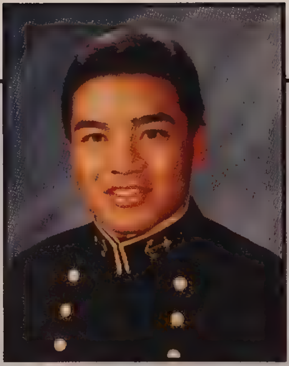


Hsuan Yao Huang
Golden Valley, Minnesota
Aeronautical Engineering
Surface Warfare

Holy Calvin! Born in Taiwan and brought up in the backwoods of frigid Minnesota, "Hot Sam" quickly got a hankering for the blazing climes of San Diego. After a thorough demo of his potential in BASIC and BOOST, they knew Hsuan was officer material and whoosed him off with Annapolis's finest. As the exemplary "naive yet laid back" pleber ("Hey duuu, what up?) in luckless 13; his fortune took a turn for the bizarre as one of the twinkie toes of 23. These late-night maniacs in 23 were ready to open up "Sammihana's" for dine-in or take-outs. 2/c yr, GQ Sweet Sam and DJ Dougy Fresh just "chilled". A classic "Come over here so I can hit you " brought this Karate prez and his Ninja crew yuuge breakthroughs: especially in their favorite wall. Our HERO then encountered a special Spanish sister. The world will never be the same: the trek to NY City, Baltimore Tall Ships, and D.C. dancing will always be on his mind. After an Xmas conquest of Europe, this SWO Daddy will have his hands full with donuts, missiles, and bodacious babes. Smokin' Jo-Jo, Crazy Legs Tony, and the Guzzler taught you well, GRASSHOPPER! RDG

Scott Mackay Hurm
Elkton, Maryland
Oceanography
Special Warfare

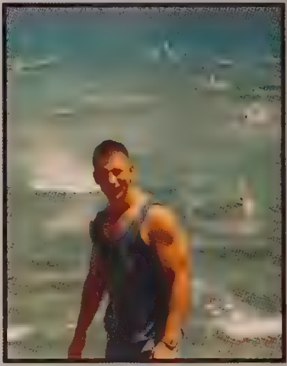
Scott "Hurmdog" is truly the quintessential renaissance man. Because of his natural knack of education through osmosis, he was able to be well rested after a long day of classes, to pour his energy into sports activities to prepare himself for BUDS. Scott tried a little bit of everything, from wrestling and hockey to ballroom dancing. These weren't enough for the Dog, so he went out for violence in the boxing ring, and on the Rugby pitch. He finally found his nitche as a "winger" on the Navy Rugby team. Everybody who knows Scott cannot deny his strength of character and friendship. In his last two years at USNA, Scott lived in style in the out of company penthouse where all the big boys live. His weekend outings back home to the farm always brought back unusual stories about farmyard animals, not to mention a few loaves of his famous homemade bread. Scott is also well known for his unusual grazing habits. He eats lettuce like a rhino eating shrubbery on the plains, and disposes of it like a goose back on the farm. Good Luck in BUDS Dogger, and always remember to look at the leaves before you wipe.-JBW



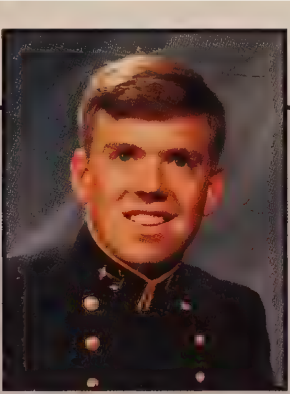
Joseph Anthony Malabanan
San Diego, California
General Engineering
Surface Warfare

A native of San Diego, Joe found himself in the rigorous routines of BASICS. After a couple of late night parties with the SEALS, he decided that BOOST was a much better life. Living only 20 minutes from school, he was known as the God of Exchange Duty Chits. It was routine to see the tail end of his RED STALLION exiting the iron gates. Plebe year was a breeze, as his height enabled him to sneak past his upperclass undetected. A "resident" of the STALAG, he was better known as the 13th Bull, forging the bad luck into the few who had the rare opportunities to face him in lightweights. Having already known him, I became his chosen one in TOE's 23. Here, 3/c Casanova, utilizing his rugged good looks and animal magnetism, became a part of many hearts. It wasn't until a couple of turbulent affairs that he finally settled down with his dream girl. Don't forget those restriction musters. Aero was his pursuit but he discovered his mind was geared for bigger and more "general" fields. Now that we are into the final countdown, I want you to know you will be missed. Through good times and bad, you never lost your sense of humor. Keep the Faith. HYH aka Hot Sam

Joseph Michael Mandichak
San Bernardino, California
Ocean Engineering
Special Operations

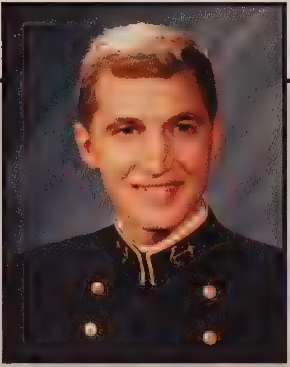


Joe "Rambo" Mandichak joined the brigade from CA. Joe spent 3 1/2 years training to be a mean green fighting machine and then he saw the light, or was that the dark, and went Spec Ops. He immediately began his diver training in Key Largo, FL over spring break. To make a long story short, I-95 South to the Keys has a sign that reads No Hitchiking, Bikes, Pedestrians, OR Mandichaks. Rambo was a physical fitness monster and between lettering as a 150's player, lifting, running, swimming, and doing any other physical activity, he maintained a certain level of fitness - Excellent! Joe's senior year was unusual to say the least. His 1st semester roommate graduated in December, followed by a 2nd semester roommate who is planning to do the same. Talk about luck of the draw. While we are on the topic of luck let's sum up Rambo's - BAD! Take Army 3/c year, better yet let's leave that as a memory. If he did anything out of line he was put back in line, at restriction muster. However, Rambo was given a "Second chance" and is now fleet bound. Let me close with this-..."Gretzky has the puck, crosses the blue line, shoots, SCORES!" Best of luck Joe. JOD



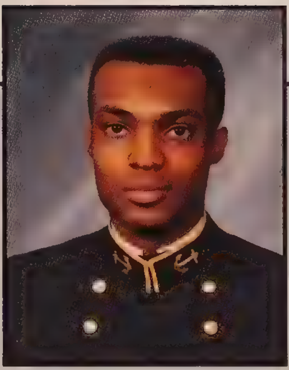
Steven Phillip McAlearney
Hanna City, Illinois
Mechanical Engineering
Navy Air

Steve came to us from a small town in Illinois, where he was Mr. Everything. We couldn't believe someone so short, slow, and pudgy could be the captain of his high school basketball team. The reality of USNA hit hard in plebe boxing when he had to face off with Jake. The years became sweeter when we became roomys youngster year. We all spent much time together, unfortunately, most of a good youngster year was spent shoveling snow on the restriction working party. He didn't learn the error of his ways, and continued in his delinquency, being careful not to be caught. Many a long afternoon was spent nursing longnecks overlooking Weems Creek. Steve was a one woman man, and after years of putting off the engagement he was finally coerced into buying the rock - ooh that hurt the pocketbook - by his lovely lady. All of us were eagerly awaiting the wedding; however, we were the only ones. Around Thanksgiving 1/c year, as the weather started getting cold, so did the bride's feet. It was a blessing in disquise, because now Steve was free at last and looking forward to Pensacola. Thank God Almighty, he's free at last. Head Jake Ern

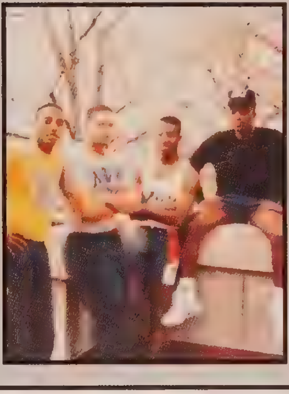


Mark Adam Mearig
Juneau, Alaska
General Engineering
Surface Warfare

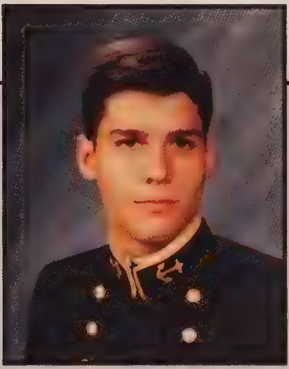
Mark's brother tried to warn him, but he came to USNA anyway. After four years of hard knocks and academic trouble, we are hoping this biography is not being written prematurely. Mark will likely set the record for the most tests failed in a four-year period at USNA. We always knew Mark was wierd, and finally, two weeks before service selection, it was proven medically. Mark will now be heading to the P.I. where normal brain waves are not a prerequisite. Mark was so nice, just ask anyone. He was a steadying force amongst total chaos. Unfortunately, Mark did not have weekends for much of his last two years. That's OK though, because even if he had wanted to go somewhere, he had no way of getting there. He bought that car from Jake's folks for a dollar and proceeded to drive it across the country and give it away. We were all a little jealous of Mark since all of our parents liked him better than us. That is one of many reasons that we know Uncle Mark will excell on "The First Team." Glick Ern Jake



Roland Siegfried Muse
Washington, D.C.
Mathematics
U.S. Marine Corps



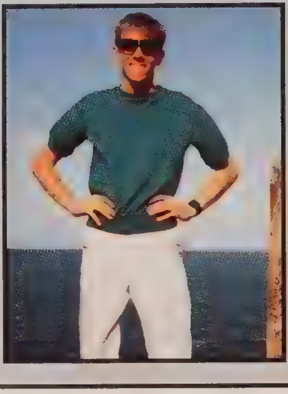
In 1985, I chose not to kick it live, but instead to attend USNA and make it to the top this way. Quickly I found that this was a road less travelled by many brothers in the past, and thus there were many hard times to outlast. Luckily, with the help of a few dedicated jungle brothers, we have made the most of our stay with our mighty host. It has been a lot of fun, but now it's eighty-nine, and finally time to begin life's real run. I leave with many good memories and friends, and I wish them all the best of luck in the future. And for all those who didn't like the way CMJR worked out, we'll see you in ninety-four for a little more. And for all who follow in these footsteps in the years to come, whenever you find yourself having big fun, according to CMJR it has already been done. Thanks to my family, TAW, CMJ, MT, SWO and all my other friends who have helped me along the way. "Have you forgotten that once we were brought here, we were robbed of our name, robbed of our language, our culture, our God..." Malcolm X No... RSM



John Lawrence OBrien
New Caanan, Connecticut
Mechanical Engineering
Nuclear Power - Surface

Jack: So much to tell, so little space; luckily, most of it is not printable. Despite the run in with Glick's sharp left, he still had an innocent face. So innocent, in fact, that he was able to convince a young lady to fly from Europe for the ring dance, only to return to Europe the next week. Jack was buying, of course. The innocent face contributed greatly to his "halo". Jack was the only person to get an "A" in performance the same semester that he failed to make his rack every day. For some unknown reason, all those above Jack truely believed he was an energetic young man; if only they knew how many hours he spent in bed. The halo didn't fool the girls at Duquesne though, Jack was the punchline to a Sigma Lambda Phi sorority joke. Unknown to most, Jack did have a somewhat serious side. He managed to get through the Mech. E. major and qualify for nuke power school. He plans on being one of those 20-and-dive types, but we'll have to wait and see. Ern Head Glick

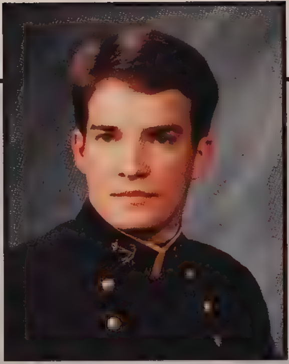
Edward Randall O'Neill
Lafayette Hill, Pennsylvania
History
Navy Air



It has been called the best of times. It has been called the worst of times. More latter now but with time it will become the former. What is there to say about Randy that hasn't already been said...by him. While here, Randy is known as the sage of professional knowledge. During Hundred's Night, the plebes tried to stump him. Yeah right! If you want to know what's happening in the Brigade, ask our local historian. He did not wait until the day of Service Selection to decide what to do. He waited until the weekend before. Everyone expected him to live up to his nickname of SWO-NEILL, but surprisingly, he went AIR. I think he just wanted a leather jacket. He milked the Navy well with a youngster cruise to Hawaii and a first class cruise to Norway. Not bad! He has lived-up to the naval tradition of a girl in every port. His black book of infinite names and his prowess at juggling ten girls at a time are well known. Randy, continue your quest for more liberty. JC---"I want to thank my family, Rogols, MMK, DCL, JC, RSM, and all of my friends. Good luck! May you have fair winds and travelling seas."

Robert Matthew Reeves
Santa Ana, California
Mathematics
Navy Air

Matty came to USNA, the total California man, with laid back attitude, battery-powered tee-shirts and comic books to boot, all but his cute little 'stache which the Navy made him leave behind. The constants of Matt's visit to USNA: computer games, classical music, his rack, unique roomies and a strange affinity for the dark side, R 2. 'Baby Face' had a difficult plebe year, lightened by Saturday night visits to the Emporium and occasional trips with D&B. 3/c year brought him to 23 for a new start, new friends, the rack, Taitertraps, and playing 'straight man' between his roommates, JCR and DAR. 2/c year brought a new roomie, SBF, and an increased role as roommate moderator, Fri. night Chinese food, and weekends with R 2. 1/c year saw Matt stuck as the duty roomie again, as well as a slow divergence from the dark side (Will he be straight by graduation?). His relaxed personality and his willingness to listen make him an easy person to talk to, a quality which will serve him well in life and in the fleet. I've enjoyed rooming with you, Matt (What would I have done without your change). Good luck in the Navy and in life. SBF

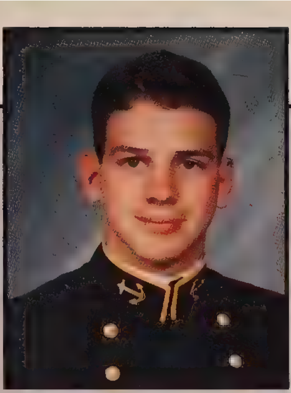


John Christopher Ryan
Denver, Colorado
Mechanical Engineer
Nuclear Power - Submarines

John arrived older than his firsties & less rambunctious than his classmates having been an EM2 EF. He was an old man who had never been to sea. Plebe year was routine besides Army and the two pairs of female skivvies that arrived in the mail a week later. He reached stars but was rudely brought back to earth by Wild Bill youngster year, the same year he met THE GIRL. Beautiful and intelligent he claims he will not marry her, but we all know better. Determined to be a mechanical engineer while maximizing time outside the wall and minimizing mandatory activities inside, he was ever present in his rack during the week and never present on weekends. Those who roomed with him learned to tolerate the constant breeze which flowed forth. Known as the oldest within the company, outsiders who observed him and the stainless steel he acquired during second class year thought him the youngest. First class year brought a Rocket ride through hell and a return to NUC Subs, both things he had sworn off during his early days here. Long after he submerges for good, John will be remembered for his undying contribution to the company racquetball team. SMM JRA

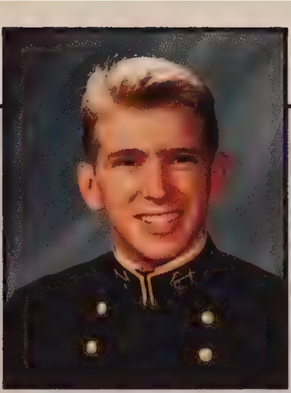
Matthew Anthony Tait
Centreville, Virginia
Political Science
Naval Flight Officer

The first time I met Matt, I thought, "Here's a great guy that really enjoys life." Boy, was I ever right. "Taiter" used his time the best way possible -- his weekends were filled with kickin' road trips(minus window), stoppin' in to see the 'rents to get some subs, sick parties, spagettios, and drinking beer with the boys. Weekdays were reserved for soccer, becoming bulky, concerts, Mrs. V's, Service Dress Bluejeans, and late nights with David Letterman. Some of Matt's more outstanding achievements are taking the soccer team to the NCAA's, Cancun '89, missing 4 hours of Nickie's party, Nags Head, playing Viking, 21st Amendment (And The Brick he found on the dance floor). Matt's taught me a lot in 3 years; how to jump the wall without getting caught, how to unlock my car with a two by four, what can happen when a girl takes her glasses off, and how cops aren't out to bust everyone on the road. Have a tub of fun in Pensacola, Matt. "What is a fender well, anyway?" Its been most excellent! The Gu



Bart Andrew Taylor
Clemson, South Carolina
Mechanical Engineering
Nuclear Power - Surface

Bart Taylor, otherwise known as "The Guru", and rightfully so. Bart began his plebe year by learning how to eat right. 3/c year gave him his eternal nickname. Hey Gu, want to get a beer at Timmy's? No? Well, O.K. I guess it's better to come in late for taps.What about the good times,though? For example; an all-nighter to do a voyage planning, frisbee tournaments in 'the room', nerf-hoops and drunken nights (every year). Especially Mike Ulses' fridge. Quite a feat that one was -- but not as exceptional as finding Spunky at 21st Amendment. I am sure that she probably was purchasing your beers that night as we all know how easily your wallet opens with a crowbar. Ah yes, Springbreak '89. Didn't you go up to Vermont to avoid those Florida temptations? Just kidding. Well, we've done quite a lot together after meeting up alphabetically our sophomore year. From having a few beers at Steve's through 2/c summer and onwards to two days after grad. After 3 yrs you're one of my best friends around and I wish you and Claire the best in your future. Thanks for everything. Just remember, they're not saying "Boo", they're saying "GUUUU!!" The Taiter



Matthew Stuart Tysler
San Gabriel, California
Systems Engineering
Navy Air

Having perfected flight on the ground (rumor has clocked him at 130 on rt 50), Matt has abandoned a NYC taxi-driving career and is now ready for flight training of a different sort. Only his quest for Navy Air surpasses his quest for the perpetual tan. Matt has thrice braved MAC flights and once braved Armstrong to spend Christmas in Hawaii. Matt was probably most famous for his all-night bull and study sessions and his 23 1/2 hour turbo-rack recovery weekends. 1/c summer brought a near-death experience on a Bermuda-bound sailboat and the infamous "Pigeon and the Porsche" incident. He managed to wheedle his way into a few prized cultural experiences: a "free" Honors English trip to England, last minute Les Mis tix on Broadway, and, questionably, Sat. nights at Tracks (go Rico). With keys to the Prelude and to Claire's, this last semester has raced wildly by. Who could forget the cockroach in Mario's soap dish and SB '89 -- skiing with Andy in Colorado? Matteo, you have been a friend, a confidant, and often a life preserver. Thanks EB, Bork! Bork! ILU ALC Thanks Mom and Dad, the Graw's, GSV, CSH, KMD, JLG, RAB, CTB, CLT, and KMT.

George Steven Vanni
Seattle, Washington
Physics
Nuclear Power - Submarines

Fortune put Steve in Double-Deuce for what would prove to be a very memorable plebe year. Steve was ever willing to help out his classmates. Once, in the passion of one of his EI sessions, Steve forgot that he himself had a calc final the next morning. His absentmindedness was to follow him throughout his career at USNA. Spring Break of plebe year found Steve and his wonderful sense of direction chauffeuring five drunks to Ft. Lauderdale via the scenic route. What's 300 miles anyway? It was worth beholding the moving sight of dawn. 3/c year found Steve refereeing Greg and Matt, and also produced an electronics nightmare, causing Steve to convert from EE to physics. Thank goodness he was saved. As a firstie, Steve was rewarded with 3 stripes, which he later gave up to be a squad leader. That turned out to be enlightening because he was dealt a hand with a wild card or two. The effort required in being a squad leader combined with his struggles in "thermal" would have disheartened some, but Steve kept his chin up, looking forward to graduation and then to nuke school to begin his $ubmarine career. Thanks Mom and Dad, Mom, M, M&D, MKG, JS, SC, RW, GCA, JLG and MST!

James Byron Webster
Birmingham, Michigan
English
Special Warfare

James "the madman" came to the Academy wanting four things: to fly jets, swim, play water polo and graduate. Plebe year went well for him and he picked Economics as his major. 3/c year he was as lucky as the rest of us to have the "Big Toe" as his company officer. With the physics department trying to beef up the attrition rate, Lunar changed his major to English. 2/c Lunar found his way up to 4-1 in a beautiful penthouse overlooking Goat Court. From this moment on, he and his roommates performance grades were never the same. Swimming was Lunar's main occupation, setting pool records in the backstroke. His taste in music was still on the edge, but his roommates learned to live with it after two years. His roommates also had to learn to live with him getting up at the crack of dawn to swim a 100 miles. His practice in the pool paid off when he had to take the swim test for the SEAL qualification test. No one is sure, but they say smoke actually rose above the water behind him. Now, it's off to BUDS in Coronado, CA., but not until he sucks down a few cold "Buds" in Annapolis and teaches the class of '93 all about the 10 meter tower. AEA

24th COMPANY

Anthony Ryan Blankenship
San Francisco, California
Computer Science
Naval Flight Officer

Stephen Landrigan Burnett
Sparks, Nevada
Political Science
U.S. Marine Corps

Philip Alfred Colborn
Fort Worth, Texas
Economics
Marine Air

T. Blank got off to a sweet start by showing up three days late for youngster year. Our impression--- Does the uniform shop have a cover that fits this guy's big HEAD?!!! But, what can we say about a dude who has it all: grades, a large physique, a wife(The Comet), and a lot of professionalism. This guy only knows the exponential curve and the art of "freeballing." Being a Data Dink, he spent his nights playing games and making social rounds. On the weekends, the HUGE ARB played matchmaker while pleasing his own herum with his Maggie's Dance. Yes, this man is quite well known by the inner city crowd; he's the co-holder of the 1988 Twist Championship at P.T. Flaggs. T. Blank loves to spend money on everything on earth, except roommates. All 1/c year was spent in the Midstore. Round Robbie knows him personally. You really can't say much about a man who has everything, but there is one thing that I need to know myself; "What were you really doing at 0300 when you got that flat tire?" (TR and PAC)

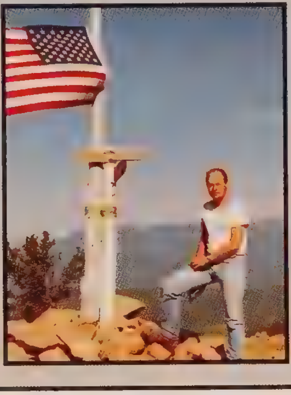
FLASH! All hands are to be on the look out for escaped wildman Steve "the Instigator" Burnett. The suspect is 6'1", and can vary from 170-200 lbs. His hair could be anywhere from "Youngster-long" to high and tight, but was last seen sporting an unreg mohawk. He normally wears contacts, but can occassionally be identified by his combat geekers, or non-USMC sanctioned safety pin geekers. Be alert, as he is an Airdog Ranger, with quite an arsenal of "toys" and tricks up his sleeves. His physical prowess is aptly mirrored by his intellectual and secretarial skills, as demonstrated by multiple all-nighters and his Academic Officer accomplishments. He might be found in any of a number of places, but most likely will be in his '84 Saab-killer Mustang GT, or climbing (out of) trees. Other hobbies include a plethora of sports, among them hacky-sack, tennis, combat pistol, and playing guitar. Best bets at apprehending this madman is to either catch him in his grey monster sleeping bag, playing computer games, or searching for his lost ring. The suspect could also be caught during one of his forced-insomnia and anorexia stages. Good luck, and be careful. DAM & "Scareman"

Phil hails from the "Hot City" of Ft. Worth. Philo or Bo-Bo, a perfect "10", can be described in two words, the mission. It's a good thing too, for he had a rough time in Cloud Nine as a pleber. Youngster cruise was my first dealing with Philo and what a treat it was! Mojo, Red Horse, dancing, pool, Samurai Palace, and the Turkish Bathhouse. Who could forget the barrio, with some cross-eyed "HO" chasing Phil's schmeckle (Phil, she caught me and made me smile.). What a great experience! Second class year, Bo-Bo got really crazy and pulled a 4.0. He also turned the Ring Dance into a death ride. It was exciting except for his date(ZZZZZZZ). Philo was never happy with the women; Fatal Attraction; Iceberg; Anything For You Phil. At one point, he seriously considered becoming a gay bodybuilder. Army/Navy '88: one on one quarters, blow-out, tape recorder, blow-out, Big Ed, "Hey sir, your shoe is on fire!" All and all, Philo is a great friend who I want in my backseat!! Good Luck, Stud. WRT

Michael Cole Cornell
Charles Town, West Virginia
Computer Science
Navy Air

Call him Coley D., call him Coalminer, just don't call him out of the rack. Cole descended upon Annapolis from the sprawling megapolis of Charles Town to begin a highly motivated career at USNA. So began the "eternal dis." Cole overcame "Serene 18" only through weekend distractions like Annapolis stock car races with C.W. and socializing with veternarians. 3/c year brought home-style haircuts and an interesting encounter with Capain Hewitt. Cole allowed himself more opportunities to stay in with his role in the Saturday 6, even deciding to pass up Summer leave for an opportunity to excel in education. With 2/c year came frequent trips to Oregon, and a 15 minute dip in the "Waters of the Seven Seas" that led to a later dip in the water of the potty. 1/c cruise brought Cole an exciting cruise to Gitmo and a sail trip that ended with a body drainage in the Bahamas. Somewhere in Cuba, Cole must have ingested something strange, for he returned to 1/c year motivated to be a SEAL, however, Cole opted for Navy Air. He spent the rest of year tasting fine wine at McGarvey's and cruising to Florida. Take Care Buddy and hope you find yourself on the deserted island you've always dreamed about. Ed McG.

Richard Anthony Frey
Hanover, Pennsylvania
General Science
Surface Warfare



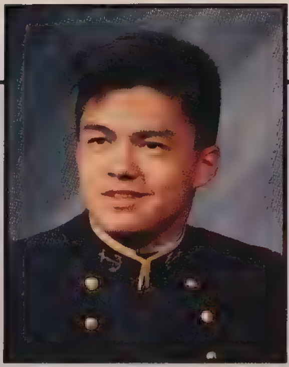
Uh-huh...we gotta talk! But where do we begin? From the halls (and broken doors) of the Naro escape to the shores of the Shenendoah, Rick was sure to leave his mark. Rick's continuing quest for the best cigar and the dirtiest coffee mug ("I can't believe Mom washed it") earned him the nickname of Chief. Chief set out to protect the world from Texans and anything less than a "real camping trip"(i.e. a dry camping trip). Yet the Chief was not unopposed. His primary enemy was academics. Quickly losing interest in engineering (or so he claims), he chose to study science, generally speaking. During his free time he commanded the Eagle Scout Association, bringing it from nothingness to another excuse for adventure. But nothing could match the adventure of Naro Escape: docksiders in the snow, Don-a-thons, Rock and R., stealing Bush signs, and "those BEAUTIFUL eyes"(snake!). The surface Navy will never see anyone better. Good luck to a great friend. SDP

Monica Kim Holland
Greenbelt , Maryland
Oceanography
Supply Corps

When I first met Monie, she had lost her gummi bears and she was studying the 11 general orders of a sentry. We were "lightning2-1deviatedpsychopathsoohrahsir!" Everyone was scared at NAPS indoc, but Monica knew what was going on. She distinguished herself from the start as a great athlete, making the basketball team at NAPS. She went on to start for the Academy's team for 4 years, scoring 995 points, the 4th highest ever in Navy history! We were destined to be roommates and were scrambled together. She is the funniest, most unpredictable person, with the biggest heart and the hardest head (she breaks pencils on it!) Though she sleeps a lot, we have managed to finish side by side, right up to that final CAPSTONE paper. We've been on study logs together for 3 years, had the same major, the same crushes, and we even danced on the oceanography YP with Schmeck, Cal and Ernie. Nice package. A gift? For me? Schmeck, is that you? Oh, Hi! Get autographed pictures of the up and coming tennis star before she graduates--we expect great things from her. Monie was a great friend to all who knew her. Harmonica, you were a great roommate to me! Good luck in the Corps--supply, that is! I will never forget you. Especially if you come visit me in Monterey. God bless you! Love, Annie B.

Ann Elizabeth Hollenbeck
Cincinnati, Ohio
Oceanography
General Unrestricted Line

Annie-O decided to give up a promising career as a postman to come to USNA, via NAPS. From the beginning, with the Last of the Club, Ann did well. I never quite figured out,though, what the gouge sport was. Pineapple picking? Maybe crop dusting. It all comes down to graduation requirements in the end--coke cans and tatoos, D.L'ing, nights in the sprinklers, and checking buses-no one will ever notice... Ann is the original combo of a loving and fun friend, always making someone smile. You're the greatest friend God ever sent me. Looks like rain, bud. CKD Ann, you're the greatest! From NAPS to 24 to pictures and pitstops in the head--or is that in the yard? Our mutual adorations have been comical. Will you get those things out of your hair, and how do you make it do that anyway?! Here's a pretzel--lighting them up with Cal and Schmeck, to helping THEM out with their homework. Your move to the biking team was a shock but you went crazy ya big STUD!! When I see you in years to come, I won't be shocked if you just have a backpack and a crumpled up uniform. You're the best and were truly a blessing to me. Good luck, God bless you, I love and will never forget you, Annie-O. MH

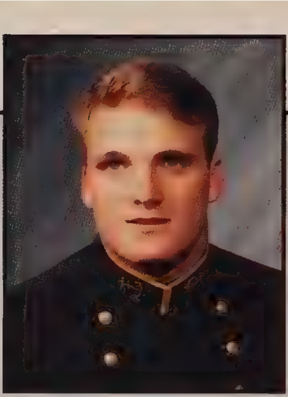


Kevin John Kim
Crownsville Maryland
Political Science
Navy Air

Check this one! K.K., the local lover boy, has plenty of alphas in his little black book. Probably would have had more if he could find that missing enzyme. Maybe he lost it in the Bat-Cave with Shamu and the crabs. Kev was easy, just a piece of Gum would keep him happy. Is she really going out with him? Does it matter? Kev was a diligent studier. Even senior year he pulled many all nighters, where... we do not know. He was also a strong supporter of USNA. Kev was even known to help water the shrubs in T-Court and lead his own cheers at pep rallies. We had many good road trips together, mostly to 40-G. 23JAN88. Rugby chicks and Rum, Jaeg pull over. Lena, morning porch poots and soft foofers in the living room. What color were the roses? Kev always had one ready and lit them up with pride. Nice shooting. We shared many things including jump-ropes, spit-wads, and speeding tickets. It was great to live with Kev, and not just because the fact that he lived in town and had a car. Don't eat Kevin. Thanks. Get Some! GDR and SEM

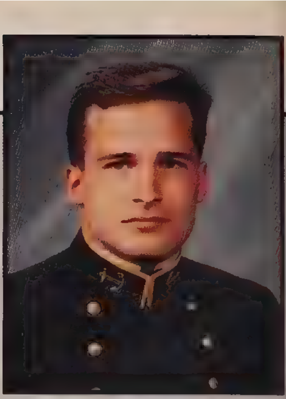
Michael Patrick Kolster
Dunedin, Florida
General Engineering
Supply Corps

Mike arrived at the Naval Academy straight off the Florida beaches. He made a big move from around the corner in 21 to 24. Living with 3 NAPSters that first semester wasn't easy. "The Armory" flourished with Hulk Hogan and Ivan Kolaf. Between Ocean E., crew and "the wife" he decided that sooner was better than later to go "general". Ko-Ko-Kolster B. Ware went from a 4 man room to a 2 man room - His sole semester away from a barn. If it wasn't for rogue Mike would have had a spare 20 hours a week. First class found Mike back on the computer as MPK in Dig-Dug and Wheel of Fortune. "'$#@ - Bankrupt again !" With the new found freedoms of First Class year, Mike found himself car shopping more than the average Mid --- CRASH ! Mike dedicated his First Class evenings and then afternoons getting "HUGE" --Beach muscles were foremost in his mind. Spring Break '89 found Mike as a beach hostess -- Limo's, Macko's, Gas Light Lounge, and Tattletales. As we look back at the good times, we hope Mike and Lisette are making their dreams come true in Athens and beyond. Fuzz & TRW

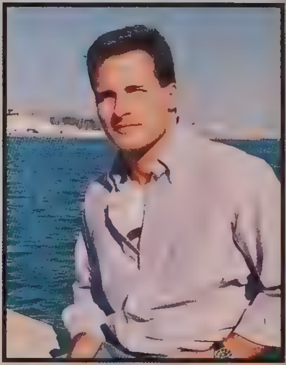


Arthur Richard Lyman
Belle Glade, Florida
Ocean Engineering
Marine Air

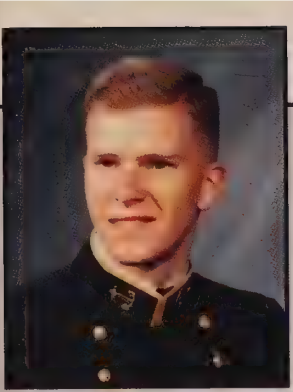
The golden boy came to us from Belle Glade, Fl with a mischievous grin, a full head of hair, and delusions of the Butkus trophy. By the end of plebe summer, he was 0 for 3. Fortunately, he got the grin back. We're still looking for the hair, but Lt. Col. Kunkle's heart to heart talk has convinced Rick to leave well enough (or little enough) alone. Youngster year Rick set new land speed records every weekend. D C's young ladies, G. G. Philipps and Manush the hot dog venderwill definately miss you and your hair-brained antics, although there are a few boyfriends who certainly won't. Second class summer witnessed the weekend roadtrips, although we never made it to Cleveland. New York's five borroughs will never smell the same, but the weeds will grow much better. Rick never worried about a place to sleep, the Cougar motel was always open, but he never minded some variety. He completed his Ocean Engineering degree, chose Marine Air, and was the only one of the three musketeers who didn't spend time on 4-1 wondering how many stars he would have to buy for his black N. Now he's off to TBS and then Pensacola, where hopefully his flying will be better than his driving. Good luck and best of wishes, don't lose that grin. J.M. and D.H.



Stephen Edward McCormick
Brooklyn, Ohio
Oceanography
Navy Air



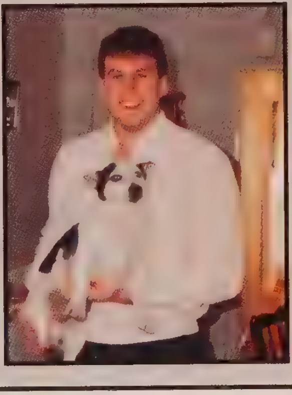
Steve McCormick, a living legend in Brooklyn, Ohio, continued his reign as the "interplanetary romeo" in Annapolis. S.U.Y.F.T.B.! Steve's fashion sense was impeccable, you'd never catch him in a "cheesy" JMU sweatshirt. Steve's 2nd school was JMU, did you ever see the campus? Many good times were had by all until Steve was nominated for and awarded with the Hiesman Trophy from Kare-Kare. Steve's idols were very diverse; Richard Gere, Russ, Jackie Robins Jr., and Billy. Why can't I be you? Sorry. It looked like toothpaste, unbelievable. EPA. Steve was always a fly boy, hey were those your grundies? OFF ON OFF - Pillow looks good. Steve was a heavy sleeper, neither the alarm clock nor 4500 clanging cow bells and Bill Cosby could disturb his silent slumber. Steve was a sucker for sweets. JAP FLAGS and TURKEY SACKS. Thrift Inn? No! Econo Lodge? Sure. $7 Denny breakfast? Yea thanks, for nufin. Fatal attraction, she's psycho, aren't they all? Steve, thanks a lot for the past three years, your friendship means so much to us. Our time here would never have been as fun without you, GOOD LUCK! From Gev with a K and Kev with a G. I'm cleanin' da baffroom. KK GR



Micheal David McGettigan
Atco, New Jersey
Computer Science
Nuclear Power-Submarines

Mike came from Plebe year, in SLACK SIX, to youngster year in HARDCORE TWENTY-FOUR. Having earned himself a nickname, McSweatigan, Mike has always worked hard, striving to earn himself a striper position during first class year, being rewarded as Brigade Commander. Nights under the desk lamp until 2 or 3 in the morning. The essence of physical fitness - not uncommon to see him rise at 0500 to get in a morning run (needless to say while everyone else was still sound asleep). A rather comical side exists along with this serious side. There is the nightly ritual - brush teeth, apply skin cream, then neatly comb hair before bed. The cadences in the car on the way to Hood college. Walk from the waist down. Not being able to log-on. Golf became the focus 1/c year. RHIP brought along Ms. Cherry Blossom. Then came the infamous "Present Swords". A great friend, roomate, and fellow Comp.-Sci gome, for the past three years, Mike is one that I'll never forget. As we depart, Mike in the sub-MARINE field and myself in the true MARINE'S, we will cheerish our memories of each other, as that bond will always be there. GOOD LUCK MIKE! MAY OUR PATHS CROSS FREQUENTLY IN THE FUTURE. SAM

Edward Joseph McGovern
New York City, New York
History
Surface Warfare



MUFF YOU! This Irish philosopher brought us wisdom from the land of Stephen's Green and spent his plebe year devising new ways to torment the Pear Man. Youngster year brought Smoke Hall, with Ed constantly winning friends and influencing people. It was only through such enlightening phrases as "Shut up, Chief!" and "Don't Dis!" that he was able to survive until the arrival of a new Spring. Little was anyone to know that during Second Class summer, Ed McG would go on the offensive, leaving remnants of Queens up and down the east coast. This was the summer that the legend of the U-Haul Gang arose; a week from which Pensacola never quite recovered. On the home front, Ed learned the notion of "International Relations", not to mention the best formula for dealing with domestic hoes. A British invasion forced Ed to be temporarily separated from USNA, but that wasn't as bad as the separations his car has had. Fortunately as for the car, disembowlment only occured once a year, but that's not half as amusing as when his o-coat at his last A/N game somehow turned into a reefer. Who will wake him up in the morning now? Hopefully, Ed will be kind to us when he writes his memoirs, but one never knows. Chris V. and Cole C.

John Paul McGrew
Middlebourne, West Virginia
General Science
Navy Air

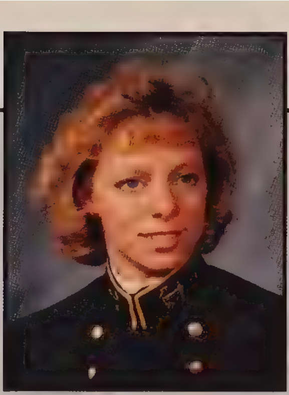
When Grew left the thriving metropolis of Middlebourne, West Virginia for NAPS, he cut the population in half. After Leaving Newport, one step ahead of the law, Grew came to the Academy ready to make his mark on Navy Football and Computer Science. 2/c year turned Grew's late night attention to inanimate objects, between the flowers on Stribling and the Philly parking meters he proved that nothing is sacred. Second semester witnessed EE622 and some peculiar study habits, by the way what was that magic elixir you and Brent were using. Somehow he made it to 1/c year and the road to ruin began. The mixed drink merry-go-round, the Westpac Triple Crown, and swimming practice in Annapolis Harbor set the stage for a real First class year. Grew expirienced all facets of the admin conduct system, first semester as conduct officer and second semester as a conduct case, 27 days for 27 grand's not bad. Now he's headed for Pensacola where he'll surely exchange McGuire's for McGarvey's and probably still borrow all his clothes. Good luck and best of wishes. By the way, just how did you lose that wallet in DC? R.L. and D.H.

Elizabeth Meneeley
Red Lion, Pennsylvania
Chemistry
Medical Corps

So, what about 89? Well....it was definitely a learning experience. This year's lessons included how to get "mud puddled" over by nearly everyone, survive on no sleep, grow your own constellation, vacuum, unstress...nah, just how to have fun and be a megastriper without-...being one, and finally, how not to provide seventy midn escorts five minutes after they are needed. But through it all, her nose stayed clean. Emerging from the depths of Form 2 (practically) unscathed, she came to Hard Core 24 with a new respect for mixing the anadyzed with pure brass. She frightened her roommates by polishing her leathers the first day back from youngster cruise, and she still does. She's never learned to quit. Over the years, she has learned that military sponsors move more often, but they also have the advantage of living on the Yard. She has managed to attract stow-aways on cruise, both on youngster and first class cruises. Speaking of cruise, what about these combinations?--Cony, Disco Dave, Blue drinks, Neverdull, Guiness, Mick, and both Johns. She's gone from stars and no stripes to stars and stripes forever. Best wishes at med school.KMD

David Allen Michael
Doylestown, Ohio
Economics
Nuclear Power-Surface

After four loooong years together by the bay, Dave is out! Yet another "Ohio-ite," he hails from the thriving metropolis of Doylestown. During his sentence at Canoe U., he has managed to go through three fine automobiles, a virtual plethora of comic books (real professional!), boocoo video tapes (E-R-O-L-S 4-3?), hordes of "them foreign women" in gay Paris on his Cox Fund trek, and one girl at that girl's school in Frederick. It didn't take long for Pensacola to be replaced by Orlando and the U.S.S. Texas (CGN-39) and, of course, $$$ ("I didn't go nuke for the money...") Uh-huh, sure. Must've been the women and the glory. Let's just hope that he doesn't end up as navigator on his boat (King's Dominion, Baltimore, D.C., etc.). U-Haul should have a field day with that huge stereo and monster speakers, an unread professional library ("you mean you're supposed to give Patton's back?"), and a houseload of furniture. His financial wizardry developed as an Economics major and heralded by a card-carrying membership in ODE is rivalled only by his love for fresh air and sunshine. A wall street tycoon, he is bound to be. Good luck in your exploits--MTS & SLB.



Kathleen Jo Monaghan
Wood Dale, Illinois
Political Science
Surface Warfare

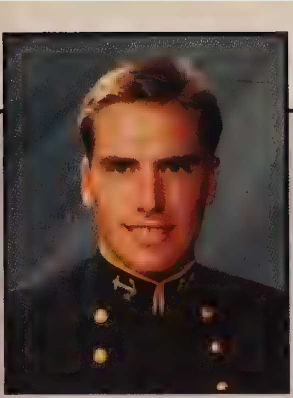
The Lucky Irish. Kathleen came to us from Wood Dale, Illinois. After a brief time in 22, she landed in 24 for the remainder of her stay hear at USNA. She marched proudly in the D&B for her plebe and youngster year. Academics were never a problem for K. Once she finished EE, she set her sights for VGEP. We didn't see much of her 2nd Semester 1c year except coming from or going to Georgetown U. Four years of hard work have paid off - You Did It! You fought many battles from the broken wrist (football), and more seriously the broken back 1 c year. You bounced back though. Now that you're graduating you can grow that hair. You did fine though, at least it stayed above your white works collar? We won't forget the cookies, soda bread (St. Patty's Day), as well as the wheelchair motorcross in town to Pete's on St. P's Day. Remember 4 wardrobes are better than ONE. The Surface Navy is lucky to get you. You're a great friend and we'll never forget you, even though you're sometimes overlooked (WHOOP'S - WE WEREN'T GOING TO MAKE SHORT JOKES!). We love you and God bless you. Good Luck Kathleen. AH, MH

Stephen Anthony Mosier
Annapolis, Maryland
Computer Science
U.S. Marine Corps

When Moshze, the short-squatty-receding-hairline guy, chose college, travelled across Eastport to 2nd home in Annapolis: USNA. Plebe attempts at nautical humor with is port/stbd hat-not for this Marine. Where's Steve? Girl's room?, yes. 3/c year in a four-man-barn personified cabin-fever. Ask JT! 2/c and 1/c year were a blur but fun times as he finished grooming the BC. The little big man was a sports fanatic. After wrestling two years found hitting more fun in 150's, becoming 1st team all-league. How he shed those pounds remains a mystery, as Steve would eat nothing for 4 days to boxes of pop tarts, chicken biscuits, and Dews within hours. A computer guru, Steve spent many hours playing games and programming. IF NOT CLASS OR PLAYING GAMES THEN RACKING TO AMY GRANT. Couldn't get rid of this roommate, bunkmate at Bulldog of all places. Although Steve loves to PT, a Data-Dink career in the Corps is fate-Oooh Raaah! You've been a great friend, roommate, and computer partner, best of luck in your Marine Corps endeavors, get stationed outside Annapolis. Fair Winds and Following Seas, God-speed, and Semper Fidelis. MDM

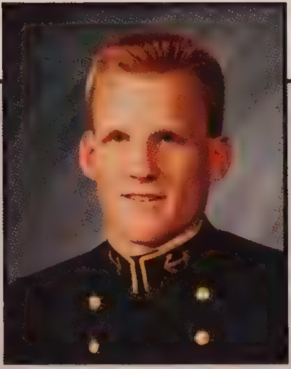
Stephen Micheal Newell
Great Mills, Maryland
Systems Engineering
Nuclear Power-Submarines

Steve, also known as "Joule", had humble beginnings in twenty-four as CICWO of the "Bridge" youngster year. However, after leaving the "room from hell", there was no turning back for this genetically perfect pillar of professionalism. It soon became apparent that if there was a question to be asked, Steve would have the answer, or at least an answer. Known far and wide as the EE guru, his expertise spans from cars, to computers, to finance, to blackjack. There has never been any doubt that he was destined to serve the silent service and he is sure to be a great bubble head. After breaking the bondage of his high school sweetheart, Steve took to soley intellectual pursuits, such as art, music, and science. He has interesting insights on human nature that have come to be called "Newellisms". If you ever get a chance, ask him to enlighten you with some of them. All in all, there isn't a better guy around. Best of Luck ---- One other thing, watch out ladies because Steve's "in the mooood for looove"...or at least lust. JCW



Vincent Albert Pagano
Margate, New Jersey
General Science
Navy Air

Vince came to USNA from NAPS. I am happy to say that Vince coped well with the pressures of Academy life by taking aggressions out on an oar as part of the "Bad Voodoo" eight coached by Fred Shocke. In June, Vince had the pleasure of a world cruise aboard the USS Enterprise, taking part in his first "Cat & Trap" initiating him into Naval Aviation. Aboard this lovely vessel, Vince met King Neptune and his court to become a trusty Shellback; what appetizing pictures that made. 2/c year saw the end of Hubbard hall and the beginning of Coach Lentz's Conditioning Squad. During this year Vince found that restriction actually might build character, twelve days of character after someone got lost in G'town. Finally 2/c year ended and Vince left on 1/c Cruise to Little Creek, VA and Navy Dive School. He reached depths of 140 ft., survived pool week, graduated, and ruined a good set of whites with his "blood pin." Finally, we listen for bells in June; you'll have to dance with me then! Next on to Pensacola and a Naval Aviator you will be. Expect the best, Vince. I know thats what they'll get from you. Love PLBP



Gevan Dean Reeves
Normal, Illinois
Oceanography
Nuclear Power-Submarines

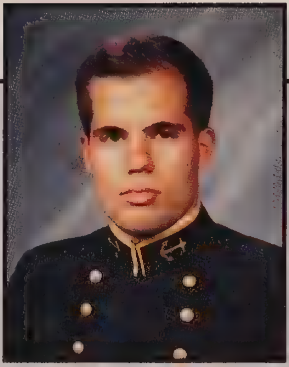
Ladies and Gentlemen...Cal F. Reeves! Gevan, Kevin with a G, followed his sister from Normal, yes Normal, Illinois out east. Breakfast Sandwich Kit tomorrow. Cal and ladies, wow, did it ever stop? In chronological order: The computer password, the Delaware ladies (No Parking, Where's my anchors?), lovely Lana, Dovey (Fair Hope Court), JBJ + REM = Cal's gettin it, the New Jersey polock, marty's party...neat chords...scam?.. not too much, and I knew a girl; her name was Cha Cha Cha. This list is quite good. That's two! Cal, the guy who's never going to get a 3.0, a letter in rugby, or get a local bim, managed to do them all. How do you do it Cal? Why can't I be you? 23Jan88, steradians? What is it this week--NFO, Grunt, Seal, SWO, $3200?...oh nuchead. Bee Hive Don't Call Me Baby, L.L. Bean jacket looks outstanding, Japanese Flag, holiday ham, and speakers at UVA. All kidding aside, you're the best friend we could ask for, we couldn't have made it without you. The L word applies here. Strap in for the summer of love! Got you last. SEM KJK

David Andrew Roberts
Westerville, Ohio
Naval Architecture
Nuclear Power- Submarines

Although hailing officially from Westerville, Dave makes sure you understand through speech and actions he's born and bred in New Jersey. He just doesn't take any--! Initially attracted through Naval Architecture, Navy and Dave hit right off, and it's been a successful affair. Case in point: three stripes, 3.0, atomic legs, color points magnet, and a nuke shoo-in. A bottom line guy with an inkling for good horns, two wheels, and a gorgeous bottom line girl. But wait! There's also a secret side--feed him green paper, a 15C, and the pink pet, and he's gone; reality shifts to convulsing geektospasmodia. But don't worry, no one will ever know. So what's next? It doesn't matter, we all know this place was just a stepping stone for you. The Navy could have used your big guns up on the surface, but you just had to go for the bubblehead life. After three years of living together I'm going to miss your diopters and dorkiness. Best of luck in the future, keep up the pace, E.T.

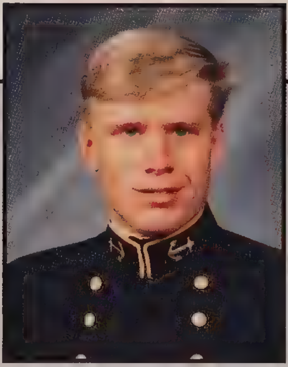
Charles Anthony Rust
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania
Physical Science
Marine Air

Tony entered the Academy through the back door of NAPS. "Cavey" stood out his plebe year in Seventh Heaven if not for his height then for his bright orange hair. Youngster year found him on the steps of the Hard Core company. After first semester, he was persuaded by the EE Dept. to take his 0.83 SQPR elsewhere. He found home among the last of the PhySci's. Socially, he spent the days perfecting his BVD swan dive and his nights heaving into his roommate's desk. But don't get the wrong impression of our "Sweet Scooter", deep down inside he loved rainy days and kittens. As a firstie, he spent his days plotting his horoscope and perfecting his flying skills on F-19 followed by a vigorous rack workout. "Cupid" will hit the fleet looking for that perfect girl in 2 years to say those magic three words. We rank him 1 of 29. (There, you finally got an A in performance!) ARB & PAC



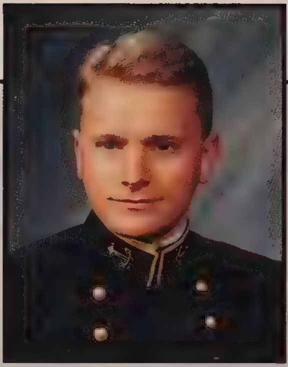
Michael Timothy Scarry
Shingle Springs, California
Aeronautical Engineering
Naval Flight Officer

[C'mon, ladies, pick it up now...] Four Years ... too ... long...Scareman ... gotta go ... P-Cola ... oh yeah ... Susan ... California ... Shingle Springs ... his home ... needs coffee (get some!) ... lotsa coffee ... one cup ... not enough ... left knee ... two screws ... bionic bones ... Robomid ... losing hair? ... no way ... pondwater ... air smells bad ... marshgas! ... evacuate ... fat body? ... suck it in ... pull-ups ... wide wings..fly away ... NFO ... gotta go ... outta here ... D & B? ... no more! ... aero? ... what a bore ... bye bye ... gotta go ... gotta fly ... Navy! ... love that beard ... on that face ... looking grungy ... feeling gungy ... Marine! ... coulda been ... shoulda been ... no MREs ... no climbing trees ... just P-3s ... open the windows ... open the blinds ... Scareman came, saw, and tweeked his knee. He came back, saw it again, and got a waiver and a flight jacket. Living a "sedate" life, he for some reason listens to very mellow music. Mike is still out there cruising in his "baby." Dahlgren permanently changed him, and left him with the biggest paperweight in the brigade. Don't lose too much hair, Spooks, you'll need all you can get if you keep headbutting doors. Good luck in your squadron (don't forget, you promised us rides!)--DAM & SLB



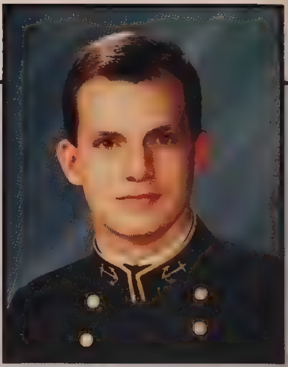
Jonathan Todd Shemwell
Ormond Beach, Florida
Physics
Nuclear Power-Submarines

J.T. was the last youngster to check into 24th company and for rest of the year he often wondered why he ever had. One year later, after submitting dozens of college applications, and a few trips to G-town he decided to stay. Of course we can't forget the masterpiece letter to the Dean that rocked the academy to it's foundation. He taught MDM to log on to the computer and still managed to get a 4.0. He vowed never to go submarines, but he did ("I told you so"). J.T. spent first class year on liberty, trying to become a cultured man and to refine his annoying liberal(f---t) views on politics. A drive in the "J.T. mobile of justice" twelve hours in the snow, or a visit to the National Art Gallery and an Ethiopian dinner with a few of his many Catholic U. women friends was a typical weekend. But whatever it was, Skiing, sunning on the beach, studying, drinking beers, or discussing the issues, it could always be said that J.T was, and is, a great friend. All the best!! --- By the way... Andy called. JCW



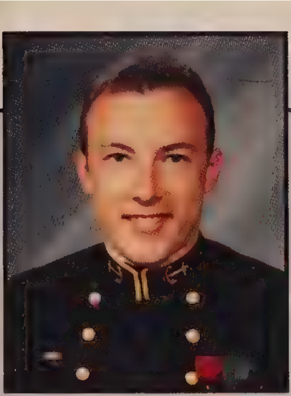
Edward Wilmer Tornberg
Novelty, Ohio
Naval Architecture
Civil Engineer Corps

"Hi, Ed!" E.T. came to USNA with only the primitive tools that his Cleveland-suberb high school could provide - soccer balls, jazz saxaphone, and a love for sailing. His great sense of humor and overwhelming desire to be different, though, made him into the real USNA dork he will always be remembered for. Not that the impressions of Dr. B., Clyde, and Prof. Moulis, conversations with Fred, Donald Duck grapefruit juice, the tamed fuzzies, glued bugs, Julio Iglesias frenzies, or just general torkulating made him any different than the average mid, E.T. was "different" in the way he talked to his King Hall food, his amazing ability to get the right answer when his method was completely wrong, and his service selection...nope, not a jet jock, bubble head, or a grunt...he's going to count U.S. Navy, prime-time, grade "A" bulldozers in Newfoundland. Is Rene in for a treat, or what? On a serious note, though, Ed was the best roommate I had at USNA and will always be a close friend. All the best to you and Rene. DAR



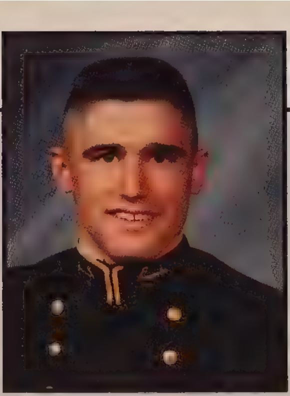
James Christian Walton
Oletha, Kansas
Mathematics
Navy Air

When the Commandant said "Repeat After me," Chris had never seen the sea, But ere long he proved his salt and more; No better man that day was swore. Sporting he was, strong of heart: In plebian crew, he took his part. Though he studied little, he was hardly a fool; All in all, he did pretty well in school. All gentleman, he was never reckless, Just unlucky; once even feckless. And so in AUTEC there was a school bus near, Bad Idea: Chris didn't go home for another year! For a while some thought that he would wear green... Well, after Bulldog he changed his scheme. But that didn't dampen his spirit none: He had airborn wings before he was done. And when you think of him, look not at the ground, For he is a pilot, in the air to be found. And come a day when nations collide, We will be glad that he's on our side. (JTS)



Thomas Ruddock White
Indiana, Pennsylvania
Marine Engineering
Nuclear Power-Submarines

Tom took the long way here - through Nuke school and NAPS. He came from Seventh Heaven to live with the crew jocks of 24. The WhiteDdog was the oldest of four children. Under Tom's supervision "the Armory" earned its name. Tom's quest for excellence kept him in the basements of 2nd wing and Rickover Hall. Fluids and Thermo was so much fun for Tom he took them twice. The sounds of "What's up Rud ?" were to be heard 2/c year in a new room of four. Tom's tape recorder was to provide many hours of fun that year. "Oh myDy-y God !" Tom's stint with cars was to last all four years. Oh, the times we had in the "bomber." Tom was the richest one of the room until 1/c year when he "stole" the Silver Bullet from his dad. His time in the basement paid off--three striper libs and no work. Fast cars, money and dust were TRW's favorite collections. "Watch the speaker!" Water Pik fights, the black Porsche, "gathering" copyrighted software and disassemiling everthing in the room kept Tom's free time to a minimum. Where the name "White" comes from was quite evident on the beaches Spring Break '89. Though sweating it out all of his dreams did come true. We hope Tom enjoys his second trip to Orlando and hope to see him in Barcelona at the '92 Olympics. MPK & Fuzz



Erin Lance Zellers
Woodbridge, Virginia
Computer Science
Marine Air

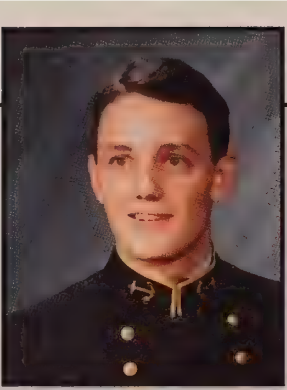
Fuzzy (that's not his real name?) made it through the Academy on the five year plan. Surviving plebe year in 33rd Company was an accomplishment in itself. 24th Company found him as the third class adjutant commonly known as the company adjutant and cookin-beach party hostess. Too much T.V. earned him a date with the Smoke Hall Gang. Second class year and his love for running found him in the 4-3 head with a potentially terminal case of twisticals. Never one to pass up an opportunity to pursue the mids favorite pastime, Fuzz was often found with bottle in hand no matter how near the Chapel Dome. Darts, like alcohol are found in many bars and Fuzz brought them to Mother B. (darts that is, we think.) With the loss of two laptops, he moved on to the most powerful system around although he could never keep it set up. Second semester the Chief lost him and we got him back, sort of. On Spring Break '89 the Fuzzmonger found his true "love" . . . AGAIN!!! In the end, even though he wasn't sure, he made the selection we all knew he would. Good luck jumping from those planes but hopefully you'll never have to resort to that. MPK & TRW

25th

COMPANY

Armando Emilio Batastini
Providence, Rhode Island
History
Surface Warfare

Batman, hailing from the great state of Rhode Island, affectionately known as "God's Country", came to Canoe U with great expectations. Armed with his eye-talian ancestry and smelly athletic gear, Armand began his quest toward the ever coveted swo quals. Although he had a questionable start during his plebe year, it was his knowledge of the sports page that pushed him in the right direction. This and his hard head finally teamed up to make him reach the sucess embodied in two stripes. Armand's impeccable knowledge of midregs enabled him to enjoy life at the academy to its utmost. Boxing became an outlet for his agression. While on the boxing team Armands reputation came from his punching ability, swinging from yesterday right into tomorrow, and his never quit attitude. Perhaps the thing Armand will be most remembered for was his ability of finding and exploiting loopholes in the rules and dragging his roomate out to partake in the pleasures of Buds and Suds at the Warf. Good luck in Newport and remember your dream of Haze Gray and Underway is the Only Way. TAZ



Edward Joseph Bott
Chicago, Illinois
Mechanical Engineering
Nuclear Power-Submarines

Red Hot, Eddy, E.J., Boldness---WOW, so much to say and so little space. Well here goes . . . Through sickness (a veritable brush with death) and health, you've been a pleasure to room with. Always cheery in the mornings and constantly looking on the bright side of things, like how much you really enjoyed it here at Canoe U. I know you'll enjoy it beneath the waves due to the fact that you won't have to close the shades to get to sleep and there probably won't be too much loud music either. I wish you and the little lady nothing but happiness in the future and if things get tough, remember two things. Who are you? (Ed Bott) and Who can take that away from you? (No one). Take it easy and be BOLD! D.J.R.

Frank Alpheus Boylan
Elizabethtown, Pennsylvania
Physics
Nuclear Power-Submarines

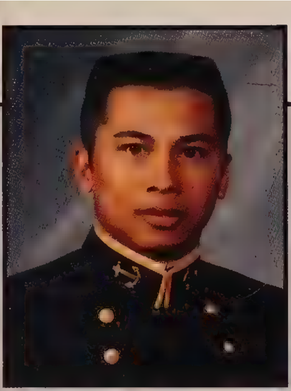
If you want a definition of "A Nice Guy" Frank Boylan is it. It was my good fortune to live with Frank for three years. That is not to say that Frank is without a few f-f-f-falts. Frank occasionaly has a slight stutter and the sleeping habits of a vampire. There is also one, no two, well lets just say there were a number of times when Frank's behavior was not quite that of an officer and a gentleman. He did have the strange habit of sleeping in bushes while in uniform, and there was that time when searching for his blanket that he caused quite a scene. Or how about that weekend in O.C. Frank? That was some time. All the memories Frank, and only four years. It was good to be your friend. Lets you, me, and Al get together in the fleet. It could kill us but no sacrifice is too great for god and country. JGC

Donald Steve Brown
Dayton, Ohio
History
Nuclear Power-Submarines

Hey, what else can you say about Downtown Steve Brown, a guy: who comes from The Land of the Burning Rivers, who was in D&B for a year and a half before becoming a REAL mid, who goes nuke subs after a youngster cruise on a sub that never went to sea (the Lucky Indy), who's favorite drink is tequila and Pepsi (yum), who took cables even though he's a bull major (and made B's, no less!!!), who wrote some of the best articles for the Log magazine, who wears a Maryland sweatshirt to the Navy-Maryland LAX game, who drove a little brown Pinto wagon, who makes four "A'"s on the PCR but shines his shoes with a Hershey's bar and couldn't make higher than a "C" in NL classes, who gave away Navy sweatshirts thinking they were lucky, whose caustic wit spared no man, woman or child, and, finally, roomed with me for two and a half years. Not much, I guess. Bingo Zowie, Brownhead. JSM

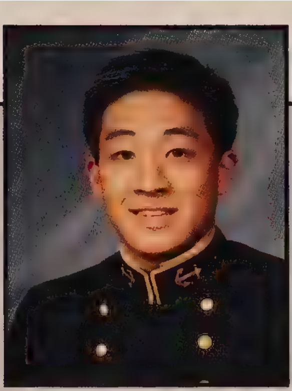
Dan Wayne Brune
Davenport, Iowa
General Engineering
Navy Air

Dan is quite a guy. Need I say more? ..... but just in case a few words and phrases that you must ask Dan to explain....Big Buddy, Iowa - a great place to raise kids, He's not loud, the inside of an LM2500 is loud, the Maj., room standards, black listed, radical Rod, the Turtle Master, Con, Boats(!?),Touch-D, Oscar The YP Commodore, Baseball bats and Playboy in Dalgren, Captain Snickers, Mr. Iowa, Tracy and the Kids, Plebe Summer, "Good Morning side shaft", Douglas J., baseball card financing Glen Burnie weekends, where is my computer disks?!, Chip and the Vator, Wanta-Be aero-major, and everything else that slips my mind. Dan, you have been my greatest friend at the Academy and I trust you with anything. Kick some butt in the Navy and name a kid or two after me. -Little Buddy; BBN.



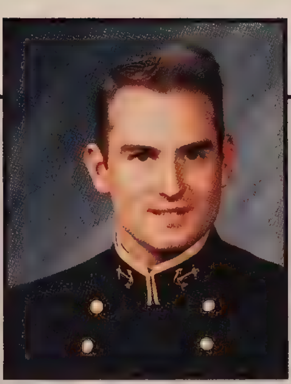
Suda Tai Cabral
Deerfield Beach, Florida
Oceanography
Surface Warfare

Suda came to Navy from the Navy to be a pilot. Though he's a bit shorter than Tom Cruise, Suda's baby faced charm makes up for any lack in height. He has a way with asking personal questions and getting the right answers. During youngster year he earned the name "Siamese Love God," and was often called upon by his taller classmates for advice on matters of the heart. After Protramid Suda decided to go SWO (even after advice from a very tall, wise man). He now rejoins the fleet having left a positive mark on his classmates. He was always there with plenty of advice and a sympathetic ear. I know that he will bring honor to SWO's everywhere and will find success in all he does. God bless and good luck Suda. GJC



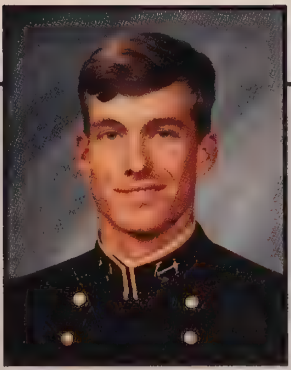
Alexander Basil Chao
Los Angeles, California
Systems Engineering
Medical Corps

When Al first arrived plebe summer the firsties rolled their eyes and moaned "Oh No! Another California Boy." Al was the epitome of layed back. Sometimes I thought that he was too easy going for the Academy. Youngster year Al, himself, started to believe this also, but luckily he came to his senses. Chao-God turned out to be the well balanced midshipman. That is to say he knew how to study and he knew how to party. How many times Al did you, Frank and I wake up and wish we were dead? Or how about that white water rapids trip? You really taught everyone how to ride the rapids. Remember that picture of you and Jim? Some day I will find that roll of film and you will owe me. Al is half man and half child. I could not think of a better combination. I learned a lot from you Al, see you in the fleet. You get my vote form most likely to be twelve years and out. JGC



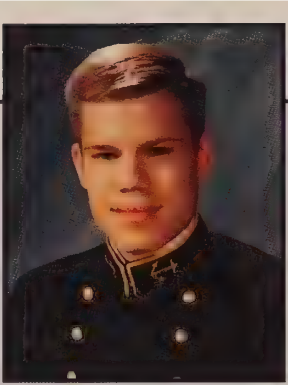
Michael Owen Connelly
Hopkins, South Carolina
Aerospace Engineering
Nuclear Power-Submarines

Well, well, well-- "Four Years by the bay"...Is that how that saying goes? The Civil War (or should we say the war between the States?) barely lasted so long. We'll hold you to your threat to "drink us all under the table" 'til we're all old and grey. Con came to the Academy with a set of golden ideals. But-...what about that swimming coach, and how about that Sweetbriar Spinster... and "can you spare some electric tape for my O-mobile" ...anyone for a HeMan-Woman-Hater's Club meeting...and, ahh, what about love? We survived "Major" problems and all cherished your "SWO" pin. "Look! We'll finish our beer, we'll finish our story, and THEN we'll leave"--3/c year behind us, you were on a crash course with Donna and the LT, "5 hrs?". Never to forget conquering New England, Con/Kousky Island, and Beth along the way. Hey where's the nearest island I can swim to? All recorded in the infamous volumes of "The World According to Con". All wrapped up with "What the #@! are we doin', we're @#!? crazy." I know-I know-I know you know. Big Truck...little car...BIG TRUCK...Little Car. He leaves with his ideals shattered, a new dream, one guitar-- and by the way O, what was your service selection? TRK BBN DWB



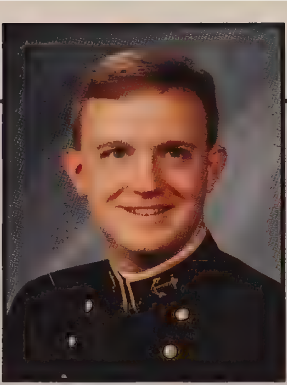
Gregory Jay Cozad
Las Vegas, Nevada
Oceanography
Navy Air

Greg "Slim" Cozad, the only "tall whiteboy" in our company, travelled all the way from Las Vegas to attend Canoe U. Through the years, Greg lost the average "whiteboy" status as demonstrated by his ability to play basketball, to dance, and to listen to "rap" music. Looking at Greg, one sees a clean-cut American boy that women adore. However, Greg now realizes that he must swing the bat in order to get a hit. Because of his shyness, women tend to think that he's not interested. Speak more, Greg! Now, Greg will finally fulfill his life-long dream of becoming a pilot. F-14's or P-3's it doesn't matter because he's got the right attitude to master either plane. If he ever gets over his shyness with the girls, there'll be wild times in store for him. To the P-cola Naval Air Station, I congratulate you on receiving a fine Naval Officer; and to the girls of P-cola, I remind you to watch out! Good luck Greg, go get 'em!!! STC



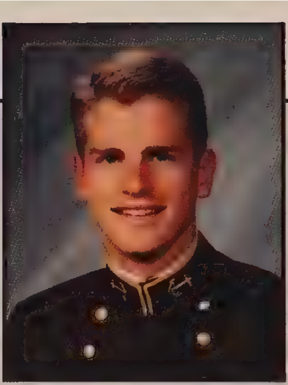
Jay Gleason Crabtree
Maine, Colorado
Systems Engineering
Navy Air

Crabapple came to USNA from... well actually, no one really knows. (Besides "everywhere," Colorado and Maine are his standard replies.) At the Academy, very few had a better time- complaining about the system that is. It was interesting to find out that the big man actually had a Playmate under his belt. Of course, no one was surprised. I still claim that his cover fits a little tighter these days. Maybe someday, all his hours of making love to the Nautilis machines will pay off and his body will finally catch up to the size of his head, or mouth. (Yes, the hand did fit.) In his spare time, Jay engaged in many constructive hobbies: chewing out Jim Waters, getting drunk and calling Lizie, making his drunk friends talk to Lizzie, beating up his roommates, and hiding from Andrea. Jay: I'm sure the air community will soon wonder how they ever got along without you. Best of luck friend and may our paths cross often. (Hopefully, not at Mums.) ABC



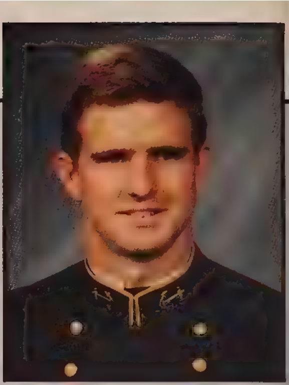
Thomas Shelton Druen
Sonora, Kentucky
Oceanography
Surface Warfare

Touchdown Tommy came to us from the great farming community of LaRue county. It was a dry county and it didn't take him long to discover what he was missing. He didn't exactly get off to the greatest of starts, as Walt Sechrist and the gang will attest. But, coming to the killer ducks provided a fresh start. He took on the tough Oceanography major and, while not a straight 'A' student, he held his own. It didn't take him long to find a honey, but once he met this wonderful babe, it was love at first bite. Shel, good luck in the future and watch out for those exocets. EJB/JPW



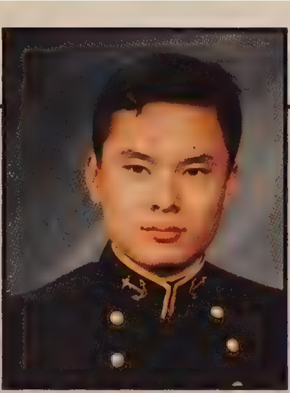
Richard Benjamin Eitel
Spartanburg, South Carolina
Naval Architecture
Nuclear Power-Submarines

Richard B. Eitel came to us from the land of the gods and secnav, Spartanburg, South Carolina. He arrived with a Jimmy Buffet song in his heart and an advance check from mom in his wallet, (how else can you buy a Britch's shirt every week and still save towards being a millionaire by 30?). With his easy-going style he has taken to USNA like Trump to NY. It seems every time you turn around he's company commander or putting on stars. He never had the same success with women, always investing too much at once and trying to cash in when the market was low- until recently. He has proved himself open minded by rooming with 3 good looking oriental guys, presumably to partake of Eastern wisdom but it may have been to make fun of the way they talk. I'll never forget straggling behind Rick on our runs, waiting for him to finish getting huge doing push ups, wishing I was out of the room as he took off his shoes, or experiencing champaigne the second time around via the rack above. All in all, he's been a great roommate and we wish him well at bubblehead school. Finally, Rick, we know it's hard having Trump richer than you are, but until you're 30, just remember, you're definately more buff. SK

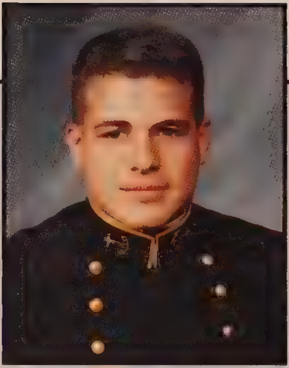


Geoffrey Thomas Ellsworth
Show Low, Arizona
Political Science
Navy Air

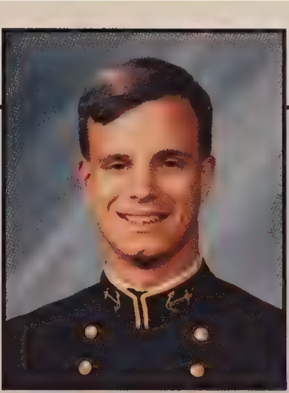
Ells came to us from God's country (the Northern Mexican territory of Show Low, Arizona) with a pair of Levi's, his wrestling shoes and the hope of spending the majority of his time on the mats in Lejeune while minoring in Poly Sci. JJ was a 9th company standout as a plebe, patenting the Ellsworth Shuffle and acclimating well to the professional rigors of the wrestling team. Youngster year gave him his true calling in life. After giving up wrestling, Heather, and the harmonica, JJ joined the fraternal order of Navy Rugby. Thanks to Jeff, at least four corpsman got their first lesson in stitching on his head. Second class year saw the former Group 10 CDR (by default) gazing towards Texas. Only JJ could take four days to cross the Lone Star state.... twice. Finally in his First Class year, he escaped all claims to Amarillo and Plano, and led the Rugby team to second place in the East. So now it's off to Pensacola, they're not ready and neither is JJ, but as always, he'll pull through somehow. Good luck my friend and MCPR. MFS



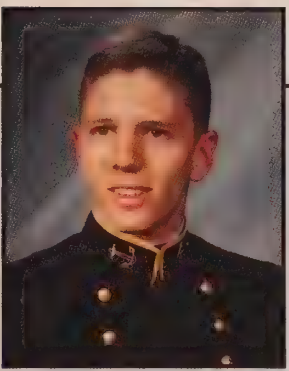
Sung Kim
Youngstown, Ohio
Physics
Nuclear Power-Submarines



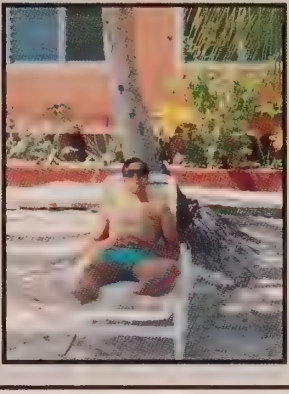
Todd Richard Kousky
Salem Massachusetts
Mechanical Engineering
Navy Air



Carl Andrew Lahti
Niagra falls, New York
Systems Engineering
Nuclear Power-Submarines



Scott Thomas Love
Rockport, Texas
Political Science
Surface Warfare



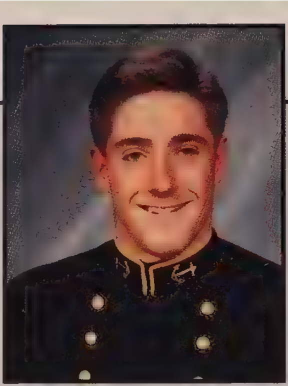
HIKING
NAVY

When he came here he hailed from Pittsburgh, Kansas and now he's from Youngstown, Ohio, but that's not the only thing which changed about Sung. He came to the Killer Slugs from Fun One a shy, reserved physics major. This didn't last long. At first he avoided gouge, prefering to stare at homework problems until the paper smoked. He also avoided french kissing, calling it "sroppy." Once he began to go out with his "beroved Rynda," the demands on his time made gouge crucial and french kissing wasn't so bad. In between his long weekends at Johns Hopkins, he lettered in squash, ate his noodles, listened to Billy Joel over and over, and brushed his teeth into the wee hours of the night. This Korean with a "Tommy Gun" laugh learned to survive the biting wit of Brownhead and Fads, as well as the prying of the Belly and midnight surprises from me. Now as we prepare to graduate and head for the "fleet," Sung heads for Orlando and submarines, but needs to watch out for the little woman not far behind. Good luck Sung, see you in Orlando. Oh yeah, which way's the beach? R.B.E.

Todd came to USNA from Boston's North Shore -Salem Massachusetts- with his Black Sabbath tapes, a choice hex, or two, picked up roaming the Witch City and environs, and his Pepsi-Kid face. Once he got over sweating plebe year, he was able to assert himself as absolutely unrivaled in the pursuit of pre-pubescents, the number of which even he cannot confirm. Time during the school week was spent either on the 150's field, where he lettered for three years, or the nightly trips to the library surviving the Rocket. Second Class Summer heralded the coming of the Death Mobile and the transformation from Pepsi-Kid to Poltergeist, a guise in which he terrorized Rehobeth Beach, and the Eastern Shore, as well as watering the former. The bald chick ended "Hey Baby" for awhile, but he continued to prove himself indefatigable in the pursuit of "methods". Now in his waning days, the unsung hero appears to have found Nirvana, but history is not on his side, nor will be the beaches of Pensacola. Keep romping: it's just a "Symprom of the Universe." MFS,MVG

Carl began his career by the Bay as a stiff plebe in 5th company. Early on, however, Hoops '86 got ahold of him and made a crack in that stern exterior-even though it took the help of Dwight '88, Alan '88, and one electric drill to do it. 2/c year's duties were taken onboard well as Carl spent many movement orders babysitting plebes. One night required at bit more of this than usual, as he found himself at a former navy man's party where he saw video tapes of men in the Gamecock stadium men's room. At the beginning of 1/c year, Carl maintained his serious attitude, but even this began to change and more than just a good lecture on robotics could put a smile on his face (construx kits for example). He even learned, in one hard lesson while camping with Dad and Scott, that engineering alone would not get him through life's many obstacles - such as finding the peak of a mountain. The Academy has changed Carl's personality somewhat, but the things it could not change are his unyielding morals and principles; this is his most admirable quality, commanding respect from all those who know him. Carl, good luck with Lisa and God Bless. EAA

Hey duuuuuude!!!!! Skip arrived at Canoe U. via Texas and as a result the term "Texas Boys" will never be the same. I can remember during Plebe Summer when I first met Dr. Love(ha! ha!) It was kinda funny to know a hard charging Marine, named Skippy. . .I've come to the conclusion that you realized Skippy was more of a Swo name, thus Skippy, the surface warrior was born. After plebe year, Skippy, the upperclassman was born and took to 3/c year with a vengeance. He maintained a long distance relationship with Baylor U and a "Sweetheart, okay, not a girlfriend." This relationship didn't last, but it was A-okay because only too soon during 2/c year Skip realized that he was receptive to the civil-militiary realm which opened the door to a more accessable variety of "friends." Skippy the Firstie, was a more refined midn. and I think after all of these tribulations he has accomplished a great deal. Skippy, was never one to complain, and if there was ever a period when he was depressed he would simply revert into his real self the "rackhound." In all seriousness, Skip has touched a myriad of persons and has always been a special person and a definite attribute to the Navy. See ya buddy, and God Bless. . . RGR



Fredrick Robert Luchtman
Auburn Hills, Michigan
General Engineer
Navy Air

Lucky (as he is known by his comrades and cohorts) came to us from the thriving metropolis of Auburn Hills, Michigan. Lucky will never be remembered for his academic accomplishments at the Academy, but his survival at an Academic Board and the fact that he spent over half of his tenure UNSAT, will always be respected (or laughed at). He will, however, be remembered for great times had on D&B movement orders, like diving scantily clothed from second story balconies (Naked Navy Hell Divers from the Sky). Lucky did the dumb thing with his CAReer loan and bought his dream car--the Warbeast from Hell. Unfortunately, he was forced to spend most of his time dreaming about it, as it was in the shop due to his own "misfortune." I don't know if it was looks, charm, or just the 'Vette, but he won beautiful Rhea's heart one fall afternoon. Lucky's mind and heart were quick to react, and the rest followed in its own good time, thus fulfilling their destiny. Lucky has his head screwed on straighter than anyone I know. Our late-night discussions of life, liberty, and the pursuit, always helped. Fly your beast to the edge of the envelope and BACK. Good luck in all you do! JPW

Joel Scott McFadden
Alice, Texas
Marine Engineering
Nuclear Power-Surface

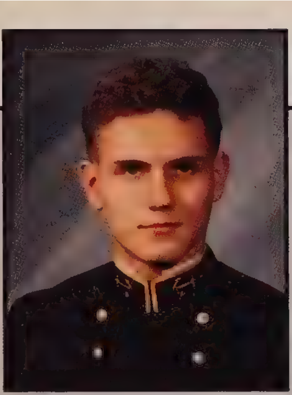
JSM is one honor rep too honest to renege, in cards or in life. I'm grateful that this gungy marine (engineer) tolerated my EMCON/late-lights study habits all these years. One could always find our favorite goober engrossed in the mac's Dark Castle or the latest REM disc. Fate threw us together two summers in a row, from sunny Hawaii (Whitney, Courtney, Starkey, the dog, the camera, and the joke-a-minute club) to hot and humid Williamsburg. Each November, we couldn't keep him from traveling great distances to participate in the fabled Turkey Bowl. Scott enjoyed proclaiming the magic numbers (see Celtics-Bullets, spring break '86), but he often hung out with non-classmates, be they firsties or youngsters. Although he went from a 4.0 to a 2.0 sailor faster than you could say V-neck, he'll always be first in the squad on the great 54A of life. See ya in the periscope! DSB

Todd Matthew Moore
San Diego, California
Aerospace Engineering
Navy Air

It took Todd three tries to finally make it into Canoe U. Too bad the same wasn't true when he tried to fix that wicked golf slice! FORE! He managed to juggle one of the toughest majors at the academy with a new found passion for golf and old cars. Will he ever finish rebuilding that '67 Mustang? When Todd dies, his only wish is to return to his favorite sunny paradise, San Diego. He'll never let anyone forget where the best Mexican food, sun and women in America are (no matter how hard they try). He spent his summers in a desparate effort to get back to paradise...NOW! Annapolis to San Diego in 73 hours? Then back in 69...alone? But no one can blame him for his obsession with San Diego when you consider the reason...Tina. If Todd loves one thing in this world, it's not Mustangs, baseball, aviation, or golf...its Tina. Yet let him be warned lest he forget... SHE got commissioned first (to cherish and OBEY, 'til death do us part). Good luck in the fleet and I'll see you up there. SDP

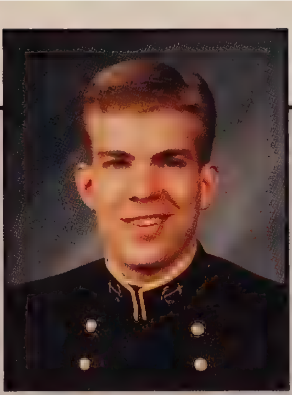
Brian Barrett Nicholson
Ross, California
General Engineer
Navy Air

We've been friends since neighbors at age 4 in Ross, CA. Ross Grammer, Redwood and this fine naval institution that we love so dearly, have learned us. Through 18 or so years of friendship there have been close times and not so close times but the friendship always lasted. Just ask Brian about these phrases: Plebe year, Plebe crew, SB rowing under Lingstrom's house, Friday Vice, the D's, more V Crew, YODA, Tumbleweeds across America, Whataburger, 2nd Class summer, Washington runs, 9:30, Jodie, losing uniform items, camping with lynchburg lemon, sodas, the road, Jumpers, coupons, Ford Fairlane springs, Hot licks of BMWs, girl friends, problems, Shocker, The Maj, quitting and the alternate life, Robert Cumming, and everything which slips my mind at this time. Lots have happened; you feel the bad part but remember the good. Brian has the humor and sarcasm to put things into perspective and lighten up a serious guy like myself. Most and best of all, Brian is reliable, truthful, and can always be counted on to take the strain. Knock'em dead in flight school. It's not too late for a Midstang, dark glasses and a Bomber Jacket. -Surface Brother K.B.



Carl George Nyberg
Oak Park, Illinois
Ocean Engineering
Surface Warfare

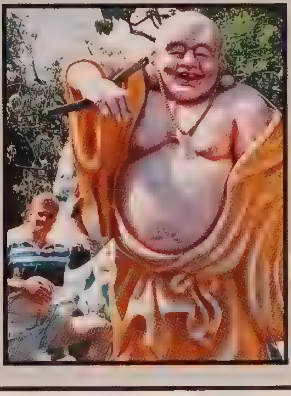
Ahh....Carl's not such a bad guy, yah know. Carl Nyberg came to Crabtown from a very religious and conservative family in suburban Chicago. After surviving the wilds of Stalag 13 with Gags and the boys, Berg entered 25 filled with professional vigor. His undaunted quest for excellence was immediately recognized by classmates and superiors alike. Carl became everyone's favorite because of his deep and resonant command voice. After being consistantly ranked at the top of the company, the Berg was appointed to the esteemed position of conduct officer. Whether cruising the town in The Boat or hanging in the weirdroom, Carl was always a witty conversationalist and a good friend. We all know that Carl is assured success in the Navy and in the future. AEBIII



Darren Danforth Petro
East Alton, Illinois
Aerospace Engineering
Naval Flight Officer

Darren came to Navy as the wayward son of East Alton and quickly found a new life in Foamin' Fourth Company complete with a suite on Goat Court. Always the student, he finally had his genius realized during second class year while taking Aeordynes II. As a firstie, he continued the tradition with another try at Aerodynes II. Not satisfied with the duties of a Midshipman in Rack, he boldly took command of the restriction squad and stood the Smoke Hall watch for a number of weeks. Before graduation, he decided to scare himself one more time at Service Selection night. Fortunately, the brown-shoe gods smiled and granted him orders to Pensacola, better late than never, where we're sure the legend will grow. WMR.

Scott Denzil Porter
Livermore, California
Aerospace Engineering
Naval Flight Officer



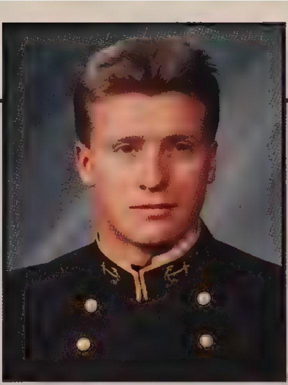
Scott, we gotta talk. Where have these four years gone? Bull came to us from beautiful California intent on flying. He ended up with an aero degree, a NFO billet, and a string of lovely ladies ... not to mention a new appreciation for ice cream. Each spring break he made a pilgrimage to an Escape in the Virginia mountains where, among other things, he learned a new variation of Tequila shots and how to tell bedtime stories. His golf course record of losing 12 balls in 14 holes still stands, although his course etiquette could stand some improvement. Scott spent a lot of time working in the National Eagle Scout Association where he ended up as VP as well as doing a lot of camping and canoeing ... a true outdoorsman. Scott, you've been one hell of a terrific friend through these years and, although I won't be there to do it for you, I hope you write me a letter every now and then. And while you would have made a good SWO, I'm sure that you'll be an even better aviator. Oh, one last thing ... yep. RAF

Randolph Guevarra Reyes
Honolulu, Hawaii
Political Science
Surface Warfare

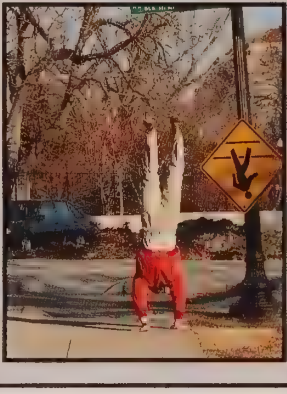
RANDINGO!!!!Awwww duuude, Barkada!!! Randy, a veritable globetrotter, went to high school in the Dominican Republic but tells us his hometown is Honolulu, Hawaii. Having always wanted to be a scientist, Randy came to USNA and decided to major in politcal science. Suuure, dude. Randy gained fame and fortune as president of the Phil-Am club, leading his fellow club members to new heights of glory with the sale of those awesome, colorful (and expensive) tank tops. He was also our company ERC, whoops, I mean HRC rep, keeping constant vigil against harassment of any kind, towards anyone, for which he deserves a hearty Bravo Zulu (BZ). Preparing for his service selection, Randy went on SurfPac cruises on both his third class and first class cruises. Speaking of service selection, Randingo is headed for the USS CANISTEO (AO-99) in Norfolk. Hopefully he'll get there before the old rust bucket gets decommed and he is sent to a REAL warship. We'll all miss Randingo's sense of humor and his easy laugh. It took a lot to make Randy mad (his roomie wasn't to bad at it, though), so we didn't see a frown on Randy's face too often. Randy, as they say, fair winds and following seas. Take care, buddy. JSM

Daniel James Rivera
Gardiner, Montana
General Engineering
Naval Flight Officer

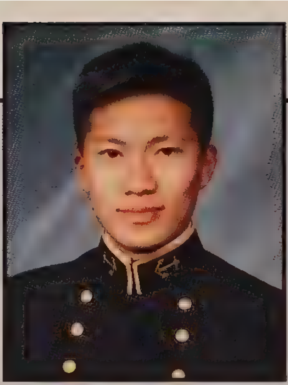
Dan, Riv, or Odie came to the Academy from Montana after a ten month stop in Newport. He proceeded to spend the next four years dreaming about going home. His first, fun-filled year was spent in Form-2 where he somehow managed to escape Rich (more than once) but got stuck with the foot long purple one for longer than he cares to remember. This is also the year he tricked himself into thinking that he was smart enough to be a mechanical engineer. Youngster year found Dan in 25 living with Swobel and cursing out the Maj. Second class year turned Riv into an "A" performer. It also turned him into a general engineer. He spent most of his unsat weekends in the hall cleaning up after his roommates when they missed the trashcan. First class year Dan loved life. He discovered a quaint little place called The Cove and spent his Wednesday afternoons there. In February he got his NFO billet and coasted in from there. He'll always be remembered for his biting sarcasm, his NAVTAG and swimming ability and his nose. Good luck in Pensacola, Riv. See you in Gardiner. W.



Paul Patrick Ryan
Prescott, Arizona
Systems Engineering
Marine Air

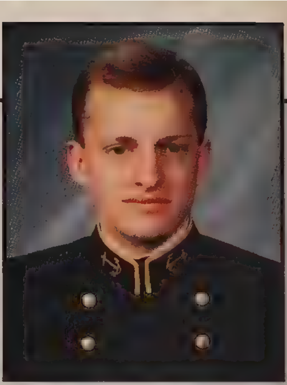


Affectionately known by all as the BIG DOG, Paul represented the essence of boldness. He came to Annapolis with a false perception of USNA, but soon discovered the one thing at Navy he really loved- the weekend. Friday afternoon he'd leave his STD list behind and head to D.C. to let his male hormones run free. This is where the dynamic duo was born. Although a short lived legacy, it did lead to Paul's 8-month "Sloth curse" and provide him with a quick lesson in accountability. Paul managed to evade drill for years until he was named company commander second semester. After graduation he traded in his Navy blues for the Marine green and caught the first bus out of town. AMF, you made it! Your pals - TBone and MS.



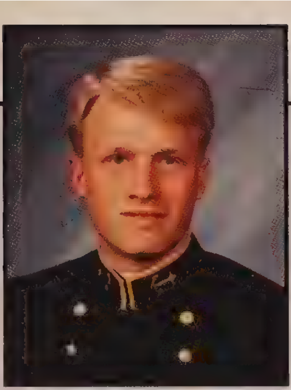
David Thi Sadler
Midwest City, Oklahoma
History
Surface Warfare

The great T-bone came to us such an innocent and naive child from the backwoods of Oklahoma. Being a military brat, he prides himself on always knowing the right thing to do even when he doesn't, but that's okay because if he keeps packing on the beef like he has in the last two years no one is going to kick sand in his face. Remember the cute little kid we knew at the beginning of youngster year, he's become a stud. Okay Dave, time to deflate your head. It took you until firstie year to learn how to act with the girls. What a slow learner, even with our training. The problem was probably those fuzzy little eyebrows that you have, but whose fault is that? Maybe they heard about your driving ability, or lack there of, even when you are awake. You're bound to make a great SWO. Despite all the Bud-did-Buddy that we put you through, you kept smiling and putting up with our trash. Thanks Dave, we won't forget you. PPr



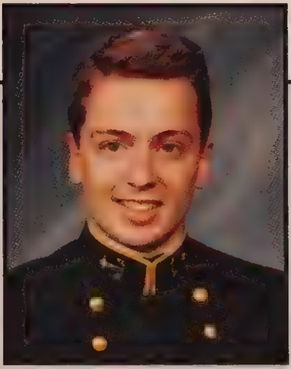
Mark Eugene Sanders
Warner Robins, Georgia
Oceanography
Special Operations

Mark came to us from the bustling metropolis of "Near-Macon." He enjoyed the romper room activities of Plebe Summer/Year like the rest of us before joining 25. There he began lifting weights - in the weight room and out (the SLOTH) - growing from 135 'WILBUR' to 175 'MEDIUM DOG'. He was the only one in 25 to enjoy the freedom of a firstie for three years. 'Course he paid for it, or should I say, Ned did. Mark's biggest obsession was T'AINT or the lack of it at NAVY. One could always read his mind when he caught that 1000 yard stare while in the rack. Even when we were sick of each other we made up. I'll remember everything you taught me about funny; "white-eyed rollback", "touchdown", and the "screamer". Take care MD. Hope you find yourself a mermaid down there. Keep on lifting. Yik, yik, yiiiik. DTS - 'T-Bone'.



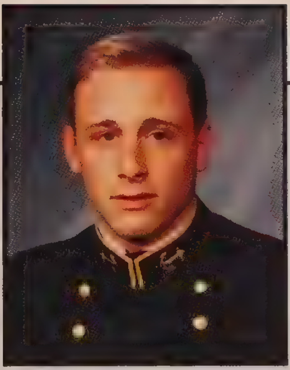
Mark Frederick Springer
Hillsboro, Oregon
Oceanography
Navy Air

Mark Springer came to Navy from that soggy wonderland he calls Oregon. Coming to the Academy, Mark had to leave behind his bug, his guns, his dog, and a great set of fishing buddies, but a lot of ducks are glad he left. When Spring got here, he decided that he was too thin, so he became a regular in King and Halsey. This earned him about 30 lbs. As 7-4 eased into 25.5 our hero formed the Kousk-Gosh-Springer misadventure crew, most of whose exploits are still classified. However, Spring couldn't help but notice how much fun the Rugby team was having. With the guidance of a few brain damaged friends, he and his golden foot quickly became an important part of Navy Rugby for which he was awarded the Rugby Queen as a 2/c and six months in a cast as a 1/c. Always on top of the situation and the weather, Spring moves purposefully towards his ambitions which include an apartment with a revolving front door, the women of Pensacola, and flying Navy. I know he will conquer all three. Tear it up Spring.MCPR/GTE



James Preston Waters
Ellington, Connecticut
Systems Engineering
Nuclear Power-Submarines

Known as H2O for obvious reasons, Jim came to us from Ellington Conneticut. After a year in 23rd company under the strict tutelage of Hans Christian Graverholt, he migrated to the Killer Ducks of 25. Following run-ins with "the Boys" of 25.5 youngster year, he moved in with the most unlikely of roommates--me. Jim, a tidy, studious Systems Engineer with the best grades in the company, joined forces with Lucky, a slovenly General Engineer with the worst grades in the company and an affinity for killing the wizard. The only thing we had in common were experiences with high-speed 360 degree spin-outs. After Jim succeeded in freeing himself from the jaws of marriage, I introduced him to a couple female-type friends. Jim, I'll never leave you alone with Rhea for more than 5 minutes! 1/c year was a blast because of the multiple afternoons at the Cove, and the dances where you put down your beer long enough to enjoy female company. You'll be a success at whatever you do if you just stop picking fights in Montana bars and forget that Chaos theory crap. Have a great time in Oxford and show those pansies where the world's finest officers are bred. FRL

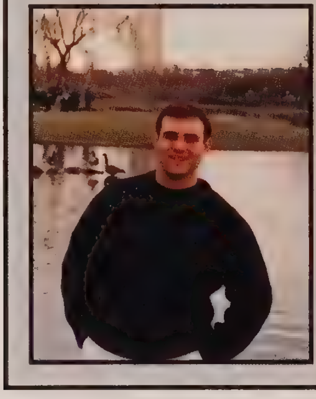


Theodore Alexander Zobel
Clarks Summit, Pennsylvania
General Engineering
Surface Warfare

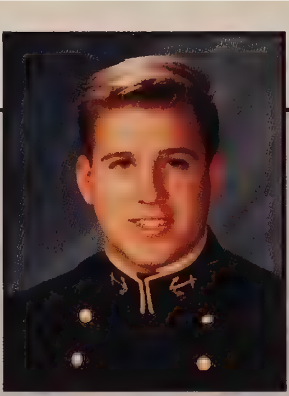
Ted. Theo. Zobes. Swobel. Ted Zobel- born with a coffee cup in hand, Copenhagen in pocket, and key ring on belt loop. Zobes came to USNA via Clarks Summit and NAPS, with detours to Newton. After surviving plebedom in Form 2, Ted came to 25 filled with professionalism. Barely squeaking through the Ac-board, Ted quickly became a GE. 2/c summer brought an opportunity to know classmates better, so that's what Ted did. One flower later, he returned to Bancroft ready to get at the plebes. With friends galore(Rico, Kev, and the Wharf gang) Ted embarked on a one man odyssey through Annapolis. First Class year brought added responsibilities, "The Best CDO" award and the brick. After once again rising to the top of the company, Ted settled in for the slide to graduation in fine form- dumb, fat and happy. He's just got to remember that three strikes means you're out. We all wish one of the friendliest guys at the Academy all the best, and know that he's going to be the first Admiral from the class of '89. AEBIII

26th COMPANY

Jeffrey Rowland Bradbury
New Orleans, Louisiana
Mechanical Engineering
Surface Warfare



Jeff loves his mustang; be it impounded, driven as a plebe, or being fixed with surgie lube. He also enjoys giving tours such as one of upper Dahlgren Hall, an hour long head tour, or a special tour on how to reach a head. Jeff possesses a gift for finding new uses for ordinary objects such as plungers, fish bowls, bar stools, and cones and he also possesses the gift of music as displayed by his involvement with MAD. Although plagued with trouble from the law (under-age drinking and UA three times in one semester), Jeff never gave up his pursuit of the fairer sex. Jeff's research with saturated steam and his highly efficient design project will never be equaled nor forgotten. Good luck to you and Susie and remember, "We all don't know what we would do without you either," and, "all us guys love you too." CWG



Christopher Gordon Campbell
Elizabethtown, Pennsylvania
Economics
Surface Warfare

Soup. The man of controversy, the man with a Thousand shoes, the man with the Corvette. The Dog-Master? (I think not) Who is he? Well, ask him. He'll tell you, "Look at these guns." That seems to be all I can get out of him. Sometimes, out of the blue, he'll spout "I just don't deal with them!" But he and Glenn have been escapading over the entire U.S. Spring Break in Texas led to the giant upheaval. I won't even mention Juniata C. Oops, I just did. 1/c year, army tailgator led to a deep sleep, while a poor girl waited nearby. Sad, but true. It seems to be a habit of Soup's, kinda like pinning girls up on the wall. There was the nasty evening in G-town where he got Pebbles' bone (but that was all). Of course, you can get to know Soup from the messages on the boards throughout the Academy: "2/c Campbell(26) needs date to Ring Dance," and "1/c Campbell(26) lost engagement ring." I shall say nothing more. Except "Blond or auburn? What a decision." By the way, it is amazing how much a pretzel can cost. Be sure to watch your shorts when doing pull-ups, too, Soup. And Chris, my arm hurts too. Knock them dead with those guns! TD

Sally Anne Chamberlain
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania
Aerospace Engineering
General Unrestricted Line

Sally reported I-day from a private all girls school in Philly ready to take on the world. Scrambled from 22 (with fond memories) to 26, she was 1 of the 4 "gals" to survive Big Stix. As a pleber, she strapped herself to the dingies as a very light crew, and didn't let-go until she made Nationals and sailed with #1. Remember: Hurricanes, Tequila shots? and a little wine tasting. Sal was the only sailor who could get good grades and stay out of trouble. Youngster year she shared her locker with a furry four legged friend until... Remember: Ring Dance 3 times, her sexy blue flannel PJ's, and the magic bruise cream she would apply to her battle scars (from falling off the boat, I imagine)! Sups stars 2/c year as a Space Cadet, she would leave us behind Fri nights. Summers she rarely went home (Mom and Dad who?), instead Alaska, Cal, SDI, and commanded "I"Co. "What is drill?" Sal persevered to win that Naval Space position and GOT IT!! Wherever your dreams lead, we'll find you right there on top, Sal. Good luck, mon amie. "Heeeeeeeeyyyyyy!" from the backrow Aeroboys (MS,JW,CP, PM). JMN

Eugene William Cobey
Jacksonville, Florida
Physics
Nuclear Power - Submarines

Cassandra Ann Crownover
Orlando, Florida
Computer Science
Navy Air

Paul Thomas Druggan
Lexington, Kentucky
English
Surface Warfare

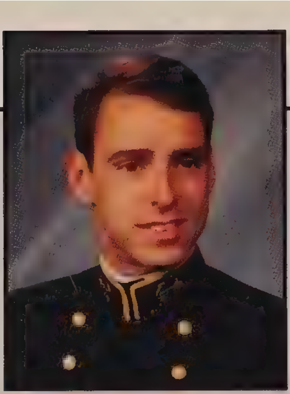
Rommel Martin Esteves
San Jose, California
Electrical Engineering
Nuclear Power - Submarines

Eugene "Psycho" Cobey was one of a few midshipmen to elect the extended cruise program offered here at USNA. Gene thought he could reduce his obligation after graduation by serving for a year in the fleet during his first class year...W-RONG! As a born again member of Big Sticks, Gene established himself as a member of the shaft. His last second races against the bell became a tradition. Once F-19 convinced Gene that he didn't want to fly, he chose to serve his time submerged. "Where's the check?" You spent it all on furniture! Hey Gene, enjoy NPS in July (Nawww!..it won't be hot.); take care of the chitlins; and see ya' under the waves. TSR

Cassover, sometimes called "Crash" for her grace (and QT for other reasons), will be leaving USNA as the "better half" of Mr. & Ens. McLellan. Scott will be the flexible half of this arrangement as he is a bike racer (Schwinns, not Harleys) and Cas will report to P-Cola for flight training. Youngster year brought the lowest of low times: a Varsity letter in conduct which she has a certain plebe candidate and a pet hampster to thank for. If shoveling snow is the worst this place gave her, I'm sure she's relieved. 2/c summer was a whole new adventure: that wild "kool-aid" and vampire movies on camping trips. I'm sure Gibby and Leif will always be happy to answer your question, "what are they DOING?" in certain low-budget movies. First class year demanded rigorous studying: "I think you're confused, but I'm not sure." Bust out the finger paints, playdo, Twister, and Lite Brite already! Cas, you're a pal that anyone can tell about the most embarrassing moment of their life, and you won't think any less of them(!). You know, you have to care what SOME people think of you SOMETIMES. And it's your fault I met B. Thank you. God bless you and Scott. EPW

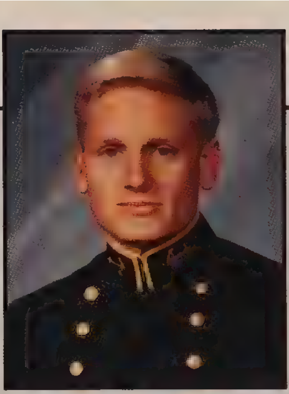
Tommy, or is it Paul, or maybe RAT, no OOMPALOOMPA, oh who knows? Druggan anyway! He started life at USNA off by being four days late for plebe summer in order to play soccer in Europe. He's definately a Frenchman at heart, he even wears a red, obnoxious sweater when he plays. That's not the worst of it though, he's a liberal, democratic, english major, and a down right peace-nick; and he's in the military to boot. Oh well, he's a great guy inspite of it all. Well, to make a long story short, Tommy will do well wherever he winds up, be it at sea or on top of a truck or in Europe, because he plays the cards that are dealt to him. Either that or he just doesn't care! Pack it away RAT, we love you! TG

Coming from the warm weather climate of San Diego, I had no idea what to expect from this place. Life as a youngster started out real well, when I was fried for not wearing socks with white works at the barber shop. A future roommate who was sitting by me noticed my attire yet kept quiet(thanks Tony). How about those late nights studying at two a.m. Second class year was the year of the Sabotage and nobody was better than you know who. How's painting your grease frams with highlighter and gluing them to the floor sound. Having Hoof as a roommate was a definite bonus. With Hoof to turn out and wake us by 0720, reveille consisted of rolling onto the blind side of the floor. First class year was great except for those boring EE labs. Rooming with Tony was a test of my sanity as I had to put up with his singing(the golden voice), dancing to the beat of top 40's, and having to listen to all his M. Jackson CDs. Thanks Mom and Dad; I couldn't have made it without you. RME



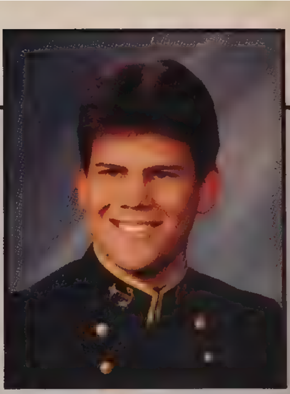
Charles William Gill
Rochester Michigan
Computer Science
Navy Air

What can you say about a man who has only been fried once in his Academy career? Chuck came from that great white wasteland of Michigan to Canoe U. wanting only one thing, to be a pilot. He had the car, the blonde, and luckily the eyes. Unfortunately the eyes failed one night while the car didn't and CWG made a contribution to the state treasury. Other things that come to mind are: road tripping to Del. and kicking the football into the toxic dump site, the speed of dark, Rocky Horror Picture Show ('nuff said there'), and unstable bar stools. But not all of the action took place away from USNA: the thrill cam at Riordan's, naked carrier landings (wet, rough, tough, and in the furry buff), helping ma bell rewire the academy, the 26th company scroungers, the pantry, and getting a pot for the tree just to name a few. Don't bother denying it, it's all on tape. It has been four years by the bay, the years have been OK, the company has been great. Keep the faith and fight the good fight. Remember, if you push on something hard enough and long enough it will eventually fall over, die, and rot. Have a good one. JRB



Timothy Robert Goering
Rome, New York
Oceanography
Marine Air

Tim "king of the road trips" Goering, has become Master of the art of BS, for he schemed, worked(?) and manuvered his way through NAPS and USNA (great M-C guesser). Soccer player, football kicker, at heart, good friend, and guitarist-/singer extraordinaire(??), Tim is a person who definately lives for the moment (if those flight jackets were free you'd definately go Navy Air, right Timmy?) During youngster cruise Tim transversed the Pacific from the beaches of Hawaii to the Worlds Fair and strawberry patches of Vancouver. He later developed a fascination for mathematical terms such as "K4" and "5 for 5" at Hood, as well as water terms such as "Newport excursions" and "mermaids". So many figures (math?) yet so little time. Finding spare time may have been tough, but keeping the FAITH was a headache. During spring break at the Bahamas Tim found a girlfriend for a whole week-- a major accomplishment (or minor miracle.) The man of the baked Brie and Boston Tea Parties strikes again. Ooh Rah, Timmy! You'll go far in the Corps-- See you in the air! WOODSTOCK LIVES! GP

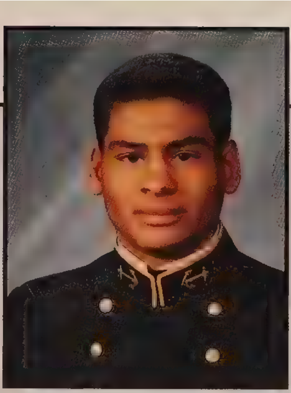


Stone Ladd Hill
Turlock, California
General Engineering
Nuclear Power - Submarines

Stone came to BSTS from thirty bringing with him his Dalhgren Hall girl, Melissa and his great sponsors the Andersons. Many great adventures began in the A's house, who could forget midwinters at UVA as younsters, Michele and all the girls were so hospitable! Youngster June week and "87" are fuzzy memories, including; Klesser's where Melissa met the rommate, and the drive home. 2/c summer was an adventure, SH GG and AJ all over the east coast...highlights...Pensacola and selectricution...Philadelphia, falling into walls, Italian girls, dry heaves and firefighting school--rubber suits, smoked filled rooms, and the porcelin god! 2/c year living with GP and AJ, getting "the stone" not the brick because IT was a small blind date! Stone's favorite book always has been "Little Women" Ring dance was a night full of unexpected emotions, great friends and a $900 check! 1/c year brought 3 day weekends every weekend, and the choice of the DEEP blue, instead of blue skies. Thanks for the great memories Stone, good luck. ACJ

John R. Hoofnagle
Manlius, New York
Mechanical Engineering
Nuclear Power - Submarines

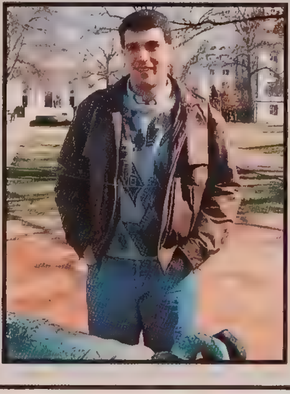
John, the ultimate preppy, came from New York to make his mark on Navy. He started off on the right foot by earning a black 'N' by Christmas. As a youngster, he was the perfect roommate. For inspections, he would do all his work and yours (sweatimus maximus). Biff spent the year falling in love with every Muffy from Annapolis to Syracuse. "I think I'm in love. This time it's for real." Second class year was the year of sabotage, toothpaste wars, Rocket Read, hp geeks, 5 minute power-racking, reveille rack sessions (minus Hoof of course), "wait", high speed Easter car chases, and the Cure. Firstie year, he got his company commander stripes and his Training Wheels. His best quote being, "I talked to the CDR about it and I agree with him." Thanks for the unique powerboat windsurfing lessons in Pensacola. Remember, "It doesn't take much. Is that right, and Read it or read about it." A toast to the four years by the bay. Gutenach Hoof. HO and go, ACH.



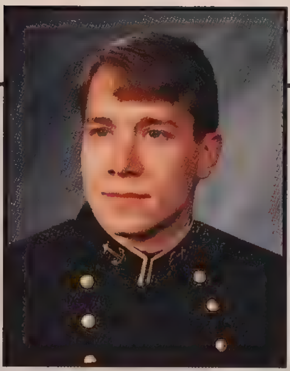
Anthony Curtis Horton
Severn, Maryland
Computer Science
Navy Air

Tony came to the Academy ready for anything. We never heard the end of how hard his plebe year was, so he must have had one the roughest ever. Youngster cruise brought a trip to sunny San Diego, inport, avoiding the beach. How 'bout that T.J. run? As a youngster, Tony pulled his share for his classmates, mostly by sleeping for us when we couldn't. Thanks. Second class year came complete with the Tony-Hoof-Evil room (Gutenacht Alles). We were always busy with Entertainment Tonight or sabotaging someone (I'll get you back, Rommel!). With First Class boards, Tony got his dream car, chickenpox and one and a half trips through bulldog. First Class year brought constant computer mail from Tony (Brigade***), fun times in out of the hall, and, best of all, a smile when it was needed most. Thanks for three and a half years, good luck in P-cola. Hoof.

Randall Evan Ivener
Sioux City, Iowa
Computer Science
Surface Warfare



After a professionally enhancing plebe year Randall began his three year hibernation in earnest. Waking only to earn his small craft pin and of course for weekends. The quotes, "If you rack 12 hours/day you are only at USNA for 2 years," and "Why do I need women, I have alcohol?" sum up Randall's cultural pursuits. Too lazy to fill out the requisite paperwork to punch out, he awakened 2/c year and earned an 'A' in performance. Forever banished from the club, Randy spent his 1/c year with his third love, the Mark 1 Mod 0 Midstang, complete with salvaged Escort and Pinto parts. As adjutant, Randy became a master of delegation, a valuable div-o leadership tool. This lack of work enabled him to become a regular with the 26th company lushes at Riordan's and various other Annapolis water holes. The west coast navy will gain an outstanding shipdriver, the Academy Jewish community will lose a great leader. We will miss your sunshine attitude and cheerful comments, we won't miss the head banger's ball. Fair winds and following seas. BNP DAM



Andrew Corley Jarrett
Springfield, Virginia
Mechanical Engineering
Nuclear Power - Submarines

The party at the begining of 3/c year was my first memory of Andy. After seeing him that day, I vowed not to associate with him. One year later I was his roommate. There's no justice! I went from living at home to living with Andy, talk about out of the frying pan and into the fire! Nothing is dirty, out of place, or untidy with Drew around.(He'd make a great wife!) A few weekends at my sponsors' house, a road trip to UVA and 2/c summer was upon us. Summer school, sweating in Mother-B, girls in Annapolis, Jose Cuervo, and women in P-Cola, it was a lifetime in a matter of days. With his future bride in his hand, Drew went from a "lean mean green machine" to a member of the silent service. It was just he and I in a room 1/c year. No one would get close enough to toss him raw meat at feeding time. The company didn't understand that his bark was worse than his bite, although he does bark a lot. Prior to coming here you always hear about the experience, the opportunity, and the education, but no one mentions the most valuable part, the friends you find like Andy. Drew, success is in your veins, but best wishes anyway. Your friend for life. SLH

Albert Creghton Kinney
Dover-Foxcroft, Maine
General Science
Navy Air

Uncle Al, as he was affectionately known by plebes everywhere (they even decorated his chest by shaving '91 in it, just to show him how much they loved him), was 26th Company's resident flamer; but this wave-making Batt CDR is mellowing with age, much like a fine wine. Of course, "when the rubber meets the road," that's appropriate for an old Salt like this P-3 wannabe. He'll tell you as he breaks out that "aromatic" pipe of his that "give them enough rope to hang themselves." The One has some advice for itself: 1) always carry a blanket in the car, 2) some chicks will do that to you, 3) some things are good dry and others aren't, 4) cultivate, cultivate, cultivate, 5) don't go out with two women who are roommates, 6) expand the wardrobe beyond brown, 7) once its gone, it goes to a little heaven and you can never get it back and, finally, 8) Fly the Friendly Skies. Good luck, Al. TD

Paul Stephen Kruszka
Romeo, Michigan
Mechanical Engineering
Nuclear Power - Submarines

Paul Kruzikia--or however you spell it--drove his Pony onto the yard in the late summer of '88 to finish up his last year at the academy. What an adventure! Paul's two priorities were academics and athletics--not exactly in that order. Wild Bill gave him his first taste of engineering during youngster year--pretty bitter, huh? He must have liked it--just like the garbage pizza and the cheesecake-on-a-finger (or floor). There was always that warm place in his heart for Poly Sci, though-...and computers. Sports....Paul went from being a half miler to a hundred miler. What dedication!..stress fractures, hernias, and a broken face ("I don't remember"). After Al and the Ironman, the white--black at times--aluminum can carried him through almost 2 years of racing. Cycling...yes, no, yes, no, yes...who knows? Sourdough and beer--what a meal! Paul chased Mr. XXL up Diablo and Antichrist down Alpine (Whoops!..a little fast.) 7 out of 8 days in the rain the next year....How about those ski trips, too? If you ever see Paul riding a pumpkin from Holland down the road into the sunset, don't drink all his water. See ya' under the waves, Paul. TSR

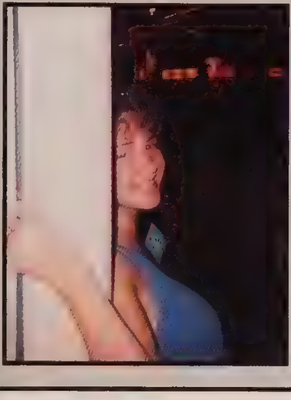
Daniel Alexander Miller
New Rochelle, New York
History
Surface Warfare

Dan was a typical straight 'C' performer at USNA. Earning your small craft insignia as a youngster, wearing m/ltjg stripes as a 2/c and 3 stripes as a firstie is something every "average" midshipman accomplishes. But of course it is performance in the hall and not on the water that counts. Dan's performance in Bancroft was always noteworthy. He earned his varsity rack letter plebe year and still holds the King Hall record for most burritoes eaten at one sitting (6). The GTD cafe, may it rest in peace, was always open weeknights and with a little PMS it could make extended road trips. The GTD's replacement, the blazer bar, will look better with a wife, two kids and a large dog as cargo. Good luck hunting boomers in Charleston. The fleet gains a great shipdriver, Bancroft loses another 'C' performer. Fair winds and a following sea. BNP

Patrick Kenneth Morrow
New Orleans, Louisiana
Naval Architecture
Navy Air

I always thought you should have been a marine, but you'll make a great Naval Aviator, too. I wish you the best of luck in the future. Look out, Pensacola!ERF Patrick was the biggest lush in D&B, but he always took care of his "kids." "Stay single" and party on, Dude!DLT Pat has proved that one can be a narch, be computer illiterate, and do minimal work at the same time. When one girl actually gets you to receive her love, you may not achieve one of your many goals. God bless.PMR Pat claims to be the eternal bachelor, but we all know better. Thanks for being there when people needed you - for a walk-about, a ride in your Mid-stang, or just a heart-to heart talk.RLR From New Orleans, Pat found Annapolis a bit "dry." No matter to a regulation conscious Plebe. In later years, we made up for this abstaining. I feel I know George Killian personally! After graduation, we're faced with living together through Los Alamos and Pensacola. Heaven help the innocent bystanders. RMR

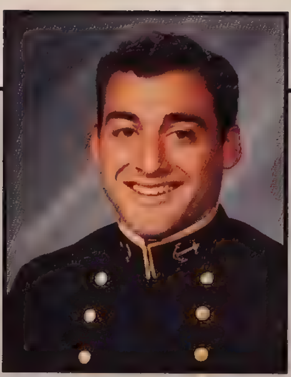
Julie Marie Niedermaier
Baxter, Minnesota
Aerospace Engineering
General Unrestricted Line



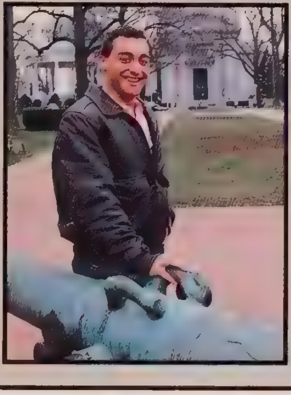
Jules came to us from the frigid cold of Minnesota. After a normal plebe year, she set sail up north on a Liberty cruise and met her hubby-to-be. Youngster year brought freedom from plebedom, slavery to thermo and an extra four-legged roomy. Second class year was full of spacey memories - MM's before the Aero final, EE nightmares, wind tunnel, the King and I, Messiah and Christmas '87. After spending the summer in Israel and being a squad mom, the space cat came back charging (literally in soccer). Great season! After being radiated to death in George's class, she took to letter writing, taught by Dr. Z: Foley impact velocity, Montanus effect, BLADE and slow pitch, the new contact sport. Thanks for being the perfect roommate Jules. Your smiling face and cheerfulness have made these past few years special. Knock them dead with legal jargon down south. Keep smiling Jules. Good luck, keep the Faith and be happy. SAC

Bret Nicholas Pasiuk
Boise, Idaho
Computer Science
Nuclear Power - Submarines

Bret came to Navy young and innocent, naive to the ways of the world. However life with Keith proved to be the death knell of his Idaho innocence as witnessed by his brick and tales of the West Pacific. Despite his love of the open sea he sold his soul to the dark side for the money. Funny he's never spent any of this money. Of course $700 will get you an awesome "haze grey" Honda. Bret showed a real fondness for big girls and in this case bigger was definitely better. This might have something to do with his love of alcohol and the sink. Despite Bret's love of alcohol and sleep, his 3.8 never seemed to suffer, of course the Supt's List was always a performance grade away. Good Luck Arlo! REI



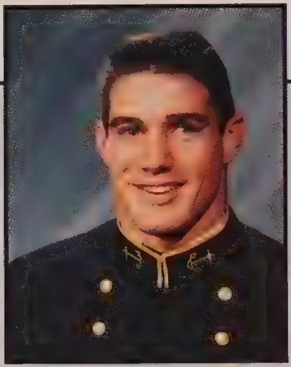
Gregory Stephen Pekari
San Pablo, California
Oceanography
Navy Air



Gregory, the full Catholic name. Most knew him as Pick, but some prefered CHEEKS for reasons I can't discuss. I'll leave out the names he gave himself (Stud, Zeus, God etc.) He was a Napster, a lover and a fighter. Well he was the first anyway. The name WIEP he earned in Hawaii (woman in every port.) It was there he finally let Margaret go, rode the elevator to melia, and tarversed the Pacific to B.C. the Worlds Fair and princess Diana. The names go on, but the space doesn't. The next two years in 26 were great, then came NAPS Detail. The motocycle ride from hell. It was worth it though to experience the body shots I'm sure. Then 1989! Hey Tim, pick me up in Boston in the morning. Bahamas- 1-5 Homie. Gamble this hundred for me? Sure for a Brew. May runaways rock slowly forever! TG

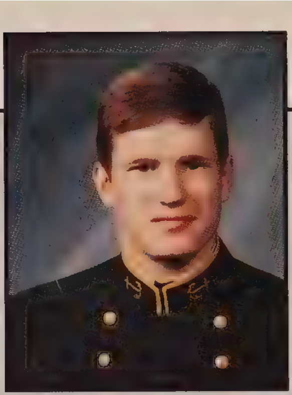
Timothy Stewart Rennick
Dublin, Ohio
Ocean Engineering
Nuclear Power - Submarines

Tim (Team Rennick) came to us after experiencing life at Ohio State for a year, Tim decided to subject himself to USNA. Tim reported here after having just participated in a triathalon and wearing his "Elmer Fudd" cover. Tim was an engineer for his first two years and a bicycle racer for his last two years. First class year, Team Rennick was elected by the Animal Crew to lead the three prong attack as Captain. Devoting his life to bicycles, Tim did not have time for the finer things in life -- women. However, during spring training in rainy California, Tim broke down and began to dance (square dance, that is) with the local sorority girls. Well, Tim, its been great, you will make a hell of a leader and officer. In closing, three words describe Team Rennick: cheap, greasy, and fast. PSK



Paul Martin Riegert
Alexandria, Virginia
Political Science
Marine Air

Paulie, the man who redefines the word extrovert. Second semester plebe year saw him in a 2-man "sweet," perfect for one-on-one baseball. Knee surgery as a plebe (thanks to 150's) taught him nothing; he had to do it again as a firstie. He did like all that sympathy from the nurses. He has remained one of the busiest mids at USNA, from JV Lax, 150's (All-American), FCA, Big Brothers(Lyle), and Vice-President of the class. All this in addition to the many women who walked in and out of his life, carrying a bit of Paulie with them for the rest of their lives. No one will forget his childlike excitement as he made his way through late night "Paulie" science papers and the hated engineering courses. Congrats on Marine Air despite attempts to the contrary. Keep the grunts on their toes. Marine Artillery with Roddy. Arrested with two other apostles -Kevin & Jon J..."lights out,what now? Dink, dink, dink"(OD&Candy) "but he has morals" Riegertisms: "outstanding ...this will be a great picture...pretty OK...hasta la bye-bye-...cheese and crackers...Prof. Beckman vis-a-vis ...the political mind..." PIMPS SMALLS OJB BOOBS SHAN



Daniel Steven Smalley
Annapolis, Maryland
Economics
Supply Corps

Dan, "e", Smalls, Local Annopolitan who took the NAPS path to enlightenment. As a 4/c "e" carried out the family tradition and played JV hoops. Not a basket case "e" displayed his true talents on the lax field. Wheels Smalley,as we JV all stars called him, was to, unluckily, blow a tire with a knee operation to follow.This was not to keep him down though. It just showed his mettle - as did the academia of USNA. Dan worked his way up the lax ladder from the red team to exalted status - with a once in a lifetime goal against Army. The quiet leader, "e" was the perfect training officer/Batt Army float rep/and Mr initiative for 26...remember; Canuck the hooks class..Crazy evenings with shorty and the Theta-s..Hey Hey at Mac's listening to police lectures on downtown etiquette..Dude, I'd go but I have a paper..working hard for Dave-..Killer hoops with Miller..the mooch log, you may be working for him later..but man our condo will make us rich..Dan, we'll miss ya. Dawg em at Athens PMR WIGS

Christopher Mark Stamper
Dresher, Pennsylvania
Oceanography
Navy Air

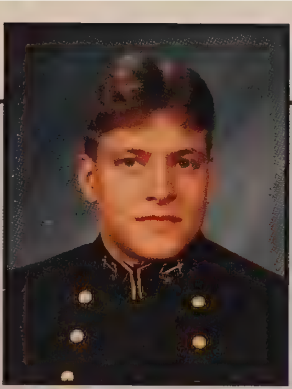
STAMPS-- He definitely spent too much time on his hands in high school, because more than a few screws were loosened in his big head. He was a true "Jack of all trades" when it came to sports, except maybe skiing. Hey Tim want to cut class and go skiing at Army! Sure, WHAM! Oh did you bump your head! He made up for it though by being the sickest fieldball goalie the sport has ever known. I can't forget the girl of his dreams, Creek, Stream, or was it Brooke. God knows we heard enough about this wonderful chick. Lets hope she doesn't dump him when she GETS to college. Questions! Did you really catch that fish in the D.R.? and DID YOU EVER GO ANYWHERE BESIDES HOME OR MRS. V's ON THE WEEKENDS? The times we had were unforgetable, now lets split every cloud in the sky!!! T.G.

Elizabeth Penn Wainscott
Eden Prairie, Minnesota
Oceanography
Navy Air

Beth came from the beaches of Hawaii and has had "good times" from the beginning. She rowed her way through plebe year, right back to Hawaii for 3/c summer. She found Mr. Wonderful and spent the next semester travelling to Pa. to see him. By the end of the semester Beth had lettered (in conduct) and we found out that Mr. Wonderful wasn't so wonderful. After a semester of restriction Beth was rewarded with the truck, and we had the party vehicle for 2/c year. Finally Beth met the man of her dreams - B. "It's a miracle." 2/c year flew by as Beth spent every weekend with B. 1/c summer Beth and Horatio earned their jump wings. The year was spent in and out of bars, searching for the answer. Allergies didn't stop Beth, and it was worth the celebration. Remember: THE last restriction muster, car covers, doughnuts, peach schnapps, the Admiral's house, Poe's grave, SFB, FF, AH, Oceana, the stadium parking lot, your first dinner party at the Navy Lodge, Sunny, Minnesota Express, Low crawling, Library cards, and the crippled dancer. Thanks for being there. You'll find what you're looking for. Good luck in the world of Nasal Radiators!

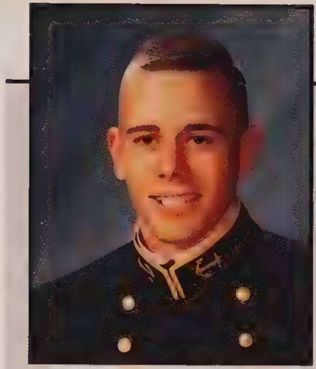
27th

COMPANY



Kevin Roy Wesley
Glen Daniel, West Virginia
Economics
Naval Flight Officer

Wes-not exactly a morning person--Joke time: Why did Wes cross the street? Because he was kicked!!! Yes the body by Soloflex/Joe Weider is vulnerable, evident by his new name "Scarface"--accented by Russell. Kevin is also the daredevil type, the only Mid ever to have tried to jump Rt. 50 in a Mustang--what happened? Just ask Will or, "Shock Trauma." As the story goes, after running through a couple of bushes, landing in a soft embankment, and scaling a cliff, he almost made back for taps on time--yes, he left 'Secrets' with a whole 2 minutes to spare...Believe it or not? His room, The Cave, his roomate (Geisman), together they were The Legend of Sleepy Hollow. Geis-What French class? How many classes did this man miss? As for another nickname--well, The Godfather about sums it up--let me know the next time you go shopping--I'll fly with you anyday!! Michael David Rollins--I'll always remember you, we'll all miss you. Multitalented Wes--books, Milkman, cave plants, $290, big tips, Philippines?, no, Aviation? (this man is blind), Australia, Good Times, not Hard Times THE EIGHT KRWSFRLJDFN RJJDWG MDRWCOandJWD.



Robert Bryan Beymer
San Diego, California
Political Science
U.S. Marine Corps

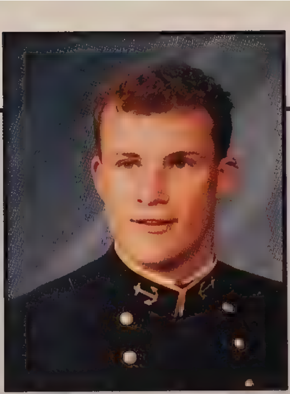
Bob came to USNA from sunny southern California to be what else?.....A Naval Aviator. Third class year came and his hopes were dashed, when his eyeballs crashed. Beems then took his next option and went Marine, where he could play in the mud without getting yelled at. His "Happy Go-Lucky Bob" attitude soon flourished and was heard claiming to work twice as hard as anyone else in an easier major, such as engineering. As a firstie, Bob was Captain of the High-Power Rifle team. But Bob will definitely be known for his luck. If it wasn't for bad luck, he'd have none at all. This "Beem's Luck" affected his skiing performance as well as his Bulldog humps. We are surprised he can still walk. But his "luck" did keep him exempt for everything except class most of his last year. We wish you good luck with your career in the Corps, and in life. JB MTC

Jaime Borrego
Mountlake Terrace, Washington
Computer Science
Naval Flight Officer

Jaime came to USNA after a year at NAPS with visions of "Top Gun" in his eyes. He almost didn't make it, if it hadn't been for the creation of the "Chosen 24." We'll never forget this Stage IV computer geek who chose his major because it would allow him to play video games all the time, and had a NATS hookup before it was in vogue. Living with Jaime was a definite experience. Tripping over laundry bags in the closet, and playing hide-and-seek with the toothpaste lid were but a few of the daily rituals in our room. And his driving skills, now that's another story. It got to the point where I wouldn't get in that Saab without a crash helmet and a fire extinguisher. I can still smell the brake pads burning. There were many women in Jaime's life over the past four years. We all know whose heart he finally captured--or was it the other way around? At any rate, we all wish Jaime and Jill many happy years together, and lots of little ninos...BEEMS

Michael Timothy Cuccio
Mahopac, New York
Ocean Engineering
U.S. Marine Corps

Well, what can you say about a man who has everything: many girlfriends, a great attitude, a love for the service and a stylish wardrobe. Mike was always ready for any occasion with the perfect pair of jeans and matching flannel shirt. Who else do you know had clothes which were in constant demand on special occasions like-- well, Halloween for instance. Cooch, as he was affectionately known, was famous for his strong belief of "Love Thy Neighbor." I never met a person he didn't like. Cooch also had exquisite automotive tastes. Whether it was his Oldsmobile "Grandpa car" or just any old jeep with the keys left in it, Cooch was ready to go anywhere, anytime (fishing, hunting, jail?) There is no doubt, however, that Cooch's greatest loves were fish and deer - he loved killing them. Well, now that he's off to the wonderful world of "Jarheads", I hope his patience and sense of humor help him along the way. I think the Corps is getting what it wants - a good man. The best of luck to you, Cooch, and keep the arrows flying straight. CGS



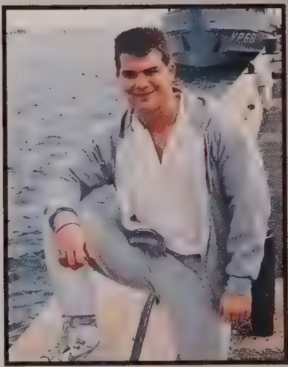
Andrew Joseph Darcy
Brightwaters, New York
Political Science
Special Warfare

From laser sailor to seal, Darc has come a long way. He still cannot study at his desk without getting bruises on his forehead, but he found a way around that - just don't study at all. Plebe year - Paul Morsette pies and food fights, LITTLE combat chow calls, and DREW!!! I still can't believe we survived. Third Class - Tours and knifes at Fire Island, Room made in heaven, matching ear rings. Second Class - Together again, raisin Jimbo, peer evals, scuba school, lax, LMU, and Cancun!! First Class - "bunks", we ruled the company (for awhile), eating spaghetti and the Lost Boys, movement orders and braces, "chicks dig me". Ski trip with Coff. Who could forget SUL, RF, TRANQS, SCHWEITS and the boys. Even though we have partied together a lot, we have still shared a lot. We have watched each other grow and develop. I could not have asked for a better "Roomie." Don't worry about the future. Things will go your way. Good luck! GAG

Alexander George deLuna
Wickenburg, Arizona
General Engineering
Surface Warfare

Al and I were graced with a 2 man room when number 3 left 5 days into 3/c year. With stereo at its usual high volume, the "Doors" became a major influence on our early lives. We were founders of the short-lived "Jim Lives" cult and nurtured Jim's plant reincarnate of the same name. Unfortunately, Jim came to a mysterious end. On a Christmas trip to Hawaii, Al brought back some "sand," and has had it ever since. His unique cynically sarcastic wit broke down roommates Pat, Sean and Jaime. I managed to survive all 3 years, not to mention that he put up with me. With great interest in history and professional knowledge, Al is probably the most knowledgeable person I know. An avid Cleveland sports fan, Al was a true Cavaliers fan before it was cool to be a Cavs fan. Due to health problems first semester, Al set the USNA rack record 1/c year; but I guess class option for a semester helped with that. After several uncontrollable changes in hair-style, Al has recovered and will soon take the SWO community by storm. Good luck Al. Fletch

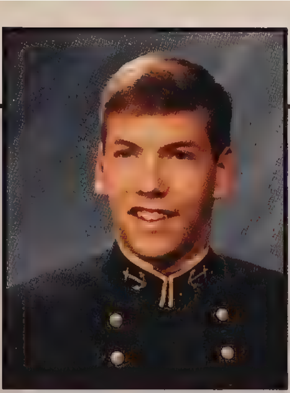
Anthony Charles DePrizio
Englishtown, New Jersey
Political Science
Naval Flight Officer



Hall's from the state of Bruce and Jovi. MASTER BLASTER, ROGUE MASTER, DRIVING FASTER. Goucher: thunder thighs, Hood: skin heads, Catholic: humper. Free form or Branched only made him bigger gave him the power to be the Troll Killer. Silver Lotus, speed zone, drivers license, barely made it home. Not Conan the Barbarian or even the Hulk could compare to his massive bulk. Ring dance, Slam dance, Same chance. 10 pair or butt bare still reached his goal of being in the air. He was a roommate, he was a friend I'll always remember him till the end. FJG

John Paul Eckardt
Cambridge, Maryland
Naval Architecture
Nuclear Power - Surface

Dearest Sunshine---Annapolis will be a darker, colder place without your radiating presence. A major competitor with MR Sun, the Navy will now employ him as a nuclear power plant. Lest we forget that special person across the hall during plebe summer; Prior's trifecta; Sailing gets you out of everything; No LAX??; Violent roommates; "Ironhead" Ingalls; Rack'em Crubbs; What are you saying, Gregg? Wrapped around someone's finger; More sailing; The pigs are born; You said what to James!?! PuttPutt golf and too much Cuervo; It's 5:30, where's Frank? Girl problems again. Sail Hawaii (or anywhere else but here). Is Florida your second home? Congratulations you won a trip to the gorge (or the hospital). Shattered bones, Shattered dreams. Batt Suppo in WWE w/out a sword. More pigs-...More boat waves..less wind. Happy is back. Two beautiful weeks and not a breath. Spring break with a fire. A North Investment and more of that school stuff. He'd much rather be on the beach. Best of luck to ya, merry X-mas. MM



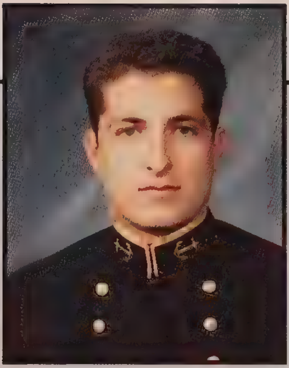
Thomas Edward Fletcher
Elkhorn, Nebraska
Mechanical Engineering
Nuclear Power - Submarines

Fletch was the first person from Nebraska (Elkhorn) that I have ever met. I know that there can be no more from the state just like him. His amiable character and unique sense of humor have carried him over the disadvantage of being from a state "where they make a lot of grain". He has also brought with him the most incredible underhand lay-up that roundball has ever seen. I've been a victim of it many times. The best part about being friends with Fletch is partying with him. Just ask any of us who had dental floss up our noses and out our mouths one night. I can't think of one night (out of hundreds) out with Fletch that I didn't have a good time. He has given me many stories to tell (not to my mom of course), influenced my taste in music, and has often kept me in "stitches". It will do me no good to wish him luck; he has proven at the track and in 2/c poker games that he has none. I hope to know Fletch (sometimes I forget his name is Tom) for as long as I live. A man can only have one best friend; Fletch, you are mine. MH

Gregory Alan Grubbs
Gladewater, Texas
Political Science
Navy Air

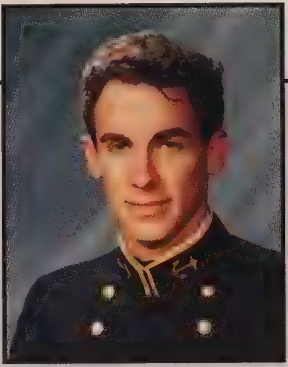
Gregg (with two 'Gs') came to us from the sticks and he's headed for the sky. We survived 4/c year and Drew. The movies with Pik and whiskey behind the wall. 100 classes 3/c year: "I think I was there". Should we study? I didn't think so. Rack paralysis: "I can't move". You and Keith at College Park. No, they don't accept Mastercard at the Bay Bridge. Laces - boom boom. Mom's house. Bahamas '89. Lisa, Karen, Lisa, Noel, Kim, Amy... shall I continue? I'm convinced that Tequila runs through his veins. We've spent 4 years together and I still can't understand him. Senior year brought some stripes, no stripes, stripes again. "CHICKEN TONIGHT". I think he'll probably be late for his own wedding. His bike means everything to him. "Where's Gregg?" - "out riding". Well buddy, you finally passed your eye test; was it, uh, the third time? You deserve it. It has been my pleasure, I'll never forget you. Good luck and Godspeed. AJD

Mom, Dad, Tony, and my family thanks for the security and the stability. With out ya'll it would not have been possible. Stone, Pik, Jeff, Keith, Tim, and Andy - Can a person have better friends. GAG



Francisco Javier Gutierrez
Miami, Florida
General Engineering
Surface Warfare

Ode to Frank: Young Franky, Young Franky, Friends call him the Roach, He was our lightweight football, and softball coach, "Regula D, Regula D!" he'd say with a grin, With a little bit of dip dripping down his chin, He hails from a town made famous for Vice, so he was always in town trying to cut a slice, He was a great roomate, so full of cheer, Just as long as you'd buy him a beer, He'll make a fine officer on the "Proud Pete", As long as he doesn't relive his P-Cola feat!- "HONEST AND DIRECT" Good Luck! Thanks for the memories. TD

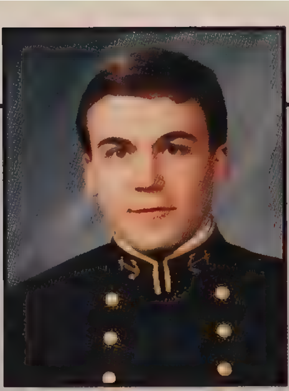


Matthew Hermstedt
South River, New Jersey
Electrical Engineering
Nuclear Power - Submarines

As 3/c, freshly scrambled into 27, I first met Matt on the basketball court. From the start, we were always on opposite teams and guarding each other. Although the B-ball rivalry still remains, a friendship has developed with it. Since Matt bought his new red Mazda, our occasional road trips no longer have the spontaneity of snow drifts and passenger controlled acceleration, but Matt makes up for it with his sonic driving habits. Always known for getting friends "award-winning" dates for dances, some people refer to Matt as Dr. Hook. He even hooked himself once, with the "life of the party." Thank God for tequila and dental floss on that night. With an eternally voracious appetite, he has earned a reputation as the company garbage disposal in King Hall. Some went nuke for the money, I think Matt did it so he could cover his food bills. Best of luck, Matt! Fletch

Anne Alexandra Hotis
Phoenix, Arizona
Ocean Engineering
Navy Air

This short space does not begin to describe this wonderful woman. Always with a smile and kind word, Anne's easy going style made her very popular here at USNA. She made this place look easy. A hard working ocean engineer, she spent her leisure time punishing her body in the pool or on her bike. This Arizonan adapted to the cold so well, she spent all her weekends on the slopes. She's been more than a roommate for the past three years, she's a true friend. This shy, reserved girl taught me to believe in myself. She was there through the thick and thin and helped keep everything in perspective. Of course there was that tall blonde ex-football player who was never far from our door. What's this about communism? Now they fly off into the sunset together, literally. I would wish her luck, but I don't have to, Anne has it all. Love, Alli. P.S. The cold was her friend. I couldn't resist. AMS



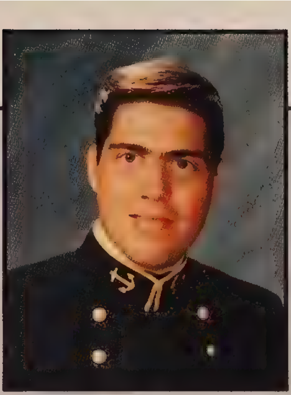
Robert Andrew Kovalchik
Edwardsville, Pennsylvania
Electrical Engineering
Nuclear Power - Submarines

"Gramps" was a "rotcee" at Penn St. while most of us were still in high school, but he soon saw the light and joined us here at USNA. Rob was a perfectionist. This trait showed itself in his major when he spent nearly all of 2/c year in the EE labs on a design project. But it showed especially in his car. His Porsche 944 had probably the most over-engineered stereo system in the brigade. He spent more time working on his car than most mids spend on their qprs. He had a different concept of time. Rob's study hour started promptly at 2300 to end around 0230. Because of the lack of sleep this induced, he found it necessary to serve his rack with distinction during the daylight hours. A distinct afficionado of finer music, one could always find him at Hammerjacks, or in Georgetown, checking out the live bands. Only to learn your own guitar style, right Rob? Service selection for him, like most things other than the mile and a half, came easy. Everyone knew he'd follow his brother into Submarines. Good luck at Nuc School, I know you won't need it. I hope I may someday serve on the same boat as you. PMP

Catherine Lorraine Lawson
Severna Park, Maryland
Economics
Supply Corps

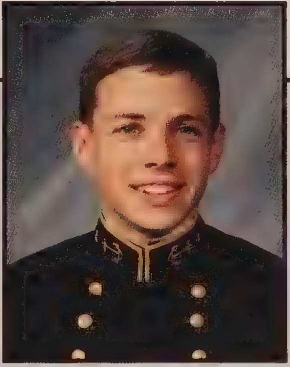
A native Marylander, Cathy holds the distinction of being the first female prior-enlisted Marine to enter the Academy. Plebe year brought with it some academic problems (a permanent late lights chit), but a lot of good memories too: puppet shows in Goat Court, Suicidal bears... Cathy returned from 3/c sailing cruise to Bermuda with an awesome tan and was ready to start 3/c year. A chance encounter with a gentleman named Jim in French class turned Cathy's life around, and nothing's been the same since. I can remember many a time 2/c year when it seemed like Jim was our third roommate. When not in the rack, Cathy is one of the most disciplined and motivated individuals I know. She is one of the few in the class of '89 who loved plebe summer so much that she returned for two summers in a row to terrorize '91 and '92. Due to a shoulder dislocation (that's what you get for playing football in the snow!), Cathy was unable to return to the Corps, but she has entered a different Corps, the Supply Corps. I wish you the best of luck in your career. Thanks for the memories and for being such a great roommate these past three years. MJS

James Michael Markey
Massapequa Park, New York
Economics
Supply Corps



James William Melone
Stow, Massachussetts
General Science
Supply Corps

Mark Peter Moynihan
Springfield, Massachusetts
Economics
Surface Warfare



Sean Philip O'Malley
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania
Mathematics
Nuclear Power - Surface

How many close calls? The "G" root. How many beers? How many almost brawls? Remember the guy with the club? I don't know where to begin. Plebe year.. smuggled grain w/ O.D. the mate, "I'll fill up the gas tank if you scare me." Youngster year.. "Turn here Wash, I know the way," as the flashers come on. Good thing you were sober enough to drive!?! Army-Navy.. Jim run! DIP 5000. Second class summer.. P-cola "I know the way back," as we end up in Alabama. What a career in boxing, Who was that? Fred Flintstone? 5000 UA, Black and Blue N's. Christmas with the Washingtons. Summer School. First class cruise. Shoe. You puking down my back! The ugliest American in Cancun. The only good times I had here were with you, Jimbo. You kept me sane. Stay with Lauren or I'll kill you. CJW

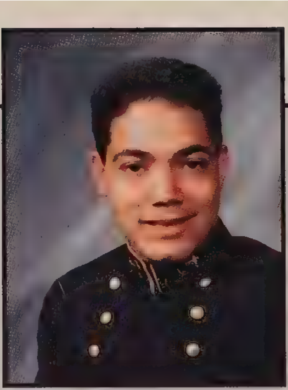
Our local 8th of 11 Irish-Italian was a real ladies man. Who else would invite two girls to graduation who liked his... dancing ...? He was always horizontal, be it in the net or in the rack. Canoe U. Where else would a Teddy Kennedy appointee become president of a hardware store. Go Corps! Hadji

When Mark hit the ice for Navy Hockey, it was instant excitement. He demonstrated his "Charlie-Potato" abilities with incredible displays of biscuit-dangling and a knack for scoring goals. If "Sparky" wasn't wheeling and dealing in the neutral zone one could find him mixing it up in the corners with goons twice his size. As co-captain his senior year, Mark often played injured, knowing that he wouldn't be able to walk the next day. Nothing kept this proud Irishman from lacing 'em up! He set the example for all of us... Mark worked as hard in the classroom as he did on the ice, finishing up his senior year with an econ seminar project dealing with, of course, the NHL. During the spring Mark traded in his skates for golf shoes, but somehow managed to maintain his infamous slapshot...Go Navy Golf. Remember Boats, Physics, EE, Meeting the Capitals, beating the Canadians, Atlantic City, Marina's, Coach Barry, Hilton Head, and, of course, Sue. Thanks for the ice cream, the advice, intense workouts, and all the support...Go get 'em in Newport. I'll miss ya...JDG

Sean came to USNA from Philadelphia, and remains a die-hard Phillies, Sixers, and Eagles fan through thick and thin. No one can figure why. Sean studied harder than anyone I know, but all that hard work sure paid off: Supe's List, a 3.8 GPA, and three stripes firstie year. Sean was always around when we needed him, and often when we didn't. His sharp wit and biting humor (modeled after Monty Python and Woody Allen) made life really... well, interesting. His coaching of company fieldball and slow-pitch was inspirational if not always winning. Sean went Nuke for the challenge rather than the money, but at least he had some brains and stayed away from subs. Good luck in the fleet - and hey, Sean, "It's been good talking to you." AGD

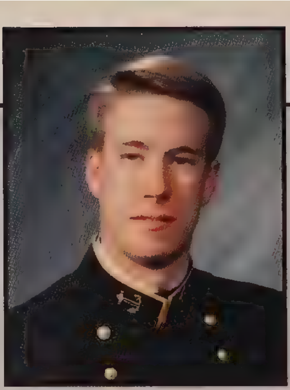
Patrick Michael Owens
Auburn, Massachusetts
Mechanical Engineering
Naval Flight Officer

Pat was the epitomy of the (wannabe) aviator, Ray Bans and all. He came to 27th from the "Commonwealth" of Massachusetts, after a year of warm up in 14th. We will never forget those Friday nights on 7-4, with rumbles and burning cornheads. Back in 27th, youngster life was a long basketball game, with a break for a little softball. His life as a Mech E was fine until he took a rough ride on the Rocket. Those dreaded fluids took away from his valuable rack time. He survived, but not without paying the toll that sent him down the NFO pipeline. As far as social life, he was famous for picking the best (most expensive) restaurants, and for taking periodic breaks from his engagement. Remember when we were stranded in PA? But after all, he did succumb to the crackling whip. His luck was sealed when he bought his nice (family) car and started mailing the invitations. We never took anything seriously, did we? I wish him the best of luck in Pensacola and the Navy. NPE



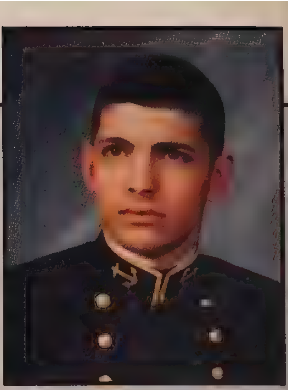
Neftali Pagan
Guayanilla, Puerto Rico
Aerospace Engineering
Navy Air

Neff "Paganavich" comes to us from the 51st state in the Union, the "Commonwealth" of Puerto Rico (a U.S. possession). Neff, aka Tali had a difficult plebe year as nobody could pronounce his last name, let alone spell it. After surviving the hazing of Tonan the Barbarian and a loss of coloring from being so far north, Neff came to 27th Co with open eyes. The last 2 1/2 years at good old USNA, we had many good times traveling the East Coast in search of imbibery and debauchery (Immaculata, Goucher, etc). Many times he found his way to D.C. to renew his ties with his Hispanic past (about twice a month some embassy would have a reception and some how his name would always end up on the social list). His last semester at USNA, Neff busied himself by setting forth on a lonely quest to correct the company accountability system. From his billet as company prison warden and resident secret police (aka adjutant), he imprinted the phrase "either you're there or you're not there" in the hearts of many. Maybe someday we will end up in the same cockpit. I guess it wouldn't be so bad, we've been a good team so far. Good luck in P-cola. Keep in touch. PMO



Paul Michael Parashak
Orange, California
Physics
Nuclear Power - Submarines

"Shak" came to us from the sunny town of Orange, California. Once established in Stalag 17, he quickly polished off his training in Chemistry in about two hours, to move onto bigger and better things, PHYSICS. Since this selection provided him with countless hours of free time each day, he began to pursue other interests, fencing and basketball. We will never again be the same after witnessing his graceful movements across the court, especially if we were standing too close. His room, though it moved from place to place, was always considered Apple central. It was a void were other members of the company lost themselves in a fit of video addiction. While others occupied themselves at sponsor's homes or trips with other classmates, Shak found his place at one or two or three of the many women's colleges of the Baltimore-Washington metropolitan area. If Celicas could talk.... Destined to Nuclear Power School after graduation, he will undoubtedly find it more difficult than plebe year. We'll give him a few days to complete that program. RAK

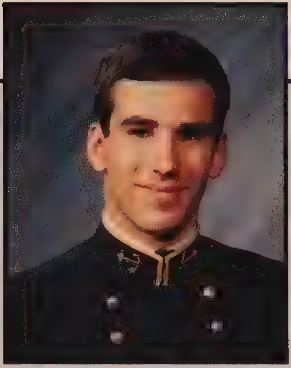


Jon Mark Sablan
New Castle, Indiana
History
Marine Air

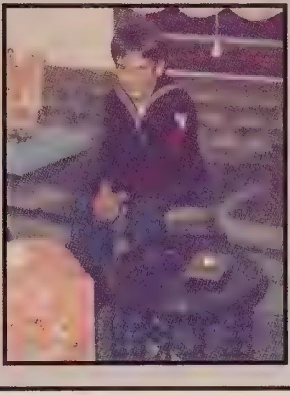
Hadji, the self proclaimed atheist, whose above 2.0 cum and subsequent graduation is proof that there really is a God. In my three semesters with you I have learned the value of comic books, the complete history of the Vietnam War, and the true wonder of old movies. Your fun loving attitude towards life has been a relief to the tensions and pressures of this profound institution. The halls of Bancroft will miss the smells and sounds of your nightly chicken strip runs. Good luck as you set forth in your life of grunting at tree top level. The Marine Corps and Harrier squadrons will be in for a happy surprise when you show up on their doorstep. In five years I will be waiting in Bar Harbor, my pocket hopes you will be buying but my heart just wants you to be happy. JWM

Mary Jo Salerno
Allentown, Pennsylvania
Mathematics
Civil Engineer Corps

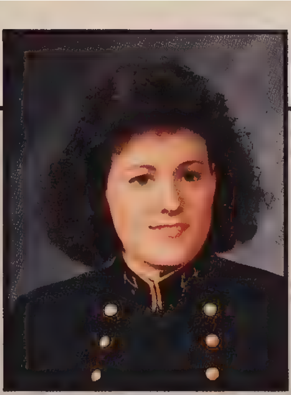
Mary Jo quickly earned herself the position of being a social butterfly upon coming to USNA. Even as a plebe, she could be seen fluttering around the Brigade. MJ is the only mid I know who knows every other mid by first name. With Mary Jo's oratory skills, she should have gone poli sci but she chose math as her major so she could become a Civil Engineer? I don't understand her logic, but somehow it worked. It's a good thing too, because Mary Swo, (as she is known after a particularly rough boat ride with the Glee Club), would never see anything but the porcelain god if she were sea-bound. Mary Jo will do well in CEC though. She already has practice clearing forests. She tried to chop down a tree with her new Integra! Next time use an ax. Good luck with everthing MJ. I hope that you find that man that likes "nice things" and has lots of money! CLL



Vincent Howard Scott
Belleair Beach, Florida
Computer Science
Surface Warfare

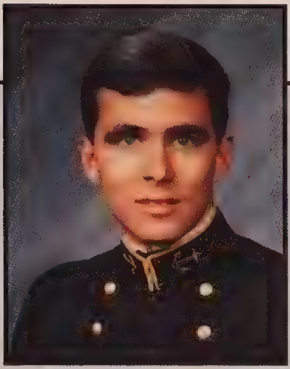


Vince, came to us from St. Louis, Missouraaaaa. His easy going manner and friendly attitude have made him a great roommate. As we graduate at least he won't have to worry about taking memories with him. The only person with more photographs than the Lucky Bag, he will only have to open one of his many albums to be back here again. The years at Canoe U. have been good to him, but the time has come to head out. I wish him the best of luck in the Fleet and hope he is successful at whatever he decides to do. MJS



Alison Mary Smith
Reading, Pennsylvania
General Engineering
Surface Warfare

As I was unpacking and moving into my new room for youngster year, in walks Alison with her new stereo and a friendly hello. A dear friendship began that day and has continued for the last three years. I could never have asked for a better roommate. Flexibility is Ali's middle name. She plays a mean game of basketball in addition to being a swimming and thermo stud. She was vice president of the Glee Club and went from an alto to a second soprano with one quick change of a musical director. Seemingly shy to most, Ali, a.k.a. ALYSHEBA, has a personality and a sense of humor that won't stop once you get them unleashed. Thank goodness she was around to keep the supreme negat in line. I never could have done it alone. My dad will be sorry to see Ali sail off on the world's finest fleet oiler because he'll be losing his favorite drinking buddy. I won't have to lose this friend, however, because Ali is a loyal, deeply caring person whose friendship I will always cherish. Thank you, Sheba!!! P.S. The "blue monster" was her friend....I couldn't resist either. AAH

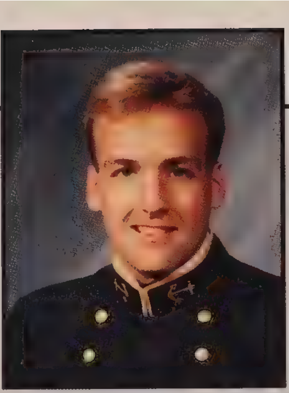


Milton Joseph Songy
Dallas, Texas
General Engineering
Surface Warfare

The original RAGIN' CAJUN! Anyone who knows Milt will tell you he is a man of many talents (if anyone actually got to know him between trips to Houston: Thank God Dad works for Piedmont, right Lisa?). Hey, buddy, "What you do with that guitar...I want to party with you." Who could forget the Christmas break full of "Manly men doing manly things" and "Wimpy Down-Stream Girls" - when you decided to demonstrate your driving prowess by not only discovering the "typewriter effect" on your Audi, but also wrapping one of Don's snowmobiles around a tree. Milt may be a bit of a flirt (Cough, Cough) but we respect any man who can hold his Purple Jesus'. Always remember that as long as a man has Hope, his ears will never get cold. We all wish you and Lisa the best but remember "This is a family establishment." Oh, we almost forgot! Milt Songy gotta a big ol' butt! OH YEAH! Have a good time in California. Love, The Band. STP DDG

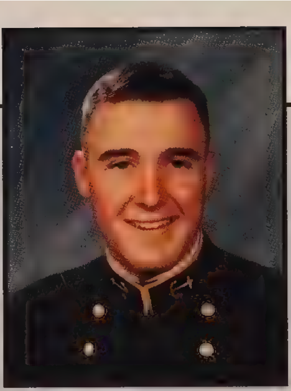
28th

COMPANY



Charles Gerard Strassle
Sherman, Connecticut
Aerospace Engineering
Nuclear Power - Surface

Get horizontal! Charlie took the motto of the Ultimate Frisbee team a little too seriously - usually during his free periods. With his shapely Saab 900 turbo (the Big Cockroach) and his interesting assortment of civilian clothes, Charlie was always out to impress the ladies. I never met anyone who could make friends faster than Charlie could - and that's a great accomplishment for a New Englander. I'll never forget those friends he made in the bar at Solomon's Island. How did we get out of there alive? When Charlie took a group of us up to a party at Delaware, we really made a great impression with the girls. I think they liked us best when we left. With regards to service selection, we all know that Charlie went Nuke for the money. But that's a good thing for the Nuclear Surface community. They are getting a man who is good with people and who takes his job seriously. Well, Charles, its been real. Best of luck in the fleet. Remember the good times and the good friends. From one SMF to another. MTC

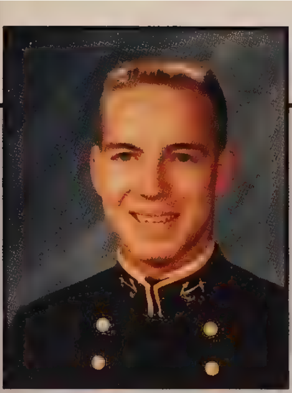


Richard Douglas Thompson
Laurel, Maryland
Aerospace Engineering
Marine Air

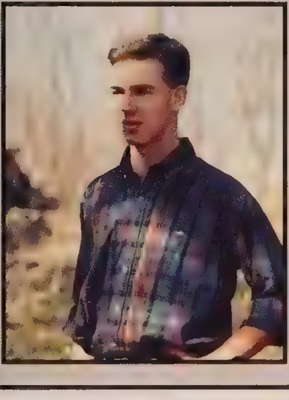
Ric Thompson, the B---less Wonder, has concentrated on all aspects of midshipman life during his 4 years here at USNA. To start, I guess one would have to look at Ric's exacting cleanliness standards. He always had his con locker arranged just so. Ric was also characterized by extreme patience, being always willing to take time out of his own schedule to gently explain things (especially academics) until they are clearly understood. Ric was known as Mr. Sportsmanship around the company because of his eagerness to turn the other cheek on the athletic field. Ric was also one to be happy, regardless of the circumstances. It was always inspirational to me when regulations came down the chain of command how Ric would look at me with a huge smile on his face and say, "It's not important that we understand the regs, but only that we obey." In reality, Ric has become my best friend at USNA and I love him like a brother. He is a smart guy with a great sense of humor and a huge heart. I know he will be a great Marine, pilot, husband, and father. -DLW

Darrin Lee Whaley
East Palatka, Florida
Ocean Engineering
U. S. Marine Corps

When I moved in with big "D" I knew it was going to be a learning experience. Boy was that true. I quickly learned that the world rotated around Palatka, Florida, that Noah's Ark was built there and peanut butter is meat. Learning was always the theme in our room. No one will ever forget D's unique method of studying. Learning continued when Charlie moved in and the War Between the States erupted. After Charlie we moved in with Bob and became the 3 Marines from Hell, more education. In fact, Darrin is also interested in the education of others, and "D" has always had a good word and an extreme opinion for anyone interested or willing to listen. Darrin you have been a great roommate and an awesome friend. I wish you and Gail the best of luck and God's blessing. He is Semper Fi. RDT



Peyton McKean Allen
Kerrville, Texas
General Engineering
Naval Flight Officer



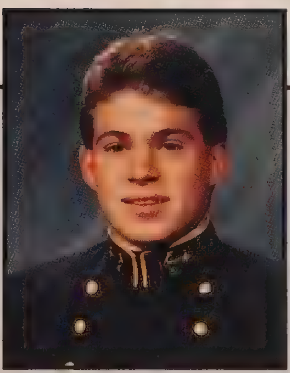
He's from the "Lone Star" state, cowboy hat and all. Ask him about the Civil War and you'll hear how the South is still alive and "didn't lose the war". Peyton's a perfect southern gentleman. That's what the girls think. He could charm anyone with his dancing, especially the two-step. It seemed to work 1/c year. What a difference a year makes, huh? Peyton also exposed me to real food. No more of this east coast food. Mexican meal wasn't enough for him without dousing it with a ton of hot sauce. Not to mention the effects of Mexican food - Whew! Peyton came here with the dream of flying, and no one deserved it more. After a disappointing Service Selection, it all turned around and now he'll be up there soaring away. Thank god, after Bulldog neither of us were ready for the Corps, or rather the Corps wasn't ready for us. Don't forget the good times up on 6-4, the acrobats on the ledge, Sun. nights with Dr. Ruth, "hot chocolate", the old fashion way, and don't forget good old Kitaro! I'm gonna miss you, Peyton. I wish you the best this world has to offer, 'cause you deserve it. Why did I choose to stay your roommate? "WHY NOT?" Your friend for life, KSB.

Kent Steven Berry
Marion, Ohio
General Engineering
Surface Warfare

Kent Berry - alias Boo, Boober, Kentus, no-butt, Buck, Elder, and SP. Ex-football QB from the popcorn capital of the world. Where's Marion anyway? Favorite pastimes include shooting his watch, whistling, and mashing. Expert at rollerskating, self-photography, setting up a tarp in the rain, and singing into a wooden spoon. Favorite foods are powdered donuts, New Orleans Cajun food, Coors Light, and 2-day old Orville Redenbacker. Fire in the hole. Not in the car! If you want him on the WE he'll be at Chi Chi's, the Ram's Head, in a drive thru, in a music box store, or just driving down 95 North. He also chases after kites, talks with ducks, and dances to Bluegrass in redneck bars. Remember Claytor Lake, Mohican, Solomons - a guy that REALLY likes to rough it. Boop! This calls for a boxer meeting.

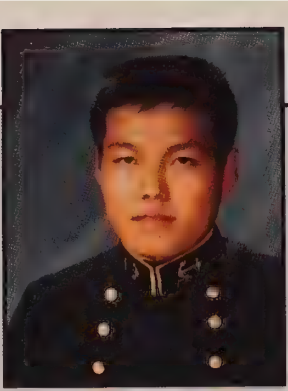
Shan Michael Byrne
Huntington, New York
General Science
Surface Warfare

Bennie, a transplanted Long Islander, originally from Michigan, will always be remembered for his "happy" demeanor. The "old man" majored in Lacrosse earning four letters and four stars. The laziest man in the world had numerous encounters with the dark side: How's that golf game? Are you missing your sand wedge? After numerous shots on goal, you finally hit the cage! Ooooh that smell!(were you aroused?) Beat Army-Beat Navy(woop it up!) After various attempted port visits, "SWO Daddy" ran aground off the coast of Wales. Biggest Mockeries: The Hitcher...go ahead and leave, we'll make it back, CMTD, Rambo, Cuervo, Kevin's Heroes, All-Star team #25, Car loan 15,000 Duster?! Busch Gardens, Gumby Ops, sleep goggles, Bennyisms: "Should I go to class?" NAAAAAA!! "Those old love songs are the best!" "I'll be in the car, the sooner you come out the happier I'll be!" "I could sure go for a mayor calahan right now!" Benny, its been the best! We'll never forget all the great times! Good Luck and God Bless! "Fair winds and following "C's" Pimps and Cheese.



Bryan Edward Cheesman
Newark, Delaware
Mathematics
Navy Air

The Chees, Chez, Chez-man, Mom or sometimes Burt can be described by one famous bennie quote..."No one can be that happy all time...Yeah! Cheese was a big time rugby star. He was the midget who played with the giants in the middle. Only because he was too slow to play anwhere else. We didn't realize that when we moved in with him that we were going to have a live in maid and we're still not sure whether we like it or not. Cheese tried to resist the dark side, he could not resist the pull of "big head". He did have a way with women. Hood, U of M, the twilight zone, the senator's aids, and the Don Pernot women - Amazing Grace. Biggest Mockeries: only 2/c not to fly at P-cola, being drowned by gumby, EE the easy way by Bennie, the night in hook in Philly, Pimps attending the Betsy school for driving, sleeping on Ben's lawn, Rand McNally your not and the Classic episode. Cheesisms: "Fold your clothes, NOW!", "Your desk looks like Mt.Everest. It's time to do laundry fellas. You guys are pigs! and...YEAH!!" Cheese, remember all the great times. How we all made it, we'll never know. Take care and watch your six. Good Luck and God Bless. Pimps & Ben SMB



Jeremy Benjamin Chio
Soldotna, Alaska
Political Science
U. S. Marine Corps

The only Korean-Eskimo in our class. Imported from Korea, Jeremy spent his youth fishing in Alaska. His best catch wasn't rancid tunafish. She was a girl named Tara. If an award could be given for relationships with the greatest time length and distance Jeremy would win. But Jeremy is too devoted to duty, honor and country for serious relationships. He wants to experience the Far East with the Marines before tying the knot. Jeremy's devotion to the Corps stems from his many "professional" experiences. Jeremy developed morally: found asleep in the bathroom (I didn't mention your pants were around your ankles). Wires developed Jeremy mentally: he learned $P=I^2R$ and Z-28 Camaro's don't start with dead batteries. Jeremy developed physically: he learned daily exercise is good for expanding waists (Too much of Tara's turkey sausage). Best Wishes TEK

Geoffrey Angel Cielo
Billings, Montana
Computer Science
Surface Warfare

"The DUDE that cried SUCKER" pulled a fast one and entered USNA from Billings, Montana. The eternally happy Mid bounced into 28 and promptly got fried. Being unable to stay awake in class, Geof naturally bacame a Comp Sci major. Chim-Chims beebopping style allowed him to meet every female mid in 6th wing, but he settled with a red head from 1st reg (The only girl he could find shorter than himself). The dynamic duo engaged in numerous escapades, including an invasion of USAF and a mad peanut butter cup caper. Sucker was too short for the Corps and too late for subs, but settled instead upon an Amphib. Geof looks forward to dual duty stations and riding with a bike gang.

Vernon Carlton Cole
Litteton, Colorado
Mechanical Engineering
Nuclear Power - Submarines

Four years, in some cases 5, seems like alot of time but it goes by so quickly. It is enough time for friends to get close though. Craig, some day you'll wake up and get yourself a real car. We made it thru and we're still Mechs isn't that a surprise! You were a great roomy even if you were a slob. Spike the only thing I regret is we missed the first three years. We've made up for some of that lost time though. We've done alot together - "We're colder at 6 a.m. than most people are 2 hours after they're dead," and the fabulous Fred. It's funny but somehow together we managed to make even the worst of times the best of times. Kenny its been an interesting three years rooming together. Craig blames us but I think he was the true slob. Thanks for all your support Mom and Dad. Graduation is almost here Derek, the Air Force will never be the same this time next year. Good luck and love to all - especially you S.O. you've taught me more than you know. Midshipman X.

Louis James Durso
Cinnaminson, New Jersey
Political Science
Navy Air

Durs, Durso or is it Psycho? The man with financial dreams exceeding those of a Rockefeller. A Political Scientist whose obsession with magnetism may provide transportaion for millions - I wonder if he'll charge us for a 'ride? Dexterity, quickness, balance - all natural abilities utilized in almost any sport, but lack of devotion, commitment, drive, persistence and desire reduce him to a mere competitor. Now converted to the Jonesian philosophy and a new member of the Lost Tribe, welcome. Lou, the psychiatrist - he'll solve your problem, his special "Waves" treatment will help you - actually it was learned that it was his own refuge from the dreaded "Sniffla." The closing of Lou's Diner/Casino came as a real shock, due to a few subtle discomforts and many, many, many peer evals. The last could be best described as "adverse," - this man will have his own plane?! P.S. 61-20, 1/c Christmas - All memorable events. THE EIGHT LJD RJJ DWG FN MDR WCO JWD KRW & SFR

Kimberly Ann Feltault
Woodbridge, Virginia
Mathematics
General Unrestricted Line

Kim Feltault looks at life the same way a child gazes into a candy store, with open eyes and a huge smile. Kim could always be found doing what she loved the most - working out (that also includes mashing). She loves just talking with people, especially 3 o'clock in the morning B.S. sessions ranging in topics from Fires in the hole to wierd sound contests. She's a die-hard, health food nut, or at least until you get her in a 7-11 at 2 in the morning. A gifted athlete Kim is, all the way from setting spikes to playing ball on unfamiliar front lawns. And how 'bout them Bears? BOOP! An excellent time budgeter, she always knew her priorities - Weekend Road Trips! If it wasn't excursions to Cajun country, it was camping trips to Clator Lake and the Solomons. Friendships are very important to Kim. I guess that's why she became my best friend for life. We're hip, we're cool, we're happenin' fools! You're always in my heart. Your partner and buddy, BOO.

Gregory Clark Huffman
Brussells, Belgium
History
Navy Air

Greg had one of the most difficult plebe years in recent memory. Between buying batteries for his Walkman and commuting on weekends to Falls Church, Va., it is a wonder he ever had time to study. 3/c year he distinguished himself by throwing the wildest parties that Virginia had ever known, and trying to catch a softball with his eye. Greg found 2/c year to bring more weekends than the firsties and numerous road trips in his temperamental Toyota. Greg has always been a firm supporter of any Navy sport that had a tailgator. As the leader of the Restriction Company 1/c year, Greg developed a special kind of intimacy with the Commandant and Smoke Hall, he made his own rules. Greg also holds the record for the most identical phone messages received in one year, "Call Katie ASAP!" In his final semester, Greg has been enjoying a lovely commute to the University of Maryland and has also done extensive research at the Vous. Greg has had many memorable nights and many more nights of which he has no memory. His home is across the Atlantic, but he should find a new home in the cockpit, putting his Latin American history degree to good use.

David Christopher Hurley
Belmont, Massachusetts
Economics
Surface Warfare

Hoils came to the boat school from the land of the yankee, Boston, that is. This created some interesting conversations with a guy from the heart of the south. It only takes about three words to describe Hoils. The first would have to be Madonna. He has every album and song she has ever sung, her song book, and her debut in Playboy. Next would be Bosox, Pats, Bruins or Celtics (depending on the season). Finally, hockey. His only real draw-back is a slight speech impediment that leaves him without the use of the letter 'R', or should I say, 'ah', but we learned to cope. He had the chance to be a glory boy but managed to use his good judgement and will be flying ships for the Navy come June. Before thats over he may have to learn Japanese. Good luck and best wishes. TMM

Kathleen Casey Jamieson
Newtown Square, Pennsylvania
Aerospace Engineering
Intelligence

For an old lady from PA, Casey "dove" into USNA & took to it like a fish to water. After all, she'd majored in chem & Table Salt for 2 years at B.C. "Jesus Christ! What a mouth!" Donna-Frio. Serenading 2/c & teddy bears. What's a howitzer anyway? Sleeping in lockers & Everly's hair. The ONLY Army-Navy victory bash. Fighting with Heidi and Useless' birthday. Never has the right word but plenty of pennies - coupla' thousand! Who said girls can't outdrink guys? Flew to USAFA and found she liked "Wade"-ing. Aero caught up with her & she found out how the rest of us feel. Out of her happy room and out of company, 5-stripes & little Hitlerina is born. As if Rakow wasn't enough, another 2/c (a younger man?) caused brain damage,too. Mum's the word! Couldn't & wouldn't have done it w/o you. Good luck & God bless, JAM.

Kenneth Ragnar Johansen
Greenwich, Conneticut
General Science
Navy Air

Ragnar, from Greenwich to Annapolis, while you spent a year at Naps, we traveled the same path. But, while some of us stay under the speed limit, you've always been in the fast lane. You are an enigma, a myth, to some a legend, but you were never a plebe, and you will always be a goalie at heart. Being a goalie is a state of mind, a way of life. Practical joke on Eric J., Dude, rides with your Letter Sweater as a plebe, gainers from the 10 meter, nerf b-ball in Lejeune, bench warming, a 3.29! you saved me in calc (thanks), "But our lips are so close", Mike's Dog House, hopping out to Calif, starting in goal, beach v-ball, squash court meetings, "meet my Jeep", Ken the mechanic, Smoke Hall pool, spring break in Florida, dreaming up incredible vacations, drill? "my knees hurt", career save leader, alcohol. Summer, when not playing polo you worked in a yogurt factory as a handyman, or traveled with a carnival. A true romantic; you were always sailing, cooking a lobster dinner, or spending weekends in the Hampton's with that special someone. It's never been dull and you made it! The only place for you is in the air, good luck as a Naval Pilot. OJB

Robert Joseph Jones
Washington, D.C.
General Engineering
Surface Warface

There are many things I could say about " THE NAVAL ACADEMY," many things I probably should say. But going to school here has made me a better person, for that I will always be grateful. RJJ/ LJD RJJ DWG FN MDR WCO JWD KRW & SRF

Kevan Dean Katuin
Clovis, California
Aeronautical Engineering
Marine Naval Flight Officer

Kev's entering the Naval Academy was like a blind date, he had never seen Canoe U., but it was love at first sight. Third class year brought us Kev from Stalag 13. Regardless, his "tidy" standards earned him a new box on inspection chits. His professionalism carried over to uniforms, service dress whiteworks for evening meal. Losing battle with lipstick at Army '86. However, he did earn 6 stripes, until he thought an afternoon at the pool was more important than NL300. Best memories - swindling our way into the barn, growing your hair to meet that special girl (where is she?), 20k luxury truck with a 13k loan, scaryface's fake inspection chit, flying from airborne for an unforgetabble ring dance, 2 a day workouts that became rackouts, hand to hand with your alarm clock, traditional three amigo soda runs (hook me?), fat lip from guido, having no money but always spending, "I want a jet ski", co. cdr. with the invisible outbox, get the san out Kev! After 4 years of fun, Kevdog aka Canteen, is more than ready to be a Marine NFO and will make a great one. Good luck, love Case and Ron.

Scott Bradley Lysaght
Deltona, Florida
Physical Science
Navy Air

Steve, (I mean Scott) Slapper, Mr. Sklysclock, Slapshot, or T.D. Whatever your name is, the last five years have been unforgettable. Don't forget about NAPS and the pint movies. Plebe year was rough watching you learn American history the hard way. Luckily youngster year began the wrestling EI, even at 2 a.m. You've managed to adopt your Klaus techniques well. After trying half the majors and sitting in on four ac boards, you've become a legend. After the first one, "Why didn't you improve yourself?" Once you did get sat though, the women of Annapolis were ready. Unfortunately the screws on the hinges to our door weren't ready for the flood of plebes. The three foot long strip in your posterior was real interesting too. What a way to wake up! Thanks for introducing me to fieldball. Watching your rubberman impersonation was great. If only you had kept something up - tennis, punting, baseball. Maybe crawling after crabs would have been your strong smooch. Well, we've finally made it. Thanks for being my friend and making me laugh when things weren't always great. SVM

Stephen Victor Martell
Brookfield, Wisconsin
English
Navy Air

Scott (I mean Steve), From Milwaukee to society - what a change huh? You brought many oddities with you: Speech impediments (Oh Nooo..., I'm Sorey, pretty many...); forms of fun (drink beer, listen to Ozzy, drink beer, more beer...); annoyances (cheese on the floor, feet, lint, dirty room...oo); methods of picking up women (go to Gus', visit the beer goddess, STAY IN THE ROOM); and the latest dance steps (1,2 and 1,2 - a real Lawrence Welk dance school graduate). Many other things come to mind - the arctic room, ear operations, the ingrown hair incident, RX-7 repairs, "wrestle mania", pectorals, scissors, denture adhesive job, my verbal carry-ons, attic adventures, my popularity with the Milwaukee bars, Ring Dance, New York city escapades, NAPS, Spring Break 89, Grim Reaper, flying radios, TD, Horsepower, and MARVIN vision - but the best thing that happened was our friendship. You put up with the rough times and helped get me through. Thanks for the brotherly friendship. Fly high through life and let common sense be your guide. SLAPSHOT

Thomas Muir Mathis
El Dorado, Arkansas
Systems Engineering
Nuclear Power - Surface

T came to USNA from the booming southern metropolis of El Dough-Ray-Dough, Arkansas (pop.29,989). College selection was a difficult process, and while the systems engineering department attracted young Tom, it was the free tuition and the nuclear power bonus that convinced him that Annapolis was the place to be. So T escaped from his landlocked state, travelled out East, and finally witnessed an ocean. He came to USNA already engaged to his high school sweetheart, but T quickly fell victim to the "Dear Midshipman..." syndrome. With the recovered ring in hand, T ventured up to Baltimore many a weekend, in search of a suitable replacement for his belle. To no avail, T returned to Crabtown. This enabled him to devote all of his spare time to the one thing that would not dump him: the VAX lab. T's hard pursuit of academic excellence kept him busy as an upperclass. T always made himself available for e.i. with his classmates and especially his roommate. With the knowledge instilled in him at USNA and Orlando, and the leadership obtained from five years in the fleet, T will be a prime candidate for that General Electric position he always drools over. DCH

David Scott Merker
Hawthorne Woods, Illinois
Aerospace Engineering
Naval Flight Officer

Dave's career in 28th co. started well as he lost the co cdr billet and worse yet was given sub cdr. 3/c yr brought more joyful times: statics and dynamics parties (and little dance music played on your stereo unless, it was the Stones); Susan's bad aim at the Beer Goddess; and, don't forget the "Bagaria Conspiracy" with Killer Keith. Then the fun started with wind tunnels and a renewed sense of professionalism (stripes -1, 2, 3, 4, 5, maybe 6 - boiling!). During his reign as 2COMBATT5, I thank him for the early wakeups just as I'm sure the plebes thanked him for the early morning checkups. (By the way, plebes can't do 12 tours in one afternoon). The dilemma then struck - USN or USMC; NFO or NUC$WO. BULLDOG "sucked" but, "a learning experience" - he learned that he had lost 6 weeks of leave. After NAPS detail ("a leadership experience") he returned to USNA to lead his problem children from the land of FORM 2's and starve the upperclass in his squad until the plebes served up on chow. Second semester took Dave to the Valley (Brig Adj) someone should have made him read one of his memos out loud (shovel anyone?). Best of luck Dave. NMN

Julie Anne Morgan
Elliott, Iowa
English
Surface Warfare

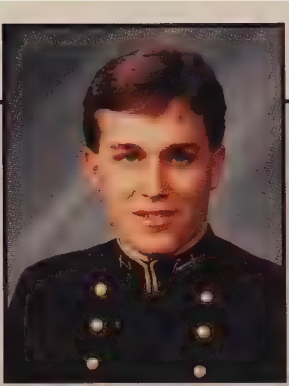
Julie arrived from Elliott (pop. 1/2 our class) one fiesty, motivated Idahoan (oops I meant Iowan). She was ready for the Academy but nothing could have prepared the Academy for her!? She survived plebe year to include: sleeping in the overheads (she could & did sleep always & anywhere as long as she had a good SciFi book); downing tabasco for NAVY; that exam virus ("I won't get it"); Heidi's alarm clock; & most of all BEVANS. 3/c year brought our naive Iowan a rude awakening about men & a new found love for alcohol. Julie was known for friendliness but when she found a CAUSE to fight for WHOA - look out here came the short temper & longwinded speeches. 1/c year brought with it "culture" from Europe, 4 stripes for integrity & a PHONE! ("NO PHONE"- except for Casey T) Here's to wardroom movies, honor lectures & Storm Bros.- it's been a real DOWN HOME experience! THANKS KCJ

Laurie Jean Mundy
Glenside, Pennsylvania
History
General Unrestricted Line

Brrrng....Reveille, Reveille, All hands heave out and trice up. Uh, Laurie, Laurie? Watch out Navy! Don't bother Laurie in the morning. In fact, it might be a good idea if you give here first period off so she can go back to bed after quarters. But really. The real Navy doesn't have reveille. Does it?!Laurie had a real plebe year. She came Skate Twenty-eight from Terrible Two and has been in shock ever since. She learned fast however. In fact, Laurie has the record for the shortest History final - two essays, 30 minutes, passing grade! Here's to the second class training officer - Miss Thomas? Morgan? oh, Mundy, sir; and to the Battalion Adjutant - Reeeport! But most of all here's to the best of roommates. No, I haven't forgotten George. If you two get tired of Crazy -eights and Scrabble, remember your old roommate's drinking coffee at SWOS. Good luck! Congrats! and Thanks for the tuck! BAT

Norberto M. de Nobrega
Rochester, New York
Aerospace Engineering
Nuclear Power - Surface

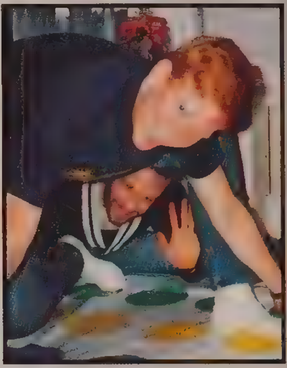
Lord Norb, Captain Portuguese Man of War, the human hard disc. We always ribbed him for his knowledge. He never turned anyone down who needed help,not even witchy-poo who stopped by many times one night for HW EI when she knew of his exam the next day. Your such an introvert? He won't admit it but he owns half my Aero-degree. If it weren't for you I probably would not be here to write this Bio. Don't lose your persistent attitude,it's the reason I know you're going to be great in Nuke school and the fleet. Good luck in marriage to you and "dial C for clue". I still think that stuffed animal was a rat. Drive your Jag under Mach1 you can't afford any more tickets. Try not to exceed 1MB of fonts on the MAC. Seriously though, thanks for putting up with my more than occasional bad attitudes. You are and always will be a good classmate, better roomate, but most importantly a great friend. Let's keep in touch. I'm going to miss ya. DSM



Ronald Joseph Novak
North Huntingdon, Pennsylvania
Oceanography
Naval Flight Officer

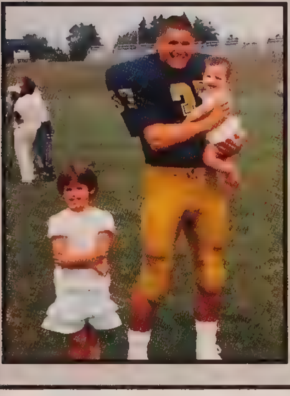
Ron put away his blue jeans and leather jacket to wear the Navy blue and gold at the Boat School. SWO, as we affectionately know and call him, came to 28 after spending his plebe days in the Thirsty 3rd. 3/c year was the start of the friendship of Huey, Louie and Katuie, aka The Three Amigos. Friday nights were never dull- especially bonging Mountain Dew and frisbee (don't worry - clocks look the same without the glass!). Remember Green Beach: sunbathing (hold on to your blanket), snowballs and water for innocent passers-by, and "Mr. Microphone" for the squids at the dances. To celebrate the end of youngsterdom, SWO was treated to a ride in the vator - we know you loved it! 2/c year brought the debts - 24% isn't bad for a loan - really! 1/c was the time for SWO to show his commitment to excellence. He was always ready for formation - even early quarters at 0100! Good times go on - too many to list. In the end, SWO proved us all wrong, and now we should call him "N-F-ovak." Good luck, SWO! Love, Kev and Case

Peter John Oconnor
Saugerties, New York
Political Science
Naval Flight Officer



Upon arriving at USNA, POC devised a way to shorten his stay by the bay: Sleeping 12 hours a day kept him here for only 2 yrs. However, he soon sought companionship more fulfilling than his BIG BLUE BUDDY. Initially he found a Jewel in the hall, but later turned his fancy to the delectable women at Delaware (earning several state police citations as proof of his need). POC finnaly gave up his search and settled upon a hometown girl (almost). His true love had some unusual effects upon Pete - he has shortened his sleep to only 10 hours a day, taken up working out, and has given up chicks and beer. It is funny what the chains of love can do. Senior year was rough on POC, but the red flame held up through Detail and the loss of J.C. Poc snagged a nice jacket out of service selection and is looking forward to marriage and a career in the sky. JT & GH

Mark Robert Pimpo
Strongesville, Ohio
Political Science
Surface Warfare



The Pimps, a Strongesville Ohio native, underwent a strange transformation between NAPS and the Academy. He somehow managed to forget (Nooo! Not Mark) that he was in the military. Mark was a great roommate. He would do anything for you, like: break your rocket project, get you fried 6000 (did he look aroused?), disappear for every formal ever, lose everyone's calculator (everyone). Mark was a great football captain on and off the field. How fast was Tim Brown? Remember Notre Dame (who's winning). Way to stick old Ironhead. Biggest mockeries: leaving only set of car keys in Ohio, Ching-ching I & II, Physics final, 1/c & 2/c PCR, EE (or any technical course for that matter), Beckman, Lydorf trained, Kevin's hereos, all star team #26, no stars, what did you really do for that coat, the Indians (the cellar), Brown's choke, Uze! Hey Darth, did you really go to the dark side with the Princess? How about a side of ribs? Supply Corps???? Don't forget your roots. It's been great and we will miss ya! But remember this, move up not out..YEAHHH! CHEESE & BENNY

Craig Steven Prather
Bronx, New York
Mechanical Engineering
Civil Engineer Corps

Craig, Kringle, Stephen, L.L., who am I today? Sheez, where do I start? Who knows me better than me? Well, probaly Dondi (the rollercoaster, that's right, are we up or down today? Hey bro, best bud, I love the hell out of you too. Check out picture, are we the boys or what? O.K now press it - psssst. Still have the dollar? - BILL. Florida - you're a child...I can drive. Thanks for always being there. Ray, let's go to 'Classics'. Hey Peewee... see yaaaah!! Sheez, on the line - go - 28.1, go again. DT, BJ, the last of The Final 8. Crush Syracuse. "I don't know, what you want to do". Fresh watches, free dollars -Yo Bob, just along for the ride. Know that! Just want the cards to be dealt! Mel-Marc——the new and more corrupt Xtra Body Xtra Bold Xtra Party Xtra Gold. (Coors that is) Eddie-Punk. Eric-Stripe. D.C. is WEAK! Peace Virgo. Vern - my sage, get a real car. M.E. for life. I'm still the champ in all. Good luck Ken. Best roomates ever. SLOBS! See ya Hatch. Mrs V. Luv you. Mom strength, Dad support. Peace and love. I'm outta here, yeah. Thanks God!! C P

Susan Barbara Seaman
Columbia, Maryland
History
U. S. Marine Corps

Formals, J.J.Jingle-Heimer Smith, Hudgens, McMillen, Jimbo, Sarge, "Do I look like a sir?" Crossing the Severn, morning swim practice, diets, escape next door, walking the ledge during Army Week, the hist. prof, USMC, Weekends are for homework, chem. horoscope, night before Herndon, THE PLANT, God's country - radios and JH, Who'd have thought you'd be the 1st to settle down, Good luck! Thanks for the truth, USMC is in for a suprise! BAT Heared about the Seaman girl 4/c yr, I finally met her 3/c yr. What a treat! Her talents - ruining sweatsuits, rolling down hills & climbing through half-closed car windows-where am I officer? Can't forget the toothpaste-crest, red dentucreme, same diff. Once you get over your attraction to closets & Clorox you should be quite a USMC officer, Good luck. SVM Guts, Easter '87, Beer Goddess, Curious spiders on Green Beach, Boynton, O.C.'87, 5456, 1 in 728, "Life's sad, huh Mr. Crab?", anesthesia & pain, Xmas in Rochester, Korbel, Griffin's, 300 lbs. of bananas -enough already, Nobes, Mazda (the battle zone)-18000, 6000, Free 28, Chelsea, Rome & St. Peter's, Puerta del Sol, Jag-hunting, and lastly, ELEPHANT SHOES! NORBY

John Adam Tekverk
Sacramento, California
General Engineering
Naval Flight Officer

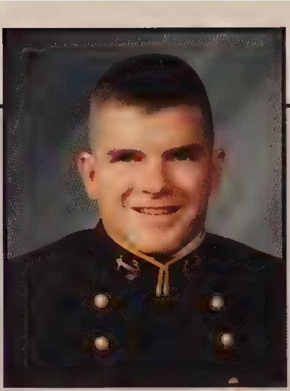
Tek came from his adopted native state of California, aspiring to 'work' in the great blue yonder. While he actively pursued the goal of navy air, John gave a bit of 'luck' to all mids that have roomed with him (except me). Of John's 8 rommates, 6 have been given less than 4 yr tours of this fine academic and military institution. Reasons for the boot ranged from axe boards to fraternization. Needless to say, I became quite wary of my status at Canoe U. when I found out that Tek was "The Roomate from Hell". Anyway, 3/c year found Tek courting the ladies from Sweet Briar Prep and going to other distant places by plane with a former roommate, aka Tom Cruise Jr, a.k.a. the electronics/video connection. 2/c year required more studying so that our fearless, down-to-earth hero wouldn't share his former roommates' good fortune. As a 1/c, John repaired and rebuilt his dream machine, a '69 Camaro w/ 454 cid, 2-4bbl, supercharged w/ NOS, traction bars, roll cage & a fire extinguisher. Actually it was just a '69 Camaro. Service selection came and he secured one of the original 80 NFO billets. You've been a great roommate and friend, do great at P-cola. JBC

29th

COMPANY

Elizabeth Ann Thomas
Chico, California
English
Surface Warfare

Joseph Paul Toth
Byron, Illinois
Computer Science
Naval Flight Officer

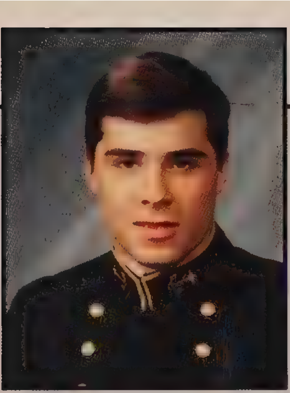


Casey Colin Travers
Forest Hill, Maryland
Mathematics
Marine Naval Flight Officer

It all started with John Jacob Jingle Heimer Smith - she knew all of the words! The note from Sarge - will Chico or Paradise win in this year's Almond Bowl? Chico, the city known for Velveeta cheese and rice cakes, plebe year - escape to the room next door, gymnastics, the O-Course shelf, Nicodemus, this thing is UGLY, D&B and Tom, Tom, Tom, Moving on up to God's country - the Lord of the Rings, more time to spend with the Farrells, those crazy people from Admiral Heights, England, Dukakis- A Democrat to the end, summers in Alaska, juggling three men as a firstie, Roma '89! talking with the Pope, New Orleans (to learn about the south?!?), Father Tom... Beth, We've been through a lot together. Somehow you put up with me - and I thank you. You have grown so much since I met you. Most of all I thank you for the support that you always provided - somehow you always see the good in people. I'm going to miss you! Good luck in Guam SWO MAMA! Susan

Joe came to us from Cornstalk, Ilinios, a psuedo person with little idea of complicated devices such as shoes or indoor plumbing. Joe added a touch of the farm in his own room with his very own pigpen. After he exhausted all of his female prospects at the University of Delaware, Joe turned his attention closer to home, in particular wings 5, 6 and 8. Joe did pick the only major that allowed him to trade a few sleepless nights of "just documenting" programs and sharing a few "ideas" with his classmates, in exchange for an unbroken string of Cinderella Liberty nights on the town. Joe has also displayed an incredible talent for redecorating the insides of cars and coming home with little girls laundry. Joe couldn't make up his mind between subs and air, but all it took was a first class cruise underwater and a few aviation beer musters to convice him that wings of gold were better than an eyeball tan anyday. POC

Casey came from Forest Hill, Maryland, to be commissioned a Second Lieutenant in the United States Marine Corps (UGH!!). Casey was luckily scrambled to Joe Hayden's 28th Company from Capt Peele's 23rd to become our roommate and friend. Here are some of our best memories of Gargles; all night BS sessions in the hall, bonging water during study hour, your first conduct offense - drinking underage with plebes at the Annapolis parking garage and giving the rest of us mids a bad name in town, shoveling snow for restriction days, ski trip to PA, drinking, running around in the snow in your underwear, yuking in your suitcase, slamming Mom's Omni into the curb (oops), taking pictures of the terd (who did it?), being UNSAT for the first 6 weeks of 1/c year, getting engaged to Steph at the Ring Dance, all the golf and liberty of TANGO Co SUB-CDR, USMC OCS Bulldog - Gunny Kelly (Traaaavers), and that night of drinking on your 21st Birthday before the 1st day of PSEP. Good luck as a Marine NFO. Semper Fidelis. Love Kev and Ron.



John Joseph Bellino
Bedford, Massachusetts
General Engineering
Intelligence

John came to us from "Gods country" with extremely high hopes of becoming the Academy's most illustrious lacrosse player. Some misfortunes fell upon him along the way, but John managed to maintain his very eccentric sense of humor. He remains very attached to Carla and their future looks as if its sealed--Good Luck! (I've played that game.) "Stein" began his career here at Canoe U. with his H.P. and Watchman in hand, as well as a name that might be very hard for some of us at USNA to live up to. But Steiner did not let this "handicap" set him back. In fact, I'm sure many people in the future will ask a certain member of the Steiner's family "Hey, aren't you John Bellino's father." What the SWO community lost with an unmentionable, unmentionable, the intelligence department gained with a very demented mind. Best of luck with KH-11--just don't practice any voyeurism. John did manage to forego any of his Cindy libs to become so Huuuge, Hey John, "Have you been lifting lately?" I wish you and Carla all the best and most importantly good health. Take care roomie. MWB.

Mark William Bergmann
Naperville, Illinois
Political Science
Navy Air

The demon roommate emerged from the chaos of the year from Hell's scramble and proved that 12 hours a day does cut your time here in half. His quixotic heroics brought many a locker to its knees. However, some adversaries, and I won't tell you about planes, trains, longer miles or higher shelves, fell less easily. It's been a year of unparalleled gains (cinderella libs, Cancun, finger frolics on the dance floor, a small harem and a large bar bill) and losses (Jill, a working liver, his lunch and consciousness on Hospital point, his phone card and of course my jacket in McGarvey's) He's taught me to never touch (or speak to) Mr. Grumpy in the morning or get too close to that ram jet suction he produces every night (sucked the posters right off the wall). No stranger to the sound barrier, (he shatters it every night) Mark is destined for the skies. As time draws to a close and our paths diverge, be assured that when a jet passes overhead, my thoughts are with you. Good luck! JJB

Mark Raymond Breeden
Jonesboro, Texas
English
Surface Warfare

Mark came to us from a town 60 miles SW of Waco (Jonesboro) Texas. Mark felt a strong sense of duty to his country when completing H.S. so he joined the Navy. He was preparing to attend nuke school but he took a detour to come to USNA to be an English major. Prior to entering, Mark attended Naps where he first entered the dark side. During the trying times of Plebe summer, parents weekend was a memorable one. He joined us on 6-3 and was dubbed "Kitty" for his roaming nature. It seemed like Mark knew everyone in the brigade and was always willing to help a friend in need. While here, he was taught the "Fastest game on foot" by two L.I. buddies. Special memories of Kitty are: Bob's, Mr Kimbo, DTRC, and the former gas station in Georgia. Mark's exquisite treatment of women sometimes got him into trouble. However, he has found an angel from the sky. Maybe Mark will make the mile-high club someday. Best of luck to you Kitty,- You are a good man! Mags & Uke

Daniel David Catlin
Wilmington, Illinois
English
Surface Warfare

I love food! Where's my roommate? That's so stupid! I can't believe that! Dan's always had a way with words. It's hard to talk about this guy...he's been into nearly everything from English to rugby. At first glance Dan appears to be a normal, good-looking guy who laughs a lot and is smart enough not to have to work hard. But much more lurks behind the personality of 'Deputy Dawg' Catlin. Four years at USNA have revealed him to be a true rebel--and the trend of his performance bears it out. Dan is the only mid we know who went from youngster stars and stripes to solid 'C' by first class year and two straight MIR semesters. But this trident scholar in English didn't need any gravy to be the first SWO selectee of the class. In his undying love for the sea, he picked a reserve frigate in Newport. Of course, being close to his wife, Tauria (just like when they were in Bancroft together) might have something to do with it. I hope God blesses that marriage as much as the rest of your life. Keep the faith. We love you Dan. WAF, CAM

John William Datka
Augusta, Georgia
Aerospace Engineering
Navy Air

J.D. Man of many companies. From innocence to "the winner of the bet", you have come a long way. Perhaps the times here can best be described as a time of change. Once from Rebel Country-now from Up-Around-the-Way. At first impression, hatred. Second impression, something beyond hatred, but soon one develops an immunity to abuse and insults. Though dreams of NASCAR and Rusty came in the form of a Prelude, he has had little success on the circuit due to attack from various ditches, and road signs. Thanks from the boys for leave in GA, too bad it didn't compare to that Spring Break in FLA.?! You had the best "set-up" in the Brigade-All high-tech!! Maybe we'll see little "Spike-Crusher" one day, let's hope he doesn't have your hair or lack thereof. Never at a loss for words thanks to the movie industry-"Wanna hear another theory?" What do incompotent mean? Then there were the "atomic" times 2/c yr. bowling, darts, link, Raston, cards, arguing,the eight...Seriously, I have to mention my lost sister Karen-you truly have changed my life. You were my closest friend and I could never be the same. I Miss You Terribly-What plans wasted. JWD KRW SFR FNL JDR JJD WGM DRA ND WCO

Daniel Joseph Eckhart
Dayton, Ohio
Aerospace Engineering
Naval Flight Officer

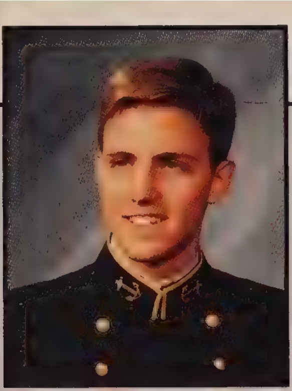
Dan ("Hobbit-head", "Head", "Foot", "the spare amigo", "the other guy", "isoceles-head", "the little black cloud") Eckhart made a name for himself during his stay at the Naval Academy, well actually quite a few names. Always ready with a sarcastic comment or a classic movie line, Dan was never at a loss for words. God forbid he would say something that was never said before. But that's what made Dan-...uhh...umm...Dan. After a rough plebe year, Dan had a rough youngster year, followed by a rough second class year. Displaying one the great leadership traits, Dan showed consistency and had a rough first class year as well. One of his greatest accomplishments to date was the rookie of the year award he won during the 1988-89 season of SEDS+. Seriously though, we will all miss Dan and his valuable predictions of the future (still batting 1.000). He's a great guy and a good friend. Look for the crazy oriental ensign on your training carrier. Don't forget - parry, left-hand salute. Hail Augustus Head! BAW & JRG

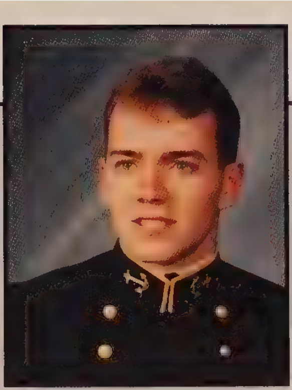
William Albert Fries
Stuart, Florida
Oceanography
Navy Air

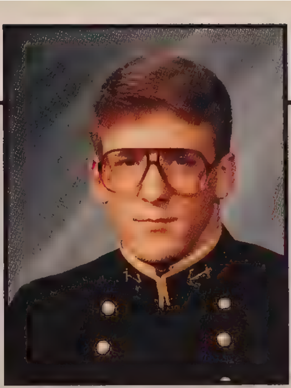
Surf's up, dude! (Somewhere in the world.) And it's always up around William A. Fries. Never before have I met a Floridian who loves to surf so much. So many times people think this southern transplant is from southern Cal. Bill found USNA somewhat of a bad break, however. He started his career at USNA catching a few small swells but when he moved on to 2/c year he caught alot of reef rash. But undaunted as always, he got back up, trying to get a better ride. But first semester 1/c year was a close-out set for this midn-in-ranks. He has fared much better as a squad leader, displaying all the positive leadership skills we knew he had. Lisa, the light of Bill's life--also showed up at this time and went on to become his intended.(He didn't believe she was interested in him until she said yes to his proposal) Bill enjoyed coaching the football and baseball teams--leading them to ignominy. Bill has only five interests in life: God, Lisa, waves, flying, and sleep--in that order. So far he has succeeded in four of the five--I am sure he will in the fifth. I praise God that he brought into my life such a blessed brother. Thanks for all the love, Billy. CAM

Lance Robert Fuller
Valparaiso, Indiana
English
Surface Warfare

Lance needs no introduction. He was the elder statesman of the company - so much older, in fact, that he was too mature for plebe summer. A professional ramrod at NAPS, Lance let the English dept go to his head and spent the next two years trying to find his inner self. He emerged from this trial mentally unscathed (we think), but wasn't so lucky in a rumble 3/c year, when he sacrificed his knee for his classmates. He spent the rest of youngster year playing the blues (literally). Second class year Bob proved himself to be the only man willing to live with our lone Marine. He eventually abandoned this warm, cuddly, lovable individual for another warm, cuddly, lovable individual with longer hair. A combination of his dedication to Sarah, his major, and the Training weenies made Lance our resident hall rat as a firstie. (Honest men differ, however, on how much time he spent working and how much he spent sleeping.) Bob finally overcame the nuke checks and signed on as a Charleston-bound SWO. He takes with him someone far more valuable than anything else. Take good care of him, Sarah, you've got the best Annapolis has to offer. PJL, SSJ, RLS, GFS, RIM, DM







Timothy Cole Gallaudet
Thousand Oaks, California
Oceanography
Oceanography

John Russell Graham
San Antonio, Texas
Computer Science
U.S. Air Force

Steven Robert Hampson
Washington, Illinois
Political Science
Surface Warfare

Paul Alan Herbert
Laguna Beach, California
Computer Science
Nuclear Power - Submarines

Tim has an attitude - a very laid back attitude. Coming to us from SoCal all nice and brown, this "Dude" exhibited all the signs of being a son of the golden state. But upon entry to USNA, however, he lost his golden glow and became a pale white, like a fish out of water. But, this was soon to be remedied when he hit the waters of LeJeune. Tim, always having thrived in the sun, is anything but a night owl. If Ben Franklin is right, Tim should be the healthiest, wealthiest, and wisest man we know. The virtue which is clear in his character is his patience. No one else could look at and smell King Hall food more than he could. Of course, dealing with Timmy required patience as well. Whenever Pops and Freezer went to Timmy for help on a simple homework problem, Tim would show them a four page solution. At I-day, someone conveniently missed the fact that he could not see the colors red and green too well. But since it showed up in precoms, he selected the only male oceanography billet. Still, we are happy that he holds three USNA swimming records and a Scripps scholarship. We know he will succeed in whatever he does. DM CAM

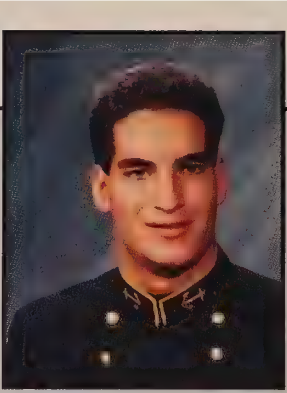
It's hard to say where Jay came from, although most experts believe it was Texas. It has always been easy to see where he was going, because he has subscribed to Air Force magazines since plebe year. Jay was known for pretty much a lot of things, basically, such as pulling three day all nighters which reflected his deep rooted interest in academic excellence, fleeing from six foot Jamaican ladies, breaking all ten toes at the same time in what must surely have been the most amazing trick wrestling move ever created by man, el numero uno del "tres-amigos", and mastering every single computer game ever created. Also notable was Jay's love of Egyptian transfer students (the Sheriff), well-endowed local women, and striper mentality as a whole. We wish Jay a great life in his enviable Air Force career. He has been the greatest roommate and friend (This was said so he would not hold a grudge against us). APH BAW TVW. Oh, by the way, during second semester in his spare time he ran the company.

Hampswo arrived from Illinois as USNA's campus Republican, ready to do or die for God and country (as long as he didn't have to cut his hair). He generously acted as the house in the youngster poker games, and prudently replaced our money with chips the day before the OOW raided us. Steve really enjoyed his Poly Sci major - even when he wasn't trying to get a job with Bob Michel. Sports were always important to Steve - from unsuccessfully running for a letter to successfully playing golf with the battalion officer. Second class year he endeared himself to the class of '91. As a firstie, Steve achieved the pinnacle of his USNA career - twice. We hope that the Kilo company plebes and the firstie intramural coaches will be able to recover. All in all, a more loyal friend could not be asked for. From gorp at football games to driving the besotted men around, Steve was always there. Good luck driving ships. RLS SSJ PJL LRF DM GFS CAM

Allright, so he plays frisbee. Well, maybe "played" more adequately describes the situation (Don't trip over those lines on the court! The contractors probably forgot to sand them). Still, the Casanovist Don Juan de los Corazones Quebrados merits high esteem. Paul's captivating charm draws women too numerous to count. And, though his logic fails to rival that of a decapitated Buddhist (It was Ted's fault), all of us in Stand-In-Line are indebted to Paul for the time he spent solving our problems. His determination led to crucial roles in hoops, ultimate, and crew. He overcame any athletic challenge with the exception of the unsanded basketball court. Even though he persists in taking the wrong side of any argument, there's no one else I'd rather have a cerveza with. At some point in history, Paul took on a relaxed view of life. His parents may have left the impression, or perhaps California brought it out. Whatever the reason, the attitude brought some common sense to the boat school. Thanks for everthing. Save a good time down under. MKM

Adam Patrick Holmes
Flagstaff, Arizona
Political Science
Navy Air

Coming to the Academy having never seen it before and having no military background in your family at all will teach you many things. You learn just how idealistic you are and how few people there are who really care about much more than their own posterior. In this business its probably hard to blame them. Those friends who really do care are more valuable than anything else you could have, and those amazing people are what made this entire experience worthwhile. Thank you very much. I remember my friends in the Gulag (Did Duff ever like anyone besides Staubach? He probably threw strikes), an amazing plebe room(1 USAF, 1 MD, 1 MPO, 1 BM3), eating about 375 pounds of pasta and about 21,000 protein drinks, Doc and the Powerlifting Team, (Gadget Lifter), coaching the swim team, Chris(the Captain), Jay (from dust to dust my old, old friend), and 2nd set and Team 29 (we were the best there ever was). I am going to try to forget everything else. "Tough times demand tough hearts"- N. Peart APH



Anthony Joseph Iuculano
East Rockaway, New York
General Science
Supply Corps

"Uke" started his naval career (yes,career) a "macho hairy chested man." Tony arrived in 29 to embark on a career as an oceanographer. Tony (A.K.A. Uke-lid) soon discovered that his mathematic expertise made him more suited for a career as a scientist (general). Over the years Uke entertained us on the lacrosse field as a key member of Navy's defense. Special memories of Tony include: Bob's; breakfast at Denny's; part owner of Econo Lodge; Carmine; DTRC; summer in Cali; getting "uked"; friday night bull sessions; "21" in smoke hall; and intervals. After graduation Tony looks forward to exploring the South, having a fine five years and eventually opening "Puke at Uke's." Good luck to a great friend. Mags & Kitty

Scott Stuart Jensen
Salmon, Idaho
Mathematics
Marine Air

If Scotty "Yutch" Jensen isn't hard core, then neither is smashing your head into a brick wall for Navy. He was destined to be a Marine from birth, with hair that just WON'T grow more than a couple of millimeters. Hair or no hair, this choleric/melancholy commanded more respect than any ten people in 29th company (this was partially due to his frequent promise to break the arms of any who dared harass him). He may have tried to be a tough marine, but his roly-poly face and the laugh that people in first wing complained about revealed the big teddy bear inside. His plebes will forever be the "crazies." Scott wasn't named national academian of the year, and he never wore more than a couple of platoon commander stripes; he didn't have a chest full of ribbons or a sweater covered with N-stars. More than these things, Scotty had a heart for people. If he did nothing else at Navy, Scott labored to make his character more pleasing to the Lord Jesus Christ, and to leave behind him some other guys who wanted to do the same thing. If Scott Jensen doesn't make the Marine Corps proud, then Chesty Puller will have to come back to do it himself. CEC

Carther Frederic Jorgensen
Chesterfield, Missouri
Ocean Engineering
Surface Warfare

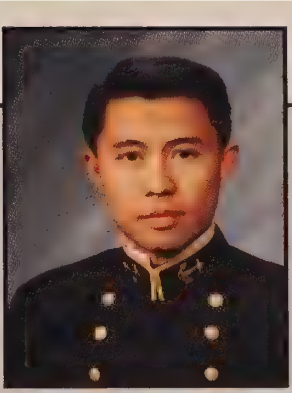
Carther, also known as Cat, came to Annapolis straight from Missouri. While in Missouri, he developed his terrible taste in music (Iron Maiden and Sammy Hagar). After surviving a fun-filled plebe year in the 4th company, Cat enjoyed his summer vacation with the fleet in Hawaii and Vancouver. During his youngster year at a mixer, he met "Rocki", the woman of his dreams. During second class summer his parents moved to New Jersey. (What a mistake!) Rocki was embarrassed when they went to the Homecoming Dance with Cat's black eye from a recent boxing match. Sometime before the Ring Dance, Cat "threw his life away" by getting engaged to Rochelle. After getting engaged, he left for a month on the Iwo Jima which was in port in Isreal for most of his cruise. During his first class year, he became known as "The Halsey Bomber" after blowing up his Marine Power Systems project in the parking lot. On Service Selection Night he made his "Rocki" very happy by selecting a reserve ship out of Philadelphia. Good luck at SWOS and have a good Naval Career! RAU

Paul John Ling
Allison Park, Pennsylvania
Political Science
Nuclear Power - Submarines

Peej crawled out of the woods of Western PA eager to expand his horizons by going under them. He has proved to be a man of infinite resource and sagacity, braving perils that ranged from rabid mice to last minute papers. His dedication to the poly sci major is best demonstrated by his selfless sacrifice of liberty time to closely inspect the White House and neighboring receptacles. Despite his support for the major, it routinely shattered his serene facade by keeping him here 'til the last exam. 2/c summer found him working as a maid for the BOQ at AUTEC. He stands alone in his ability to provide a fine military example, giving personal advice and evaluating the plebes with anyone who would listen. If that's confusing, he was. The love of his life was also a media star; much to his chagrin she shredded their relationship. He left his friends 1/c year to go to G-town. He heard mids could have a good time there. He didn't know they were talking about the bars and not the college. We know you'll have luck with you; anyone who gets an eye waiver to go subs will do well anywhere. Best wishes, and remember: a hunker is not a squat. GFS

Thomas Joseph Magnani
North Massapequa, New York
Physical Science
Surface Warfare

"Mags" joined us on 6-3 after surviving an arduous plebe year on 4-0. Tom played lacrosse for two seasons, but finally decided that being "P-squared" for "the Bear" wasn't for him. The eight-year committment sent "Iceman" into the SWO ranks (conn naked). The hooks sank deep into Tom after he met Jill and he soon ended up in the cooler. Mags initially desired to be an engineer, but the curriculum proved not to be interesting enough and Tom thus became a member of an elite group of scientists - physical. Some of our favorite memories of Mags include: Bob's; Helo-repelling; Part-owner of Econolodge; Friday night bull sessions; his shrine to organization - his desk; and a firm belief in the conservation of energy in relation to P.E. tests. We've had a great time, we wish you and Jill all the best in the future. Uke & Kitty



Roderick Caesar Manabat
Modesto, California
Political Science
Surface Warfare

Although he is often quiet and reserved, it's not for lack of character by any stretch of the imagination. As a matter of fact, sometimes he's the only one around to help in a rumble. Rocket Rod (a.k.a. BananaManabat) has a great love for Christian music, and he's full of creativity. Through setbacks, challenges, defeats, and struggles (i.e. FP358, changing Cat's taste in music), Rod has never given up the ship (Or the rack). Rod is known for cursing his first class roommate before he went on dates with the familiar phrase, "Don't do anything I wouldn't do." He is a deadly dart player and a graceful golf player, and he has a weakness for ice cream. His dedication to his major found him studying in Nimitz Library just about every night, as well as becoming a hall rat on weekends when not participating in Navigator exploits. Rod has the fortunate experience of sending one of his former roommates to the alter (Cat & Rocki). Although he is more committed to his faith than anyone we know, he has yet to commit to visit Maggies with Pops and Yutch. Good luck in the surface community. DM,CAM

Matthew Kane Martin
El Paso, Texas
Mathematics
Navy Air

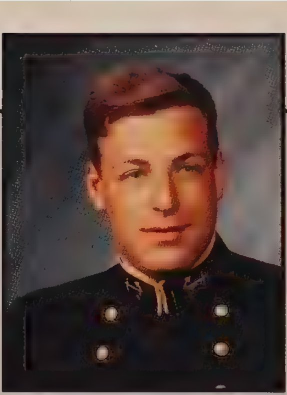
Ah, Young Cricket from El Paso, Texas. Prior to coming to 29 Matt rowed crew, until he caught a huge crab that pulled him in. Youngster year saw Matt as the Invisible Mid, always out sailing. Grades were on the upswing until he sacrificed the Buddha. Second class year saw us hitting the bars in DC, but remember to watch those ice slicks when getting out of the truck. Mateo was the best roommate a person could ask for, although he had a wierd fetish for collecting banana labels and was a diehard UTEP fan. Go UNM. As firsties Matt showed what it took to be a good leader as he made sure that his plebes had plenty of chances to show their spirit at the table. Matt also became too good to go out with PJ, BEAR and I. Remember the Brickskeller, hoops and raquetball. The girls at Penn St. and USC will miss you Don Juan, must have been your blue eyes. Good luck in the air, that is if your breakaway arresting bar breaks, maybe they should use rubber bands instead. HERB

Charles Andrew Messenger
Salinas, California
Physics
Nuclear Power - Surface

Questions, comments, complaints, or emotional outbursts? If so, contact this 6'3" central Californian - he'll listen. Not only will he listen, chances are Chuck will provide a few salient comments of his own to ease the tension and anger of the moment. Besides being a great conversationalist, the guy can sing and play guitar! Chuck hung out with the Glee Crew for four years and sang with the group at exotic ports-of-call all around the globe. In between Glee Club movement orders, Chuck practiced dustin' Russkies in Luce, enjoyed tennis and racquetball, attended National Symphony Orchestra concerts, stayed involved in OCF, hung out at Dunlap's, and racked liberally. Oh yeah, I almost forgot...he studied a little bit, too. Chuckles was never very stoked about his P. E. grades, but that's no problem because the Nuclear navy is looking for a few good minds. Best wishes through Nuke training and aboard Jarrett! May the Lord truly bless you with the desires of your heart as you continue to honor and trust Him in everything that you do! WAF

David Milot
Lake Tranquility, New Jersey
Oceanography
Surface Warfare

Pops came to 29 as our token New Jerseyite and has left his imprint on us all ever since. He was famed for his inexhaustible supply of strongly worded opinions - and also for his willingness to voice them at anyone within range. Obviously, no one ever told him that discretion was the better part of valor. Dave was always good for a half hour of spectacular entertainment with a vivid analysis of his latest female acquaintance. For that matter, he was also good for a late night pro flick if the stories of cradle robbery ever got dull. Over the years, Dave's sister and her hapless friends got to meet just about all of us on one sordid road trip or another. Of course, the road trips got better when he got a car that could go faster than 35 miles per hour. As the perpetual SWO (hence the name), Pops will doubtlessly excel in the fleet. Too bad the Air Force picture didn't turn out. Good luck, Dave - we'll love hearing your commentary on the next twenty years. PJL RIM RLS SSJ GFS



Reece Donald Morgan
Columbia, South Carolina
Political Science
Surface Warfare

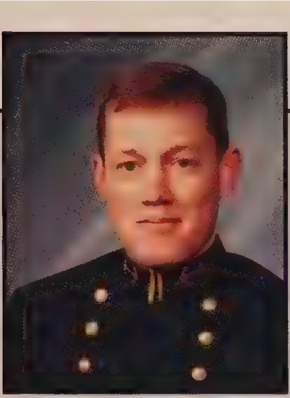
Claiming either South Carolina or Georgia as home, depending on where the hunting and fishing was better at the time, Reece is truly a "Southern Gentleman." From his name to his 4.3 liter S-10 Blazer to his pace of drinking to even his school work, Reece has always taken life slow and easy. Deadlines, regulations and ultimatums were always just a guide for him - never a problem. A stop at NAPS started Reece on his way to becoming one of the leaders of '89 in 29th Company's many extracurricular activities on both week and weekend nights. Many an underclass would wish to have his working knowledge of the steam tunnels on Hospital Point and across (or should we say under) the road. As a true connoisseur of music, Reece has developed many a mixed tape that will remain in Bancroft long after he and his system have departed. Always ready for anything with a whoop and a holler, Reece will definately give a new look to not only the surface navy but also Germany while he's TAD there. Thanks for all the great times. JKR

Kip O'Connor
Annapolis, Maryland
General Science
Surface Warfare

Kip O'Connor was one of a few humble midshipmen who did not submit a biography by choice. Like most midshipmen, however, he was probably one who excelled in all that he attempted and in all the organizations in which he participated. Though his life at USNA has not been summarized in this small space, the memories of this individual will surely be present in the minds of all who knew him.

William Calvin Ormsby
San Diego, California
Mathematics
Surface Warfare

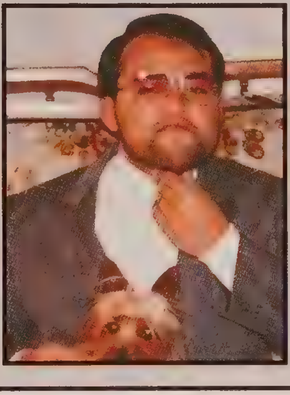
Orms, Will, Bill, Water, TGHO, the six of us will always remember the shrugging shoulders, barrel laughs, and being "ON" I'm glad we roomed and you changed over. The last years in the rack were, should I say, quiet, dark, cavelike.... It was fun becoming nocturnal living dead creatures. Remember the bowling addiction, late night burger runs, and weekly athletic spurts (Sore backs, headaches...) The many nights in the "wardroom" were great. Also special thanks from Ford for valuable "bushes and weeds" information in the crash tests for the 88 Mustang!! Congrats on the bootleg "shotgun" license with the Gels-man.. Give up the video games. We'll always beat you in darts, and remember when all else fails, it's mine!!! Don't forget you would never, ever, ever have reached Level 5 without help! You are the God of racquet sports... but what can you do from 20?? "For your strength","up along the way", Hood, Plastic, Outdoors, Cold, bitta, Tony and Mary's, and I'll challenge you to 3 bulls. WCO JWD KRW SFR LJD FNR JJD WGA NDM DR



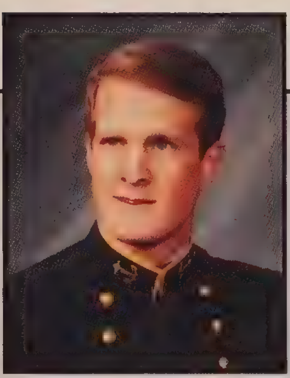
James Kelly Reining
Omaha, Nebraska
Aeronautical Engineering
Navy Air

Jimbo came to us from Omaha, Nebraska as a shoe-in for the Marine Corps. Being a Cornhusker, one might think that Jim only cared about beer, dogs, trucks, guns, and women (in that order). Although those items do rank high on Jim's list of priorities, he has taken advantage of his educational opportunities. In addition to an incredibly demanding major, Jim worked his arse off to become #1 in Navy debate. Debate? Jim doesn't fit the stereotype. His strength of will and determination to succeed have enabled him to validate most P.E. tests, keep a 3.0 average (at least), argue anyone into the ground, and still have time to party. After many, many beers and one very fast car, Jim decided that his true course was Naval Aviation. He will finally be a real big-pants man. Road-trips, Friday nights in the Citation, and tales from the great outdoors - oh, the stories we could tell. Best of Luck. RDM

Robert Maldonado Ruiz
Piru, California
Mathematics
Surface Warfare



Bob was the company's handyman, supply man and resident illegal alien. The only thing Bob was not, was SAT. For four years, he cruised the hall with his shoebox leaving smiling faces in his wake. Annual trips to Georgia gave Bob the chance to try waterskiing. Anyone who saw his intial attempts will never forget his stand up, sit down, stand up, sit down technique. Those of us watching thought it was hysterical, but for Bob, sitting down on water while traveling 25 miles an hour was a painful experience. Winters were always tough on Bob; the cold, academic boards, the cold. If the temperature dropped below 50, he would never go anywhere without his gloves, hat and four layers of clothing. Now he is leaving the East coast and returning to California where he can enjoy the weather, the women and the surfing. Maybe with the change in environment, he will finally grow into his feet. MSS

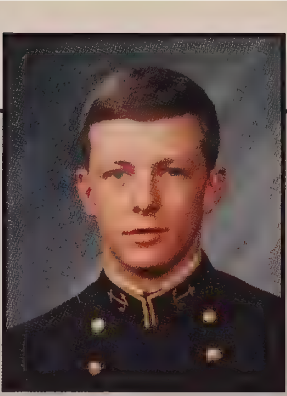


Gerard Francis Schaefer
Powell, Wyoming
Mechanical Engineering
Nuclear Power - Surface

Gerry was the man who was always able to maintain that big, broad, flexible outlook - at least with respect to wine, women, and song. Oddly enough, it never seemed to apply to plebes. At any rate, our man Schaefer arrived from the boondocks (Wyoming, to be precise) unaware of the interesting escapades that awaited him as a midshipman. Plebe year he spent enthralled on the feminine sine wave - only to receive the legendary dump as a youngster. ("Oh - I guess you didn't get my letter.") He adapted, improvised, and overcame. Second class summer was a bacchanalian extravaganza: AUTEC, Pensacola, and all the rest. Gerry distinguished himself academically second class year, surviving the Rocket and friends. May 1988 was worth the wait: rings, spring, and driving. As a firstie, Gerry continued to enjoy the things he valued most: pretty girls, expensive cigars, good Scotch, mechanical engineering, and stripes. Those who knew him were not surprised when the Administration plucked him from us to be a striper maggot. (We never let on, though.) Good luck at school and in the fleet, friend. You've made it a good four years. PJL

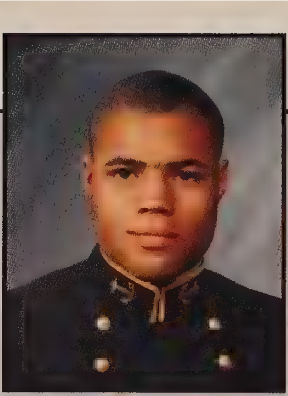
Matthew Sprague Scribner
Middlebury, Connecticut
Ocean Engineering
Navy Air

Matt, the exception to the norm, came to America via Opanake, New Zealand. His childhood claim to fame; an academic debut on Romper Room. In H.S.: 4 yrs. Var. Tennis, Yearbook Editor, and N.H.S. A prime target for this fine institution. He chose the Walls of Granite because, "I want to be the best I can possibly be" (sorry Matt). I was his Plebe Summer squad-mate (FUB.. 5!!), 3/c year roommate, and stand-in-line friend. Matt was a Dant's dream coming true: a 3.44 Plebe Yr.; Ocean Eng., a 3.5, and Var Rifle 3/c year. Yes, a Mega-Striper in the rough. Then came along BW who saved him from years of signing Deuces. Matt could've spent his free time studying more, and being the best the Administration wanted him to be. Instead, he chose power runs to CO., ME., and GA. for beer, women, and the best snow and water skiing to be had (he's an animal after all); good times at the Logan House; and hockey games at Chili's. He lived up to his goal with a 3.7 1/c yr., but also became a best friend to many others. He is destined to be one of the more successful officers of our small group. Good luck and thanks. The MEXICAN & WARDROOM "B" CREW.

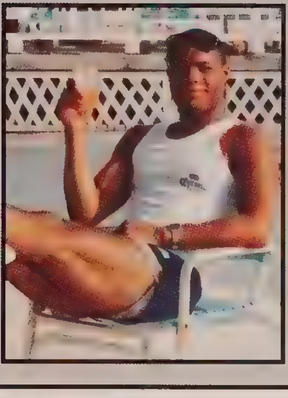


Randall Lee Smith
Memphis, Tennessee
Aerospace Engineering
Naval Flight Officer

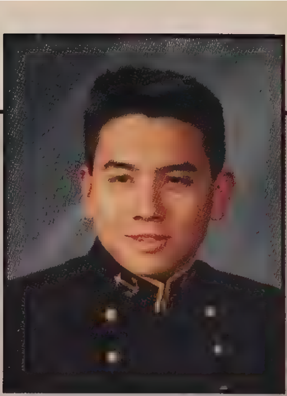
Randall Lee Smith, better known as Tex came to the hallowed halls of Bancroft all the way from Memphis, Tennessee. After surviving his plebe year in 4th Company, he followed his "buddy" to good old stand in line 29. For the next five semesters he managed to survive rooming with a yankee, despite his rebel objections. Rooming with Tex was an adventure, between the two of us we probably failed more swim tests and spent more nights up past 2 a.m. than any other roommates at USNA. Also, I still have yet to figure out how you could be so lucky at cards and not with the ladies. I must say I have enjoyed the good times, like the ring photo night and that memorable pre-Veterans Day bash in Georgetown. I even missed not rooming with Tex, the last semester, even though my picture frames were safer. I hope you put all those good Aero hours to good use as a NFO. Best of luck with the Navy and hopefully Miramar. SRH



Theodore Vernon Wingfield
Pheonix, Arizona
Mathematics
Nuclear Power - Submarines



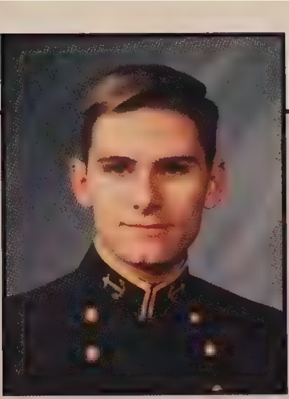
Ted Theodore Wingfield, one of the tres-amigos (the group whose experiences and adventures are legendary and unequalled among mankind). A kind, gentle person. A lover of small creatures...sorry, wrong bio. He came from Phoenix and arrived here via NAPS. He used boxing to vent all the frustrations of this place until he took the reins of 29th company his first class year. With his patented response to stupid questions and his politician like demeanor, Ted showed great leadership potential, initiative and worst of all, common sense (We all know the rest of the story). Anyway, he has always been there when we needed him, especially those few occasions when we tipped the bottle a little or left the country for a little bit without anybody knowing. We will end this with a quote from our illustrious leader, "You don't want to piss this guy off." Good luck, don't become a geek and don't abuse your nuke roommate too much. Your little buddy and medium buddy, BAW & JRG.



Brian Anthony Wong
Elkton, Maryland
General Engineering
Surface Warfare

Affectionately known by his closest friends as 'little buddy', Brian typified the ideal midshipman. His thirst for knowledge was never quenched, his quest for professional excellence never ending, his self-sacrificing nature never questioned, and his duties to the rack never taken lightly. Brian is the type of guy who can't help but make friends...and an enemy or two. For those us who were his close friends, Brian will be remembered for his love of gadgets, one-week bulk up plans, short tour with the "dark side", second class year post-exam social gatherings, almost being separated at the end of every semester (Thanks Lynn for motivating him to rediscover his books and show him what grades are!), and trading in his Midstang for an LTD Crown Victoria (a historic first for a midshipman). One of the "tres-amigos", Brian provided a means for an annual escape to the "Island of Luf." The bottom line is that Brian Wong was a great friend. We wish him well in his duties as Pepsi-Machine Officer on board USS Kitty Hawk and a lightning quick five years. TVW JRG & MSS

30th COMPANY

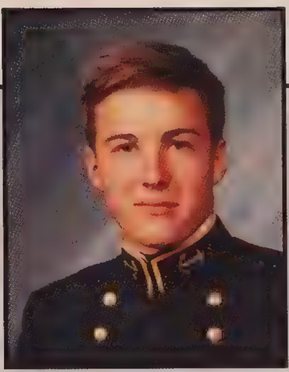


Richard Alan Beutter
Irvine, California
Electrical Engineering
Nuclear Power - Submarines

Hey Retardo, Boc Choi Dude. What a party EE has been. Ok, so it hasn't been such a party, but it has kept you occupied. At least you had weekends free to journey northward. Your youngster babe, second class sweetheart, and first class frustration: how could we ever forget the Aimsters. Youngster Friday nights of relaxation, fun, and EE labs were the perfect way to end the week. As a member of the lifeboat crew, you sailed the seven seas, and always ended up in San Diego. Of course San Diego is the only place for an oingoman like you. When you're there, take a ride on the wild side. You know what they say. Look for the eternal tan. La La La. Anyway, Rick Stop! Look What You're Doing. You're headed straight for the top. Wait a minute, you're going down. Down under the surface, and we thought you were allergic to seafood. We all wish you were allergic to Oatios. Olfactory overload. "We'll put more than words in your mouth." Spud in your mouth. "Recuerdo 'a todos!" JLG CSH

Robert William Busby
Redford, Michigan
Electrical Engineering
Nuclear Power - Submarines

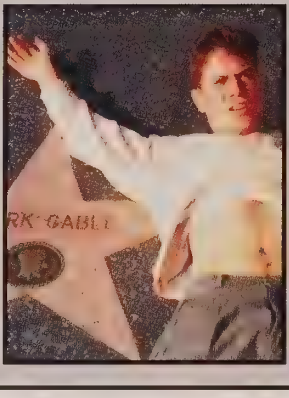
Buzz, or as he was more commonly known, Mr Happy, truly is the happiest man in the Navy. He graduated from high school shortly after Woodstock and began his descent upon USNA via the Great Lakes Recruiting Command and NAPS. APS was a good thing, as Buzz met a few derelict friends and learned that Tryon eats spiders... As a plebe, Buzz decided that because he liked history so much he would become a EE. After sailing the high seas with Chuck & Pipes, Buzz moved to the "Dirty Co" and spent much time complaining that his major was a little too easy. For extra assignments he would go see professor Kimbo at the Alumni House. Meanwhile the dot on his nose continued to grow. Although his first love was always the Nav, Cupid's arrow struck again and Buzz fell, this time for Samantha. And the dot grew even larger. First class year found Buzz overloaded with free time and he spent his time playing the quiet game, leading expeditions with the shipwrecks and flying gouge airways. Graduation means the knot for Buzz and hopefully by then the dot will be full grown. Good luck & remember, if it sounds stupid, count me in.BC



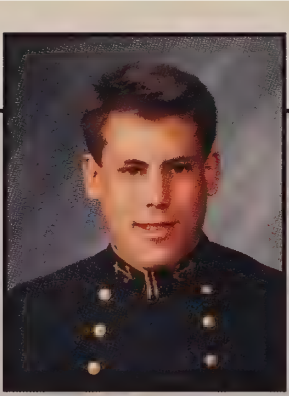
Robert Ansel H. Cady
Pacific Palisades, California
Political Science
Navy Air

Bob never had a youngster year in the Dirty Co. While we waxed our floors (Sat. morn formals), Bob was on Sailing M.O.'s earning his letter sweater. He was the smilin' kid from L.A. who was only there Mon.-Fri. When not on M.O.'s, he was in bondage somewhere in G-town developing his social life. He aced 2/c year taking EE by a storm, unfortunately, Sue didn't notice so Bob canned the books and stuck with partying. Taking flight to heart, we know it'll suit his laid-back, easy-going self. Whether an urban-marine, out in Matt's truck, or just being zany, it was a pleasure to be with him. Camping gave us male-bonding, and we remember his easy smile; sipping the recipe. Senior year-out of the barn. Your own room(kept cold) with the D&B for a stereo. Bob, when there was; no hot water, C.O.T., drill, watch, a lecture at 19:15, a paper and grease due, you always had a smile for us. If you asked us, "we had it worst than the rest"; thanks for taking it light and being a great friend. See you in some smokey bar someday. Buzz Matt Sluggo

Thomas Emmett Coker
Houston, Texas
English
Surface Warfare



THE BALLAD OF RIB VAN WINKLE (OR ODE TO TOMMY)
Of splendor in the grass, of glory in the flower man regains but in his dreams . . . rebuilding by the lamplight of ever sleepless nights cold day dodged by leaden lid, eyes slitted to the world: real and unreal vanish into the fair luminous mist. Born of Sweet Jane in Lithe's lap with a Texas size heart and one rib too many, he traded in his horse for a VW bug and a doors tape and came north to Byzantium.
Well that's where we come in see. That Eastern climate's jest too wet for Emmett. Good thing too I reckon cuz he never could get up for skool ceptin' somebody drag him. That bein us. Cars and women was nothin but trouble so he might of confused 'em and punched the wrong one for all we know. I reckon Miss Krissy oughten do him right, tho. Look like the sun ain't never gonna set for him (At least Tommy ain't gonna turn out the lights).
Rigo

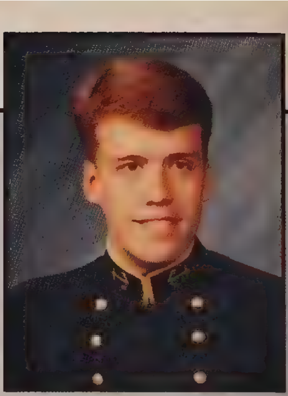


Nicholas Joeseph Etten
Oak Park, Illinois
Political Science
Special Warfare

From the start, this man named Crazy Nick was destined for greatness. He came to USNA prepared to be a model mid.But a 5000 series and a rough time in sc105 adjusted his goals. He soon turned to the rugby pitch and breaking hearts. 2/c yr was Jen1&2, mono, and his true love: BULLDOG. After summer camp, he decided the corps wasn't for him, and turned his love south. Kindling the flames with spring break and Ring Dance, Nick fell for Southern gentility. He never forgot his friends and weekends will go down in history: stereo rip-offs, Matt's friend in Ohio, his "ranger" do on 3/c spring break, O'Shea's and his pick-up lines, a borrowed sport-coat for a trip to Daytona, golfing in the graveyard at River Mill, his new car, and singing the Unicorn at the Times. All of this brought 1/c yr and great times w/his buddies: baby-sitting at BC and in CA, two-stepping at Cowboys, and piking out at the catacombs. Nick's 2nd sem. was consistent: great plays in rugby, stellar performances in the classroom, and personal attention from our leader. The seals are getting a hard worker to add to their team. Remember, look after your thumbs, and once you complete Buds Dave will never give you a "wet-willie" again. Give 'em hell hook man.
Feug Grif, Jr

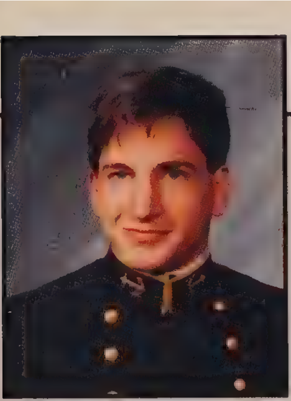
Thomas Patrick Farina
Ledyard, Connecticut
Mathematics
Nuclear Power - Submarines

Midn Farina aka Chop, TP, exemplifies the high standards to which USNA aspires. His dedication is surpassed only by his tranquility in stressful situations as evidenced by his ability to fall asleep in 30 secs in uncommodious, alien environs such as the back of a 300zx, or a room w/stereo playing, and roommate on the phone. His accomplishments are: showing the aptitude to make the best of harsh conditions by going through Xmas leave w/o the benefit of a razor; showing parsimoniousness commendable in the j.o. by stretching the barest modicum of clothing through numerous weekends by shrewd borrowing (replace uniform items for civilian clothing); upholding democratic ideals in relationships by befriending every one; showing dexterity with mechanical devices using no more than a widget and brute strength and the cry of "No dude, I can fix it, HHHHH!"; displaying financial genius in putting his "pop" to work as chief broker of the Chop empire; saving the math dept. thousands of dollars in man hours by tutoring a class of 16 math majors nightly. Midn Farina deserves the recommendation for promotion to full professor - w/salary. Seriously the Chop's a good dude. We shouldn't give him so much grief. NGR and 1I



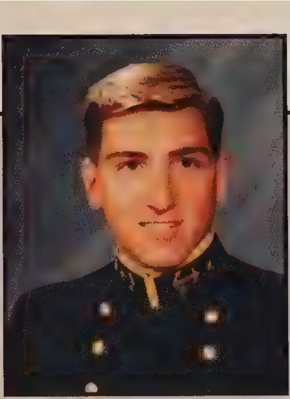
Shaun Robert Flanagan
Arlington, Virginia
Oceanography
Naval Flight Officer

Fooligan came to the Boat school from Arlington set on continuing his success as a crew jock. He survived 4/c year in 19th before opting for the more relaxed confines of the Dirty co. where he soon realized that sleep really was more fun than rowing. 3/c year-Cry babies(Halloween); campfires and ghost stories with Molsen, Gags, and the Sweat; and getting the dirt on skip's lovelife. 2/c year brought a 6-2 room across from the Animals, nightly steerage worker greetings, extra home appliances, and two very contraversial squad leaders. 1/c year-Flan found himself on 4-1 as 2nd Reg ops (Pep Rallies-UGH!). He spent most of his evenings out taste-testing light drafts. This continued until a certain ensign caught him out at 0100 on a weeknight. Luckily, that didn't stop our attempts at foiling that Army mule (eee aww). But it eliminated Christmas Break in favor of restriction. Second semester, Flanagan finally decided that NFO would be more fun than SWO so he spent of his weekends celebrating his future career. In all his years, Flan will be known for his good nature, world traveler status, and his mom who gave us all a second home. Good luck Shaun. You've been a great friend and I wish you all the best-Molsen.



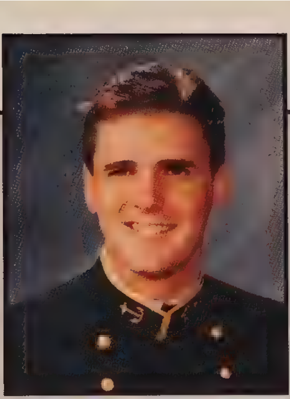
Christopher Louis Fraticelli
Quakertown, Pennsylvania
Economics
U. S. Marine Corps

Frat got into USNA like most of us, through the backdoor, NAPS. Right from the start his reputation started with his antics. Frat has been wrestling ever since and complaining the whole way. Losing weight, 142lbs, can't make it, sleepless nights and Sustical. We all know Frat as "Clubber". "The Min" came into Frat's life his junior year. Since then he has made numerous trips to Philly for "Duty". The Ho Chi Min trail has taken on a whole new meaning. Junior year started at Ocean City and the backkk!!. The 'Vous (headquarters) was also a frequent stop. Sometimes too frequent, usually ending up sleeping in the car or rushing back for taps. Frat is also known for his academic accomplishments. We are not sure, but we are pretty postive Frat is the only one ever to fail spanish at USNA. Yes, the Marine Corps will definitely suit him. He will finally get tailored uniforms and a haircut that brings out his nose. Even though our senior years were bogged down with "Duty", and soon we will be going to our seperate "Corps", I know we will remain good friends. PMR



Tyler Lane Frautschi
Chapel Hill, North Carolina
Physics
Navy Air

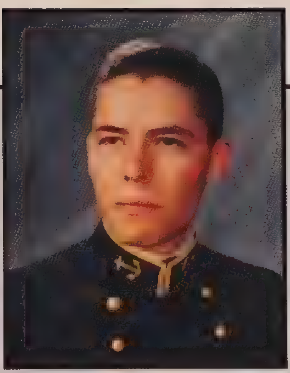
Ty found his way out of the woods of N.C. and away from all those hogs and dawgs (or is it PhD.'s?) to USNA to pursue those wings of gold. He spent 4/c year as a guinea pig for the improved 4/c indoc system and Patton's Pro manual and came to the Dirty Co. a better man because of it. After a quiet 3/c year, the real "Par-Ty" came alive. With 2/c sup's weekends and a "car" nearby, Chapel Hill was a quick trip in the death cruiser. The wild trips kept Ty up late during the week trying to keep his grades up. He soon became the master of the 20 min power nap. Luckily, Ty was able to keep his 20/20 vision despite all those late nights studying Physics. 1/c year came and saw more of the same - late nights, power naps, and great weekends. Ty commanded the Dirty Co. 2nd sem. but lost a roomie to the 4-1 group ("...just this much, Ty"). He did a great job as our fearless leader. Thirtieth will never be the same. Thanks for the great times, Terone, you found me a home. Good luck at flight school, you'll do just swell, besides, you won't have any one there to do "just this much better" than you. Yo', Frauch, knock 'em dead in P-cola. Give me two. A true fiend, Ed EFT



Paul John Gallagher
Philadelphia, Pennsylvaia
Mathematics
Surface Warfare

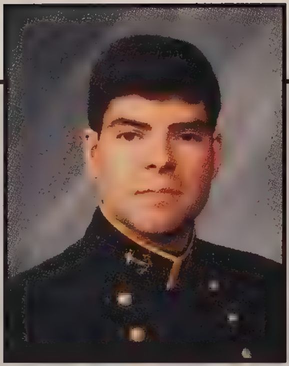
Gal...Gags...No "D"... T.V. Guide... straight from Philly with cheesesteaks and pretzels he came to USNA a professional and "Jarhead" to be. A perfect pleber indeed. Third class year and one woman later Gal had his priorities established and graduation strategy set. Smooth sailing... wrong! Second class year Gal and Bill Mann looking for that 2.0 by day and looking to get arrested late at night... the car broke down... we were there... WHOOPS!... Taps, oh well! Gal could always be counted on for the weeks supply of movies from Erol's and passing a desperate course with an "A" on the final. Bill gone and still no shoulders First Class year was marked by Gal's perfect accountability. By day one merely checked the "BLUE CLOUD" and by night one checked Gal's room, the Ward room. Weekends were for Suzanne, Coor's Lites and Sign of the Whale. Well, GAGS made it. The four-leafed clover helped! Gal... a sense of humor, an attitude, a personality, and yes indeed, a friend. THN

Thanks for the support from my family and friends. Without them, everyone knows the clover might not have worked. PJG



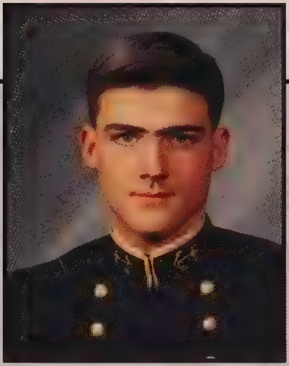
Jose Luis Garza
Vienna, Virginia
Computer Science
U. S. Marine Corps

What can we say about our little Bulldoggie from Vienna, a . . we mean Texas. Predestined to wear puke green, the required uniform, Joe has rebeled the entire way. He finally settled for his demonic hairdoo, akin to Edie Munster. He relentlessly dreamed for a vixen with waist length locks, but managed to make do with a Woman from the area. We'll always remember getting T on the far side of Farragut. Even T would have to agree that none of us, including Joe, will ever be able to handle how incredibly good looking he is. Of course the only blemishes are those zits, that only Joe sees, must be those eagle eyes. Joe has many talents, like his ability to lay on his rack and study the same page for hours with his eyes closed. There's also his uncanny knack for staying awake while in a car. Of course we know that Joe's dreams are our nightmares, especially the next morning. Don't forget comicbookis syndromis. Most of all, Joe has been one of the best roommates ever. Thanks. CSH RAB



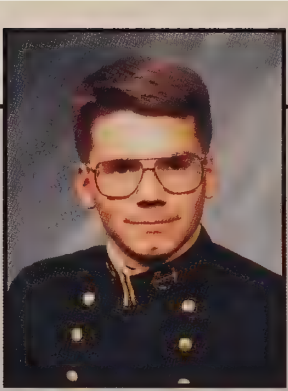
Daniel Gentry
Los Angeles, California
History
Surface Warfare

After being Danimal's partner in plebe boxing, I realized this man was a fighter. Academics have given him a run for the money, but Dan and his undying desire to graduate has overcome such beasts as EE and boats. Losing two roommates through various USNA admin channels did not help matters either. I feared for my own existence here when Danna Clause and I roomed together, but fortunately the roommate curse did not follow him.Dan was created to be a surface warfare officer. After we ran a knockabout aground on a sandbar, I decided the SWO community was not for me, but Dan continued pursuing his dream and has secured a position on the bridge of a fast combat support ship. Happy Birthday Dan, God bless you! RES



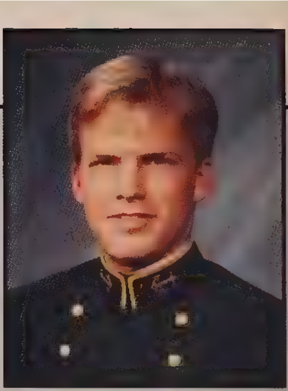
Charles Scott Henderson
San Martin, California
General Engineering
Navy Air

Chuck, Chuckles, Chuckster, he's just a Calif boy from Japan. Ching sow dude, pass the dead fish. Chuck rolled into 4/c yr but hit the deck plates running or was it a 36 min jog. Fine! 2 wks later. 3/c year brought us together w/a rush of steam. No wonder your "Casa esta muy calore" Heading north, Chuck became a spinning knight, yet he never made it to the throne. How popular is he? Fri nights left him nothing but laundry & pictures. As the semester closed, Chuck felt the heat shed his locks for a more caszh look. But despite his new do, there were some barbs left to hold him down. Boink. 2/c year brought the endless flow of funds & ac-ac woes, scuba & Xmas in San Fran. What next? I'll tell you what! Europe! "Gooden Griefen Karl Brown, Look what I Bodenboden!" On to Ontario. Ay, Valgamedios! Is there anything edible? Banished from the hall of kings, the spellmaster pasted his wand over his alternatives. He ended up on the 30th co. bandwagon-Smokin. What is an engineer? If you knew, would you tell him? No, leave him in the Calif. sun & he'll get burned. Only treatment for sleeping beauty is a trip to Fla. & an end to the nightmare. Hasta JLG RAB



William Curt Hoffman
Minnetonka, Minnesota
Ocean Engineering
Nuclear Power - Submarines

Curt, the man from some frozen Minnesota town, came to USNA to be an Engineer. Along the way he impressed everyone as an athlete-- "ninja" Hoffman, no man more deadly or precise with a racket, any racket, or a soccer ball, or on skis... the list goes on... Curt also showed us how to study, earning grades too embarassingly good to print. Curt even got to be a striper, and we were all hoping he'd fit a certain stereotype in his new role, just to prove he wasn't perfect. In this he disappointed us, taking a gentlemanly approach to his position-:"Guys, what striper should I stick with duty this WE?" After his folks moved to Crabtown, Curt showed us what hospitality was, how well he could cook, and how patient his parents were, as the Hoffmans endured weekly invasions of hungry mids. We did eventually find out that Curt can't sing, and so are reassured as to his mortality - Good luck to a true star. LEM & VVN.



Mark David Jorgensen
Macungie, Pennsylvania
Mathematics
Nuclear Power - Surface

I met Jorgy by accident youngster summer and immediately found that we have a lot in common, including the same easy-going attitude and the same ex-girlfriend. This smoothed the way for a great friendship. His dedication to his sport was remarkable. He never missed a morning practice and nothing kept him from living volleyball; except maybe a good movie in the wardroom. When Jorg wasn't at practice, he was in the wardroom, if not there, he was in the rack. He's not too hard to find. Schoolwork was never a major problem for Mark, it came naturally to him, and if it didn't, he would J.A.E. Just ask Ed. Even though Ed won't be on Mark's ship, I am confident that Mark will be great in the fleet. He'll probably have Ed's phone number just in case. Jorgy almost didn't get his choice of service selection. He was a fraction of an inch away from being not physically qualified. He was worried at first that he would not get to go to nuke school after his interview with the admiral, but the admiral wanted more than anything to have Jorgy in his fleet. Well the admiral made a good choice and got one dedicated officer. RES

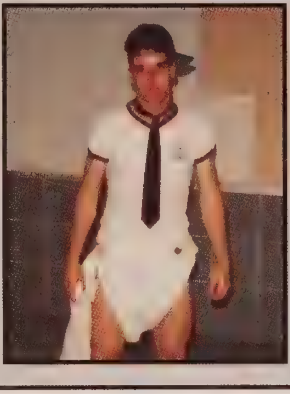
John Joseph LaPoint
Hixson, Tennessee
Political Science
Surface Warfare

JJ arrived after a year indulging in the real college life ready to join THE USNA fraternity. His beer belly and any desire to be an engineer was lost Plebe Summer. His fate was sealed at Gibby's Herndon bash, although he may not remember with his head between his knees. Youngster cruise, he wanted a sub so bad, but again destiny chose Yawl Blue. Poor JJ; over 100 pix taken with a broken camera, lost his new shoe to the ocean blue, parents moved without leaving a forwarding address or number, asparagus, Perrier, whipping cream, and this new girl who fell overboard. Traumatic - no wonder those grades didn't bring Sup's Stars. Remember the busride from hell to Syracuse and the hometown tour. Second class cruise with Little Hitler "could've been court martialed!" and a little restriction, Pensacola bars, Quantico, and a Norfolk reunion. Roadtrips in the Olds (OHIO 7), Disneyworld, and Christmas 1987. Firstie year: one roomie disappeared every Friday at 1210, the other couldn't keep up with his chicks. No more braces, a nose job, and Surface Line, Mighty Fine! Here's to the future! JMN

Joseph Francis Lepage
Oldsmar, Florida
Chemistry
Medical Corps

Youngster year brought us our first encounter with Senor Lepagina, the Floridian with the eternal tan along with penny wars and the best of bread. We soon discovered his true loves in life; James Bond, cars, and chemistry. Academically, chemistry held little challenges for him so he maintained his interest by building molecules of burning flesh. He then challenged his love of cars by buying his first one. James Bond had his Aston Martin, Joe Lepage had his Chevy Chevette. Never before had he talked about a car as a means of getting from point A to point B. We then found out that point B was a girl named Masada. She was his little girl for half the year until the oriental bug struck closer to home. Right under the same roof, he found Emily. Being a fellow chemist, she spent many hours with him studying organic chemistry. He spent the next two years with the woman and ultimately fell in love. Maybe it was her bedside manner that made him go Medical Corps but regardless of the reason, the Navy has gained a fantastic Doctor and Beanie will gain a fantastic wife. Good luck and thanks for your friendship. P.S. that will be 35c a word. JLG

Kenneth Sean McCartney
Plumsteadville, Pennsylvania
Economics
Naval Flight Officer



Hailing from D-Town, that ever famous metropolis and center of night life and excitement. Seano took a circuitous route to OOSNA via NAPS. Little did he know that it would be here, after attending a Chicago concert, that the battle in the paint would begin. What was that AOPie's name? Holly!! His perfect match. Good fortune did not stop there; it continued into plebe year as he was launched into the luxury of "Sweet 16". The same year, he finally got the opportunity to play the toughest High School baseball schedule in the states. Yes, good fortune as well as calves larger than Elsi the cow's, were his, not to mention his analytical ability. Who else could make sense of the Wall Street Journal and that crazy mumbo jumbo known as Economics. But then anyone whose idol is Larry "Bud" must be kind of strange. Well bud, good luck to you and Holly in the future, and in your quest for those "Wings of GOOOOLD!!" DSM & WCH

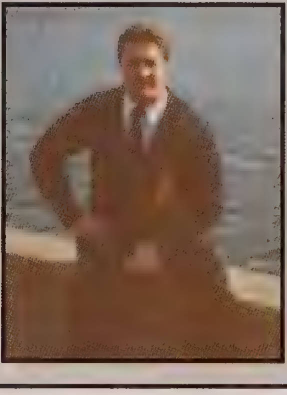
Leland Exton Modesitt
Oakton, Virginia
History
Nuclear Power - Submarines

What can you say about someone who sleeps a lot, reads a lot, is a bull major, and yet gets selected for Nuclear Power? There is a certain magic to the whole thing. His favorite study position is prone, and when he does manage to get to his desk, it is more for the entertainment opportunities of his baby laptop then it is for studying. Known for his sharp wit and skiing prowess, he is a man who can, in a few hours, write a high octane paper that would take any normal midshipman 3-4 days (for the same A). I guess it is that writers blood in him. Awesome job on platoon drill! Stud! He brought with him good cheer, his great grades, and his sisters (Look out! Run for cover!) It has been a great three years! See you in Orlando and Good Luck in Preschool (Play nice!). VVN WCH

Victor Van Newsom
Jacksonville, Florida
Marine Engineering
Nuclear Power - Submarines

Vic came to USNA with the goals of going nuke, not begin fried, and having more fun than humanly possible. Youngster year he pursued the third to the point of nearly losing the second - one night as an uzi-toting "supermate," Vic ran into the OOW, but somehow the deuce got lost. By midpoint, first class year, Vic had subs, a conduct officer billet, and is known for his intramural prowess (four brigade crowns - four different sports), his generous dating habits (how many girls did the "bronze god" grace with an outing firstie year?), and his insatiable and indiscriminate appetite (approx. 2 lbs. M&Ms per week). As a marine engineer, Vic never let studying interfere with fun, but always gauged his efforts so as to just get those 'Dant's list privileges. Blessed with a great sense of humor, Vic will go far, wherever life takes him. LEM

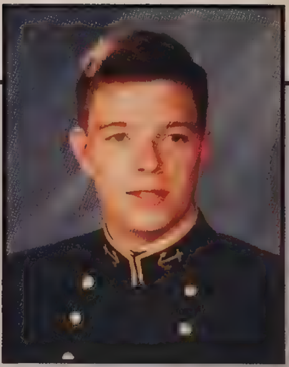
Todd Hume Nichols
Severna Park, Maryland
Mathematics
Supply Corps



Todd..."Big Cat"..."Pig"..."DaD"...came to us indirectly from a brief stint with a "delivery service" and then onto Newport. While not only participating in football, NAPS provided Todd countless hours of "extra instruction" in a certain subject. Plebe year brought Cloud Nine and dreams of a promising career on the gridiron. Youngster year and off to the Dirty company. A new 300, Myrtle Beach, Sunday nights at Clarke's with the big guys, and a near murder on 4-2 rounded out the new beginning. Second class summer and a slight detour from duties. Who did see "Assault at the Annapolis Dock?", I'm still waiting for the home video version. A new roommate with a matching Z, appliances, a couch, and knees gone, EE was a problem, but powerlifting brought national prominence. Senior year, the Whale, "a girl in every port", and #2 in the nation,"Big Cat" always maintained the upper hand in whatever misfortunes were thrust upon him. Confident, intimidating, always with a better deal, Todd can accomplish anything. Thanks for putting up with my erratic sleeping habits and all the great memories. Hopefully,"The Hook" will pair us again in Athens. Best of luck to a true friend. PJG

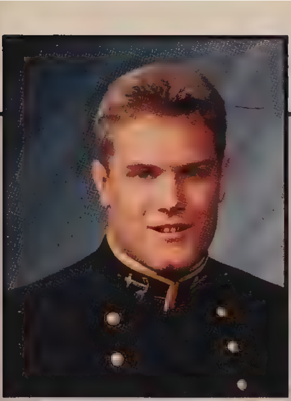
Thad Eugene Nisbett
Boise, Idaho
Systems Engineering
Nuclear Power - Submarines

Thaddeus Maximus came from the potatoe state to the shores of the Severn looking for a little fun and excitement. He found it during plebe year in the form of thirty-fifth company training before retiring for his upperclass years in the more sordid confines of the Dirty co. Thad had an immediate impact on his new company by excelling in company intramurals-especially hoops, and, of course, lightweights. I'll never forget the many connections we made on Farragut: 30-4-1 over three years. 2/c year saw brief stints with unsatness and..AHEM-...What happened to us on ring dance weekend? 1/c plebe detail-Garcia; parking tickets; Hetfield-UGH! 1/c year-good times, good grades, and 3 stripes. We may not have foiled the Army mule but it was fun trying! Good luck as a bubble head and always remember, go deep! Molson



John Patrick Olsen
Ann Arbor, Michigan
Physical Science
Supply Corps

Johnny O. came to Annapolis from Ann Arbor with his sights set on a career in the clouds and a tolerence for alchohol that hadn't quite gotten off of the ground. 3/c year found Molsen acting like a big baby (Halloween), looking for elevators where there were none, and showing his prowess as a lightweight in more ways than one. But John was not a one sport man, he also excelled in hockey, golf, basketball, tennis, and paying the fiddler. All physical activity often took its toll on John w/a busted mouth and a bad back only scratching the surface. He had trouble deciding in which academic field to excel but finally decided on Phy Sci with some persuasion from Mumbles. Once he straightened out his academics, John was able to bring up his alcohol tolerence and even found time for a YOUNG lady. John spent most of 1/c year discussing co policy with the Little General and making the most of his weekends when academics permitted. Motion sickness at the sight of moving water precludes a career as a line officer so he's off to Athens and aspires to return to USNA as LT Food. Best of luck in all you do John. SRF Thank you Mom and Dad for supporting me despite bad grades and big phone bills. I wouldn't have made it w/o you. JPO

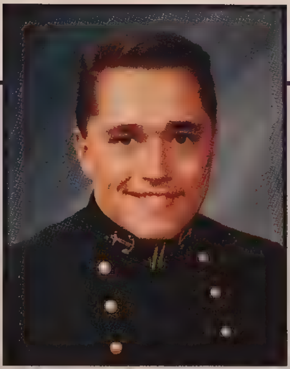


Paul Michael Radomski
Dobbs Ferry, New york
Mathematics
Supply Corps

Paul "DUCKY" mumbled something last year, but no one was there to listen. He started his NAVY career after a year of NAPS due to his stellar SAT score, and ended up in 6th company. He was then scrambled into 30 where he made his home for the next three years. All went smoothly except for a couple skirmishes with DAD. Cro-Magnum has more hair on his back than a wooly mammoth and has just learned how to ax a question. With club in hand, Paul has been known to hurt opponents out on the mat. He shocked the wrestling world by winning Easterns his freshman year, and qualifying for nationals the next two years. Senior year he was captain, but due to a serious neck injury his season was cut short. This injury did open the door for the real corps- The Supply Corps. Friends were made easily after returning from the Deli with 'combos'. The 'VOUS and Ocean City made for some memorable times. Paul's four years have been filled with one woman and soon to be wife, Lauren. Best of luck. CLF

Nicholas George Rigopoulos
Rockville, Maryland
English
Special Operations

Ordinary person spends his life avoiding tense situations, Rigo Man spends his life getting into 'em. So he came from his Greco-Gypsy, surburbanite origins in the fringes of the Capital City armed with his membership in the Chariots of Fire Honor Roll ready to destroy the TWIN ABOMINATIONS of Godless Communism abroad & Liberal Humanism at home. "You don't get paid," they said,"you get a commission. That's better than being paid." "Sounds better than Juvy," he said. Since then, and to his dismay, the walls of Sampson have rung with a rabid onslaught of all the garbled -isms that it could muster to place a literary lean on his Herculean mind. So next thing we know, his head was literally BURSTING. So he had a lobotomy. He's well again. Though he was keen to remain obtuse, we soon found reason to deduce that there was a certain Betty by whom the Greek had been seduced. We said don't go back to Rockville; tried what we could to no avail - the repo-code was much too frail. She said, "What about our relationship?" He said, "They don't pay bills in USNA. It's all free." So much for the TWIN ABOMINATIONS! All I can say is "Wow!" Nick, this is INTENSE. Then again, the life of the Rigo Man is always intense. Emmett



Matthew Cye Sandoval
Northglenn, Colorado
Physics
Nuclear Power - Submarines

Matt came to USNA from Denver. Having been forced to live with him for 3 yrs, and professionally "carry him along" the whole time, I haven't figured it out why he came here. He summed it up one fateful fall night with "Hey guys, leave me alone, I know what I'm doing!" 5 stripes do wonders, don't they? 3/c year found Matt abandoning his roots; dropping CO. & raising AZ. As the casanova, Matt attracted USNA's Glamour girl. After numerous Fri. nights at St.Johns with Bob & Salty, Matt branched out to places like Miami of Ohio for forgettable memories, like the G-town project, access to an innagural ball, & a visit to Chapel; some unforgettable memories - his European vacations. Matt acheived fame as co cdr, & took 2nd place for the USMC Heisman. Never afraid of double standards, he enjoyed nights w/Rob in the cemetary & eating his roommate's cold food for a yr. 2nd sem found Matt settling down & shopping at Apre Peau. However trendy it is, he'll never make the Oct. cover of GQ wearing his latest buys. I expect to see him in 20 yrs on the cover of Forbes, looking stylish. Thanks for the good times, for being a great roomate and friend - and remember not to hang around too many nuclear reactors trying to get a tanfastic. NJE

Charles Christopher Smith
Toronto, Canada
Ocean Engineering
Navy Air

Where do you start with a guy named One-Eye? How was he named? We can't say. At first, he's pretty tough to figure out. He came to USNA as Charles Christopher Smith, but the Navy Swim Team and the Chop helped change that. He was actually quite the satisfied, free-thinking Torontonian before we transformed him. Now the deprived, soon-to-be-Pilot Smittal, is living proof that a high testosterone level is all one needs. His personality is even tougher to describe. With a beer (Canadian of course), and Michelob box G-string he's the life of any training camp-(just ask Lunar & the Dude covered in kelp), yet at the same time Smitty could always recognize when it was time to work. A guy known as Chris, Charles, Chuck, Cheesehead, Smitty, Smittal, Cosmo, One-Eye, Red-Eye and Brown-Eye cannot be described in this short space. However, what must be said is that Smitty has had many accomplishments since the recruiting trip to Annapolis in April '85 when I first met him. As a CAA Champion and the team leader and Captain, Smitty showed his teammates and friends at navy, that with quiet, yet determined poise, one can get the results. REMEMBER CORNELL, PRIDE RELAY - both in the pool and out. TCG (DUDE)

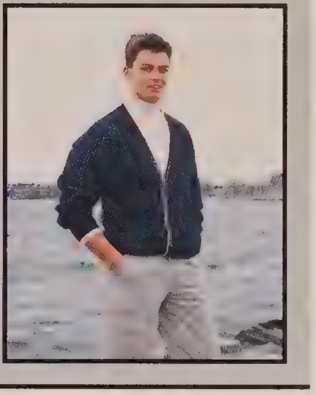
31st

COMPANY

William Bruce Snead
Charleston, South Carolina
General Engineering
Surface Warfare

Robert Evan Stevens
Cambridge, Maryland
Aerospace Engineering
Naval Flight Officer

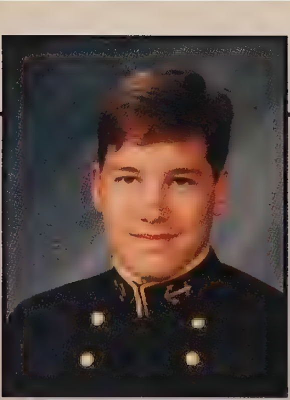
Edward Francis Toppi
Westerly, Rhode Island
Mathematics
Nuclear Power - Submarines



I knew Will had talent plebe year when he ran on the J.V. track team. I'll always remember "Catch him Mike" and the way Mike Dog caught him at 90 meters. But Will's natural talent was in 150 lb. football. He finally received his letter despite his unfortunate demise of tripping on the turf and watching on his back as his man ran for a touchdown. All in all we've had a lot of fun. I'll never forget second class summer and the way Will used his Zoom lens at the beach in Pensacola. Even though he has struggled with his grades at times, he was always embedded with his studies. But Will B. is most noted for his "hot red" 300 ZX. Yet his car always seemed to have bad luck. If it wasn't flying cars, or his speedometer being at 89 as he zoomed by state trooper, it was broken glass at the mall with a friend. Anyway, Will loved his car dearly and had a great many passengers who loved the way it felt and his unique airfresheners. Will B. will probably always be remembered for his ability to make friends and his devotion to Diana. Armaggedon Will. Peace and God bless "DJ Maniac" WMT

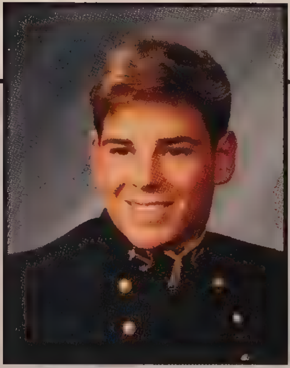
We became roommates and good friends 2nd class year. A lot of memories, Heem(some good, some...ehh) a lot of fun. Karate became your sport. Brought popped fingers, fat lips, and broken trophies. Remember Sarfert's death threats? Sweet Home Alabama shaking the walls? Pre-airborne (don't wake me on your way out) Same Goody X-mas Album. Red Beach action(10 minutes-Plenty of time for sun!) The weekly trip to OC You drove the teenyboppers wild. First class year brought a lot of changes. An extra roommate (Bring that Beat Back Boy!) the Stang, and not-so-perfect vision. SWO or FO? Hmm. Oiler in Subic threats? But you got the backseat plus a bum knee. 2nd sem. brought 2 stripes and wiz-quiz. Sign the log! Now you graduate and move on. You've made it fun and interesting, Rob. A great friend and inspiration, I'll miss ya Rob. God bless you in all you do, brother.

Tope Gun came to USNA from RI, CT, CA, VA, MD, or NC. No one knows for sure where his home is, but the authorities will figure something out. 3/c year Ed joined the Dirty Company as a die hard Marine. A year later, however, the scarlet and gold in his eyes had changed to green. It must have been his expensive tastes - like beer. Not to mention girls. They always fell for Ed and his dynamic dancing. North, South, East, and West, Ed danced everywhere. It took the road trips of second and first class years to cover all that ground. CLASSIC trips in "Air Mobile," "The Death Cruiser," to UNC - hoops, football, semi-formal, lawn party, Martini L. K., Couch Street... But Ed tripped to other places too. Exotic places like Mum's, Riordan's, Foolagain's, UVA, Midwinters (Walter Cronkite), Wintergreen... But there was just one day that I will never forget - Cancun! "I'd buy that for a Peso." Ed will have plenty of Pesos these days. What will he do with them? Par-ty them away no doubt. I'm sure no matter what he does, success will magically appear for him - just like all his homework used to do. Just that much, Ed, just that much. Furthermore,...what's that smell? Drop and give me twenty. TLF



Zachariah Randolph Bell
Naples, Florida
English
Navy Air

Z.B. is the epitomy of a professional Naval Officer. He took his training seriously, taped off with the best of them, marched with head held high and ... Wait, before I finish this - can I still be put up for an H.O? So, as I was saying, Z (as he is affectionately known) had fun. As an english major, Z spent alot of time studying (the insides of his eyelids). If there is one thing that no one can deny Zach; he is an idea man. He always had the notion to workout, to drink, to dance, to take wild trips to exotic places and to romance beautiful, intellectual women. What do you say we actually do some of these things Z? Hey Boo Boo! A match made in heaven. Where in the hell is Vermont? Hours in the weightroom. Chicken hawk - Braawwk! Ski on snow?? Another great movie Z! Want your ear pierced? This room is UNSAT! Again? Hooters! Luv ya Ma Bell! Zachs Z, otherwise known as the sinkhole! Iron Six! S.I.R Again? The Chickee! Sunsets at the Beach Club. One more Daquari for us Z: CHEERS!! Three years behind us, and a lifetime ahead; Friends forever! BERNIE

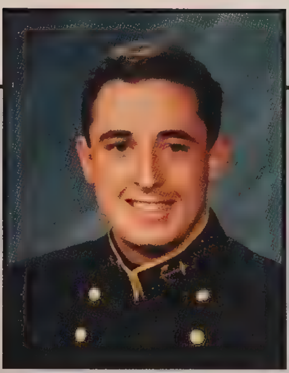


David Taylor Bernhardt
Londonderry, Vermont
Aerospace
Navy Air

Hey Bernie - When you arrived here at USNA you were a lost soul looking for enlightenment, and luckily you found me! I know how tough it's been for you - 3.0 grades in a real major, lacrosse and First Team All-League linebacker for 150s, the women lining up to say just one thing. I'm glad I was able to help. How 'bout helping me clean the room? Do you remember your first love and those endless nights writing letters? How about spending more time in class? I think you have a great future ahead - since we'll still be a team in P-Cola! Goofy RULES! The Dead do have a certain sex-appeal. Tell dad not to worry, the Democrats will never gain total control. Vermont ice is better than anywhere in the world. Really! Do you think obsession is a curable disease? Let's organize another BOOZE CRUISE! Give 'em hell Bernie, and I hope you realize all your dreams....'Z'

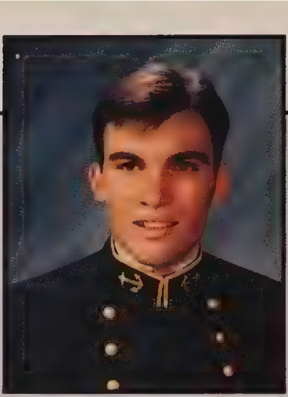
Kevin Lee Brown
Bellbrook, Ohio
Ocean Engineering
Nuclear Power - Submarines

Kevin "the Ogre" Brown came to USNA from Bellbrook, Ohio. We'll just skip plebe year because Kevin did, being assigned to football team tables. After his one year of football, Kevin played rugby for a while and eventually became one of the mass majority, a company sports athlete. Kevin being the casanova that he is had to blow beautiful women off; during youngster year Kevin met an oh-so sweet Irish woman, with whom he spent the rest of his USNA days and then some. Kev's biggest talent was probably dancing, he made John Travolta look like Pee-Wee Herman. We were all surprised that Kevin didn't go aviation since he often made high-performance turns in his red Mustang GT (with Iron Maiden cranked). Having survived Rocket Reed, Gory Corey, and pull-ups, K.B. graduated with an Ocean Engineering degree and a ticket to Orlando, Florida. Good luck, Kev. JRU



Matthew Dale Childs
Littleton, New Hampshire
English
Nuclear Power - Submarines

From northern New Hampshire, Matt brought us the benefit of his wisdom and good old Yankee common sense, which helped him realize it was easier to spend 4/c year in his brother's room and Airborne School in the BOQ. In his search for the meaning of life Matt has succeeded in peeling back layer after layer of the Web, but has remained sufficiently rooted in reality to avoid the Abyss. He's developed a penchant for being downright FAST, both in Saucony and in Saab. This Renaissance man has tried his hand at pugilism, an endeavor of which he acquitted himself quite respectably, indeed. Ah, but having reached the Mecca of rationality - Oxford - he foundered in a sea of high octane and (publicly) lay himself in a pile of English refuse. 1/c year saw him become an integral part of the 1st semester Fuehrersstab, then forsake the surly bonds of USNA for UMd in an attempt to confuse himself even more. Released from bondage he cavorted through Bourbon Street till the cool of the morning, a veritable Casanova in the guise of the Great Existentialist. We've all appreciated your advanced wisdom, valuable advice, and genuine concern, especially I. Thanks for understanding. Someday this war's gonna be over: stay essential. MVG

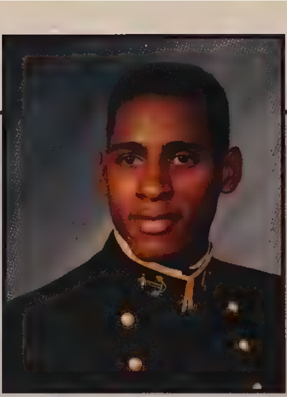


Steven Michael Debus
Newark, Delaware
Mathematics
Nuclear Power - Submarines

de bus/deee'-bus/ n [fr. Bill & Marita] (1967) 1A a: administrative and performance officer - Buckley's perpetual busy bee B a: confused flyer b: Masquerader bird as plebe c: VTNA d: now underwater flyer - nuclear submariner 2 a: member of the one percent club - engaged to high school girlfriend b: holder of most miles traveled on 301 North c: RDM's roommate d: VGEP wannabee 3 a: fell into the BLACK HOLE b: most birthdays in one year c: guest of honor at plebe thrown birthday parties d: Paul's mole man d: invisible man on weekends e: not so swift sailor 4 a: BIG STIX TWO SIX member b: Mr. Probook c: multicolored bird who enjoyed embarrassing his upperclass in the crowd d: RCS's roommate e: humble camera hurler f: Philadelphia sports nut syn Deeber ant jarhead see also RDM & RCS rdm

Jeffrey Alan Dietz
Waldorf, Maryland
Computer Science
Nuclear Power - Submarines

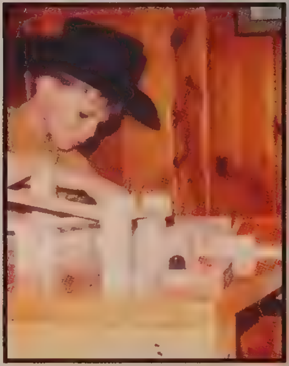
Jeff had a pre-natal affiliation with good ol' USNA.(Imagine watching your father as a mid playing basketball in Dahlgren, or your parents heading off for the Ring Dance!) So, it was no surprise he gave the admissions board an ultimatum--here, or the Hudson. As a plebe, track and running were his life until Cantello gave him shins full of stress fractures. He then became a serious, week-end, running warrior. Academics (if you can call comp. sci. that) took the forefront with a few road races thrown in for variety. However, Jeff will be best known for the "other things" in life and outside the Hall: his gum-and-pen companion, Crash, and his masochistic Phantom fan; the camera around his neck; long, loud, guttural resonances; Seamus cohorts; and his love for that traditional Mexican beverage. Jeff, you know you can't run marathons or take pastoral pictures on a sub, don't you? Regardless, see you down under! SDJ



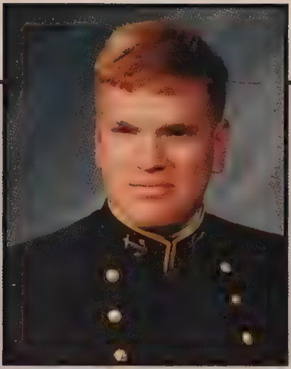
Dondi Edwards
Charlotte, North Carolina
Mathematics
Nuclear Power - Submarines

Dondi came to USNA by way of Philly, PA and Charlotte, NC. His many talents and leadership ability were tested upon arrival at the Academy. His straight-forward style and methodical approach to situations earned him the title of "Shaka." His professional demeanor didn't stop at the academy, however. His smooth bass (How low can you go?!?) voice melted the hearts of hapless young women on both the American and European continents (Remember the "odd proposition" in Paris?) Shaka learned many lessons these past four years, but the most important one was that "pancakes and taxes don't mix!" Remember: Mellow Dee, the Posse, Atlanta Nights, "I can't remember what she looks like", mounted at Army-Navy '89, "He doesn't even have a red car!", "Two sensitive men on a plane to Europe", "A reach IS a foul!", "Chestnuts roasting on a open fire", "Standing proudly before you is....", the Knighthood and the 5 straight Concepts, the stages of love, and Parent's Weekend 89. We know you'll continue your success in the Nuclear Navy and in life. Keep the faith, know yourself, and hold on to the concept that "If it is meant to be, it is up to me". Later, Chief! PAIX. ETM DEG JAS

Colin Blair Elster
Arlington, Virginia
Electrical Engineering
Navy Air

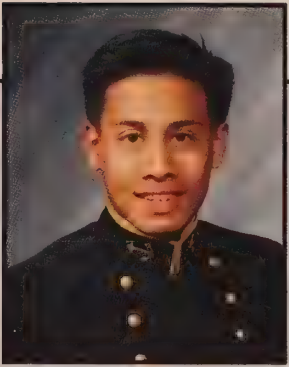


Elsterman is the only man in the world who is known by his first name at every location of McDonald's world-wide. With the topdown on his 1967 Mustang Convertible, any casual observer could notice the remnants of his many tributes to what we called the golden Mecca. Even at school, the Elsterman kept his won schedule, ideals, and theories and kept this up while he was completing his sixth year of college. After preregistering for his twelfth semester of school, there is no doubt that any other man could be any more ready or eager for Pensacola. Only one thing could have separated Colin from being a Navy pilot (fourth generation Naval aviator) and that was electrocution in the EE lab. A madman with electricity, he still managed to be several dozen labs behind year-round, which he submitted regularly at the last day of class. But what about "Pizza!" ? Goucher runs, chasing rabbits, and Ayn Rand? Good luck, best wishes, and keep it straight and level. CFT



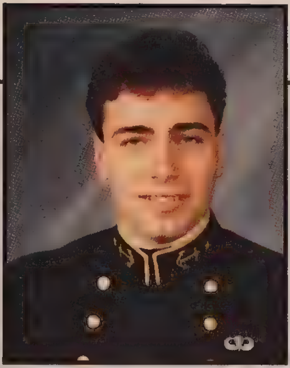
Joseph Kirk Flanagan
Winter Park, Florida
History
Surface Warfare

Despite being a true Irishman, this wanna-be-South American insisted we call him Jose. A veteran of the service this "old man of sea" definitely taught us young pups a few tricks. 3/c year, Uncle Jose found his home either sailing for Navy or playing a few rounds while we waited outside. 2/c year rolled in, and all of us came to notice Jose's trademarks: the smell of burnt popcorn in the wardroom and his high pitched cackle. After introducing me to one of my most expensive habits in Annapolis, I knew my liver would never be the same. Only with Jose could I walk out in town, and by the end of the night walk back... from the mall. Finally after two years, Jose became one of the backshaft boys. 1/c year also saw Jose finally paired up with the muffin. That fall, he managed to train for the Marine Corp Marathon. Spring soon arrived, starting with a week in sunny Florida. And with only a few weeks left before departing for tropical shores, Jose threw down his worn cloak of bacherlorhood and started courting. Nobody said he was the most organized person. Uncle Jose is set to take the Hawaiian paradise by storm. Aloha, and smooth sailing. RQG JDN

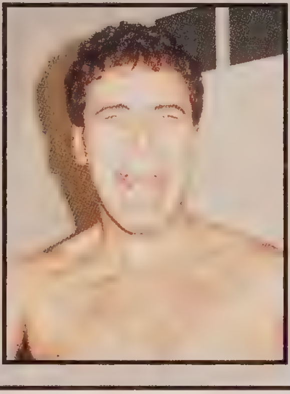


Ryan Qiuntong Garcia
San Jose, California
Economics
Surface Warfare

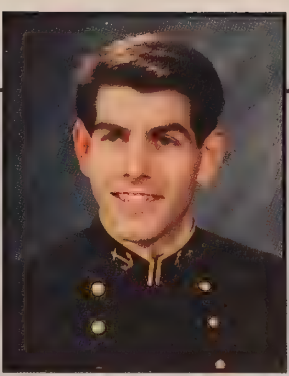
Ryan (Go Go Garcia) fought his way through his first summer and cruised into "Skate Eight". 4/c year started with Garsk as a Systems engineer and ended with Tranqs, Cliff, and Naisy all single E majors. This was the year of Quinn & Teeps, the 60 year old senator, hoops with Bobby J., Stoggy-doggy, Mongo's firecrackers, the Russian spy, and tapes in the confidential locker. 3/c year Garsk and Hoser were drawn together by their mutual musical tastes. A friendship was solidified in the "dark-room". This was the year that the Chief took him in and Garsk did his best to show his appreciation. 2/c year Hoser's $85 box got them by until Ry completed his "stack" and acquired a harmonica to accompany it. Garsk eventually learned to laugh about the cabride from the Exxon. The two ladies in his life took up most of Garsk's interest while at Navy. The first kept him honest, better than anyone else could, and the second one packed a whopping 200 horse power. Spring afternoons at the Riverside, beers in a rowboat in the harbour, and treks all over Annapolis were the best of times. Great roommates are hard to find, but Hoser got lucky. Thanks and good luck always. JKF



Michael Vahan Goshgarian
Whitingsville, Massachusetts
English
Special Warfare



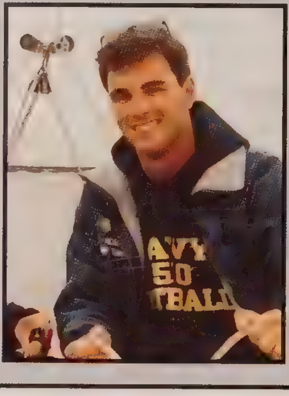
Ruling from the Fortress, exiled to Elba, Gosh led the Death Squad with a "No Remorse" atitude. Forged by four years of plastic suits and sustacal, his boxing career peaked with Wingo (best fight we ever saw). Friday night excursions to the Hilton for "munchies" and to Dukes for souvenirs; Quote: "Wayne, the cops...RUN!"; Kidnapped by 2 vampires for Halloween; Serviced by Spock's friend; Pipework in the subway at Philly; Facing our mortality on Patty's curbstone; Eating the Rose at Ho-Jo's; The Bedouin Weeks, scavenging for scraps and lost tapes in 8th wing; Quote: "Wayne, an officer-...RUN!"; Baptizing the Bat-Buggy in the corn field; The Iron Cross; Nude graduation ceremony by starlight; Pizza crusts off the floor or out of the trash (I'll put my mouth anywhere); New encounters in the color spectrum; Kill 'em all, and die with your boots on; His ideal woman, an Israeli tank corp commander; Best friends contemplating life, women, families, and pasts over cigars and cocktails; You were the best part of 4 years here. WMJ



Shawn D. James
Tucson, Arizona
English
Nuclear Power - Submarines

What's the world coming to when a college grad can't produce a legible signature? Maybe that's just how things are done among the desert dwellers. Despite the signature, Shawn has been the type of guy who wouldn't let the rack hold him down. As a result of this go get 'em attitude, he was chosen to direct and produce the Masqueraders. In addition to the theatre, the Emperor of the Dark Side sought out and found other positions of authority such as co cdr and Glee Club President. As the co cdr he showed us all how to stand tall, march proud (o.k., with a slight limp), and display a Holmesian concept of duty. In the Glee Club, he and his band of merry melody-makers toured the countryside far and wide, held stairwell parties, and in San Antonio initiated a sponsorship program never before seen anywhere in the country: Bed and Breakfast for a Bum. Running a close second to his Glee Club tours is a trip the Honors English majors took to New Orleans. While enjoying the night life of the French Quarter, Shawn hammed it up to an audience which generously gave him all the applause he could handle, and then some. Shawn, you've been a good roommate and a great friend. Thanks. See you where the sun don't shine. JAD

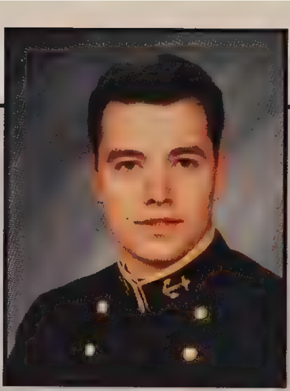
Wayne Martin Jeveli
Winthrop, Massachusetts
History
Surface Warfare



Twelve years of Catholic schooling hardly affected Wayne, who endured his 4/c year in Nine as a Koehr disciple, filling watch bills and finding Purity at Mojo. 3/c year heralded a dark age. Our SEAL overlord was disturbed by Wayne's marksmanship, and he moved a lot of snow. But his troubles continued as Navy succeeded in making him a civilian long enough for him to wash his summer white shoes in pursuit of the Bedouin ideal: a mindless, nomadic journey through the wasteland of 8th wing. Resurrected, Wayne found solace in the halls of History. Youngster year was not all grim as a certain Pear will attest. Most spend four years by the Bay; Wayne spent it on the Bay as Oberhelmsman on the sailing team. Second class year brought Friday night liberty at 'Dukes and the Hilton, as well as kinder relations with plebes. He became positively telepathic at Airborne, and then went on to blow a fortune in Europe. Cigars, mind-altered states on 6-1, company Unterfuehrer, and a slow gravitation to the Yuppie way of life, Saab and all: Life Behind a Cocktail Glass at the Yacht Club. Thanks for being like a brother, chief; words don't suffice. Even better times lie ahead: the West Coast beckons. Stay civilized. MVG

Donald Britton McNeill
Evergreen, Alabama
English
U. S. Marine Corps

Britt arrived at USNA fresh from the backwoods of Alabama. Though I am convinced he still believes that the north was the aggressor in THE WAR, and that General William T. Sherman is serving his due time in hell, Britt remains willing to treat--and amuse--all of us (includin' you Yanks) with a certain down-home hospitality and preachin' which has endeared him in his own special way. He may not always have been "locked on" here--but who is to delineate right and wrong in this imperfect, relativistic microcosm--yet Britt consistently remained steadfast to his Christian beliefs and true to himself. Britt believes in the beauty of authority, the loyalty of a true friend, the evil of a wavering opinion, the essence of perfect and repetitive P.T., the idea that a dead horse is always worth kicking one more time, and that just maybe Chesty Puller is immortal or at least an apiring demigod. Britt, good luck in the Marine Corps. Go easy on it, please! Never forget what IS up and who is responsible for your success. GB CHP "Thanks Mom, Dad, Lee and Wayne for your support. I would have never made it without you." DBM

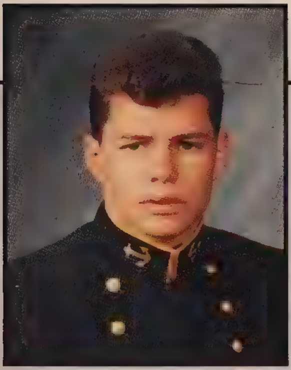


Robert Donald Miller
Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania
Physical Science
Navy Air

Rob entered the Academy, hoping one day to fly helicopters. It didn't take him long to figure out he had a long way to go. Being a large, loud, and lanky person, Rob had a way of calling attention to himself throughout plebe year. Despite his struggles, he persevered because he believed in his vision. He also believed in God and prayed alot. After plebe year, he thought he had it made. Not so. As a third class, he found out what EE was really about. Well, after some prudent moves life got better. During 2/c year, he began to go out. When he got his car, he went out more. It was hard to believe, but he must have fallen in "love" five times that year. No one really took him seriously, of course. Until recently that is. He met some girl that must really be special because now he's talking P-3s. Well, it really doesn't matter. You've come a long way, Rob. Good luck in flight school! BS

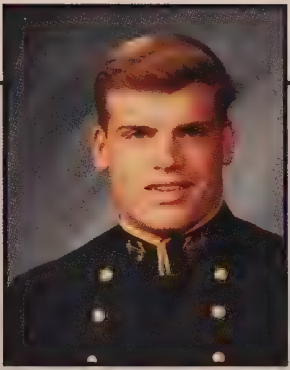
Paul Darby Montanus
Delmar, New York
Aeropace Engineering
U.S. Marine Corps

There are those of us who have had the honor of seeing Paul progress through the entire lifetime of these past four years. Many adjectives jump to mind by way of description, but let's not dwell upon such triteness which could only serve to bolster an ego which has no need or capacity for further development. Paul has moved forward without ever losing his inner self or the outer shell which can hide it so well. He has been many things to many people in many situations. He has been a student and athlete a leader a friend. To say any of us has left a mark upon this place borders upon absurdity. To hope that each of us has, in some way, affected those around us--and been affected by them in some mutually nurturing sense--cries for a certain necessity. Paul, your hair will now forever be too short and you may never again know the joy of enunciating a consonant, but you shall--if it be a consolation or otherwise I know not--remain a friend in the most sincere sense for as far as my meager mind may project into the flickering of my mortal eternity. Take it as you will and remember: "This is the way the world ends, not with a bang but a whimper." MDC



Patrick Thomas Moynihan
Annapolis, Maryland
Economics
Navy Air

"...ZZZZZ...ZZZZZ..." Imagine hearing this for a whole year. Imagine living in the dark for an entire year. I don't know how you do it! Anyway, it's been quite an interesting year. No, actually, it's been quite boring and relatively quiet. The noise came second class year in a storm that brought down most of the 6th Wing Bunch. You caught the worst and were awarded a letter for gallantry and an expense paid trip to Bancroft for a year. Things started looking better as a firstie. You even managed to attract a member of the opposite sex. She had to go though. I understand, "you were tired." I think you should spend some more time around MUM'S. Anyway, I'll be seeing a lot of you in P-Cola. Make sure you get plenty of rest before you go. And, oh, I still say it's ORANGE! ZIPP



Clark Arlington Nichols III
Virginia Beach, Virginia
Physical Science
Surface Warfare

Clark came to us on a football scholarship and with a desire to hurt someone real bad. After proving himself the equal of any lineman on the field, #51 retired after three years due to personality conflicts and a growing appreciation of the finer things off of the scrimmage line. Clark traded in his whiteworks and joined the Brigade. Never one to overemphasize academics, Clark took four semesters, two academic come-arounds, and personal hate mail from the dean to realize the tremendous opportunities afforded the uncompromising physical scientist. It was during this time that Clark learned the way of the Spartan room and the utility of functionalism. Clark also demonstrated that his desire to satisfy his appetite (I'm down to 204, I'm wasting away to nothing!) was only surpassed by his quest for strange, I mean progressive music. Clark's roller-coaster ride through first class year consisted of many trips to the mail desk and many evenings spent developing his arts & crafts skills. Clark, as the years advance and the underway days slip by, keep your axe handy and remember things are never as bad as you and I think they are. EJR MLW

Joseph Douglas Noble
Crystal Lake, Illinois
Electrical Engineering
Supply Corps

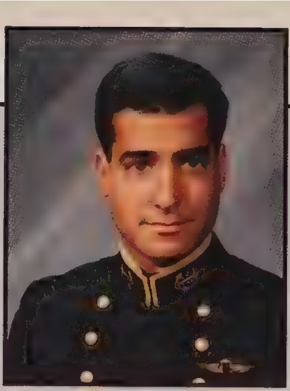
"Jim", fondly called all youngster year, has come a long way these four years. Unfortunately his anonimity with co's followed him all the way to first class year when addressed as "... uhm... uh... platoon commander" for lack of a better name. J.D. has "worked hard" to prove that you don't have to be a gEEk to make it. But it's a shame that his lack of years kept him from exploring his party animal potential for so long. Thank God he hooked up with Mrs. V. or he would have gotten fried more than just once for trying. Conduct was definitely Mr. Noble's shortcoming 2/c year and he was lucky to escape a conduct board considering the severity of his offenses (he got off pretty light with restriction). His fondness for four stripers, and subsequent rejection, were kept out of the limelight thanks to his loyal friends. As a sailor Doug proved his salt (even if he didn't make Varsity) during the shortest cruise to Bermuda on record. He'll always remember Elvis, Elmo, Gordy, liberal chicks, Spring Break '89, and the No Sprit Zone. Dougie's bound to do well in the Corps as long as he doesn't go down under. We wish him good luck, fair seas, and a following breeze. JKF

Timothy James Nyland
Altoona, Pennsylvania
Mathematics
Navy Air

Zipp, knowing my penchant for revealing less than flattering events from your past, I can only add that as far as this bio is concerned - you asked for it. Looking back over 1/c year, the party you threw at Army was definitely the high point. You have a knack for getting people together and having a good time. You also seem to have a knack for placing the blame on me i.e. less than successful room inspections, failure to get a girl's phone number, racing back from town for taps, and the inevitable inability to stay awake throughout the course of a day (a weekday that is). It is understood that friendly competition is helpful in the "if he can do something then so can I" mode but I still do not understand why you need to challenge my sole ownership of a "Black N" just before graduation. We will be classmates again down in P-cola, I just hope that you can cook something besides macaroni and cheese with a side order of a whole lemon. PTM

Christian Howard Post
Houston, Texas
Aerospace Engineering
Nuclear Power - Submarines

Interesting things have moved from shadow into light for all of us in our time here. Most of us have experienced changes which escaped any possible anticipation. Most of us have replaced a once motivated optimism with cynical realization. There are those who have remained true to vision, true to projection, and true to self. Christian Post is one of those few. Though the response of people like us to people like Christian may easily be one of what amounts to close-minded rejection, such a response is hypocritical and wrong. There should be no threat in perceived contentment. If a catalog of achievements is what a biography for this sliver of remembrance normally calls for, I shall shy from such triviality. It seems to me that the activities of our lives are naught but what they cause us to become. Christian's life continues to strengthen him in dedication to truth. I can't say that I will ever join you Christian, but I can and do respect you truly for what you are and hope that there really is something out there which is deserving of the intensity of dedication which we all have the potential and desire to invest. MDC



James Arthur Rodriguez
Colorado Springs, Colorado
Political Science
U.S. Air Force

Rod, a transplanted Air Force brat, came to USNA via NAPS and subsequently underwent four different indoc periods during his Naval career. He was one of the initial bullfroggers at USNA, shaved head and all. By 1/c year the only service that had not given him indoctrination was the Air Force and the Coast Guard. Service selection and subsequent enrollment in SERE took care of the Air Force. Jim became one of the seven, the proud, the interservice-transfer Mids. Go Air Force! In between his traumatic indocs, Jim found pleasure in various girls, bars, and cars while remaining the comic guru for hundreds of adoring fans. Were proud to say that Jim is our good friend and that Air Force has gained someone they won't soon forget. JN BP

Edward Joseph Roth
Avon, Connecticut
General Engineering
Navy Air

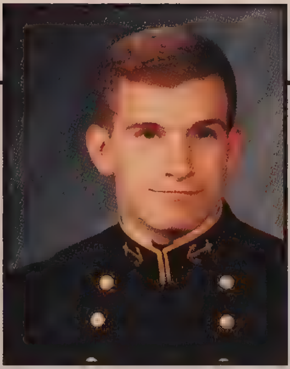
Known initially for his boxing skill, Ed was "unfairly" labeled as someone who would never refuse a beer after an overnight stay in the wardroom. Then of course, there was the never ending quest Ed always seemed to be preoccupied with: the gouge (where's Doc?). A man who believed in buying American, Ed became the proud owner of a vintage Vette. During our 2/c year, Ed my spartan roommate, showed me the key to money management and a sure fire way to keep the mail slot full (mom). I still haven't thanked Mrs. Roth for all those care packages. Never one to hide his opinions and feelings pertaining to certain subjects, Ed was the obvious choice for our HRC rep. Ed never ran from a controversy, on the contrary he often sprinted in its direction (assault a Jimmy Leg? Noooo, not Ed). As you head off to the land of aviation, wine coolers, and posers, remember that things are never as bad as you and I try to make them. You have been a close friend Ed, and I wouldn't want you to change a bit. Enjoy life as much as you will let yourself, and give me a call (even if it's just to hear some Depeche Mode) whenever you get tired of talking to Titan. CAN

Robert Celestino Santiago
Azusa, California
Political Science
Surface Warfare

Four years ago Bob Santiago made a wrong turn (something he later became very good at) and found himself at USNA. Quickly, Bob discovered that his new home gets cold - very cold to a boy from CA. Bob also discovered a distinct knack for turning simple situations into hilarious misadventures. His first exploit was a trip to a survivalist camp where he learned the power of friction to stop one from sliding off of rocks into 40 foot ravines. Later on Bob tried skiing and was rewarded by almost skiing off the side of the mountain. Only a timely, wrist-breaking fall saved our young hero. Most of Bob's more entertaining exploits, however, involve his having to drive from point A to point B. The best example of this is that Bob is perhaps the only midshipman to ever discover the 1 1/2 hour long route from gate 1 to Eastport. As our story closes, Bob thought he had finally rid himself of the confusing (and cold) east-coast - but not quite. He chose a carrier in San Diego only to find out that it's going to Philly for a 3 year SLEP. We can only wonder what misadventures await Ensign Santiago. SMD

Thomas Christopher Schmitt
Long Island, New York
English
Surface Warfare

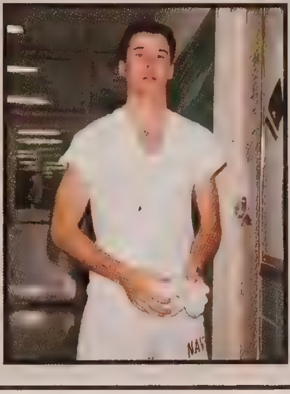
Tommy came to Canoe U. from the outskirts of the Big Apple. Little did we know that he would bring with him not only the "Noo Yawk" accent, but one of the greatest personalities to emerge from the Empire State since, well... since his brother came here. How did that happen? Gymnastics weren't enough to sap his boundless energy, so he took up boxing, table tennis, and bowling. In keeping with the TCS tradition of beating everyone at their own sports, he nearly won the Brigade championship in his weight class in his first year. [Of boxing, not table tennis] Somehow he survived a weekend at a Trappist (trapeze?) monastery: we were all convinced that he'd never come back! Second semester he became M/Lt Schmitt of 4-1, but he's a Black-Holer at heart. Only Tommy denies it, but he's already met the girl of his dreams, and it's just a matter of time... Keep the faith, T.C.- can you be any other way?- and smile occasionally. An Islanders/Mets fan and a Penguins/Pirates fan never got along so well! FES III



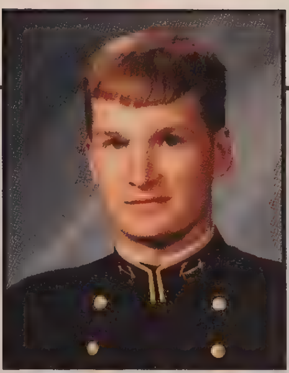
Loren James Smith
Dunwoody, Georgia
Chemistry
Medical Corps

Loren was always the adventurous type, evidenced by an early morning fall from a top bunk which nearly killed him. He never chose to run with the pack, opting for the Medical Corps and a short seventeen year commitment instead of following the rest of us. Road trips in that incredibly high powered German road machine will never be the same without a broken defroster and a permanently engaged horn. Yes, it is German engineering at its finest, but even I like to have a gear between first and third. For you, four years seemed like a moment compared to the lifetime you spent in the chem labs. Chemistry majors are really drill exempt? Only you could break the records left by Huber and dispell the many "Huberisms." Also, beware of addressed xerox copies bearing the writing of Griff or Soiks, it could shed moonlight on you. Longfinger Loren, good luck in your Medical career and take it easy doing precomms. CFT

Timothy John Smith
Long Valley, New Jersey
Mechanical Engineering
Navy Air



Q: What do the Sporting News, Sports Illustrated, and ESPN all have in common? A: Timothy Smith. Timmy comes to us from the land of neutrons and toxic waste. Always quick to defend his Garden State home, Tim will tell you that it has only 3 faults: no pro football team, no pro baseball team, and no pro basketball team (the Nets don't count). Battling his way through four years of Mech-E hell, Tim will tell you the only good thing about the major is the exotic field trips (so this is a truck plant?). An added bonus was never having to worry about what to do with his youngster afternoons, he didn't get any (Friday 5th and 6th?!?). Outside of classes and sports, Timmy has always been someone you could depend on (Got any soap? Any toothpaste? Shoelaces? Motor Oil?). And on the other side, his friends have always been quick to help him out, even when he didn't need or want it (Boy, have I got a date for you! She's really cute.). Timmy, you have been a true friend. You are definitely the aviation type, not a Nuc (you didn't join the right clubs anyway), and I know you'll do well. We will all miss you (and your RX-7) after grad. CAN



Francis Edward Spencer
Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania
English
Nuclear Power - Submarines

Handcuffs and Highways: The Francis Spencer Story. The world of Spence is a place where sleep, bowling, and hockey leave room for little else. Prior to 1/c year, he was somewhat of an enigma! Once that straight stripe came into play, Lemieux Jr. was a man with a mission. Don't get me wrong. He still slept better than the best of them, but once he acquired his LM-2500 turbo wagon, we knew we had a changed man on our hands. Immobility now a thing of the past, it became hard to tell where Spence was really attending class--USNA or Baltimore North. After a while though, he moved on to Philly where he raised his Army average to .500. While in the City of Brotherly Love, our hero took a stroll under the stars with a fellow English-type who captivated his heart and mind. Spence, it's too bad your hockey loyalties are misplaced. If you'd only chosen to cheer in the Spectrum some of those nachos might still be in the tray, where you could eat them, vice on the floor, where you could step on them. (Take a look at his informal picture for further explanation). Anyway, good luck Spence and remember: flightless-bowling-pin birds can't skate across the blue line underwater, so bring the VCR. JAD

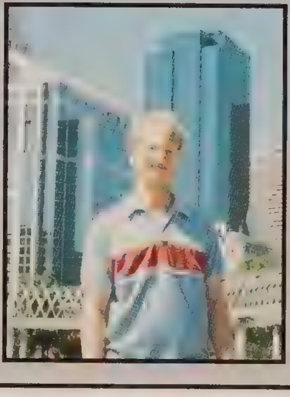
Carl Frederic Thiele
Charlottesville, Virginia
Mechanical Engineering
Nuclear Power - Submarines

Teals always wanted to be shorter and airborne was his golden opportunity. A brief jump that scared everyone only cost Carl an inch, which I didn't mind because now I'm taller than him. Well, that which doesn't kill makes us stronger, although a little shorter. Well, talking all night about foreign policy got us some pretty good grades on your papers. We still should have gotten an A on that last paper. It's a good thing that Goose had us to take care of him... without the Elster/Thiele workout program, all of those airport hours of carrying luggage would have gone to waste. Did he ever find the spare 20 lb dumbell? No McDonald's expedition was complete without your bumming off my french fries. Think December 17, sheet posters, plebe computer washing, world maps, Paco, impeccable, and a Saab that still doesn't live up to a '67 Mustang convertible. It's been great. Best of luck with Subs and Thiele industries. Working for a better tomorrow! CBE

John Ryoichi Uyemura
Fresno, California
General Engineering
Surface Warfare

Johnny came to us from sunny wonderful California. He has often wondered why he left, as all of us did. John is a true legend and will be remembered fondly by the men of 31. The man, the myth, and of course the tongue. He is the modern day Renaissance Man, an expert in all fields. Whether it's auto body repair or the new uses for a window sill, he's the expert. Johnny excelled in judo during his four years at USNA, becoming an expert in the art of head butting. But the true John is a knight of most chivalrous honor. Leaping from room to room with his white shoes on and his eternal grin, saving people from shower drowning and from evil spirits. He was able to put up and tame the Ogre. Now Johnny takes his quest to the shores of Hawaii, to continue his search for the grail. A true modern day Sir Gallahad. God bless and take care Sir John. KLB

Matthew Lee Welborn
Fairfax, Virginia
Systems Engineering
Nuclear Power - Submarines



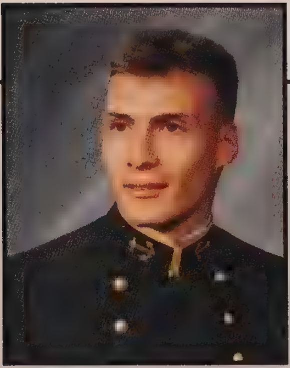
For those of us who can only look above us in the class even to catch a glimpse of young Welborn, attempts at discovering character flaws in the lad serve as much needed self-reassurances, but are, as well, somewhat futile. I like to phrase him well-born but ill-bred, but aside from continued misusage of the lie/lay verbs, I find no flaws in this person's mind and it frustrates me. Aside from progressing through this institution with minimal effort, Matt has coached, tutored and sustained a good portion of us in our own academic endeavors; and all of this with a smile, an attitude and a drinking capacity which deny the term "geek." Matthew Welborn is going to do something. I don't know what just yet, but mark my words, it shall come to pass. Matt, you are a friend. I shall not insult either of us by insisting, assuming or hoping that that can mean any one thing to either or both of us--conditionings and interpretive hierarchies and linguistic and structural evolution being what they are--but I shall acquiesce just this once to the stifling language I so hate in order to hint at least at a sentiment sincere. MDC

Willaim Adair Wilson
Ithaca, New York
Political Science
Navy Air

William A. Wilson arrived at the academy with a suitcase in one hand and a football in the other. He had one goal in mind: to succeed in football. His goal was narrow in scope to say the least. After his sophomore year, Bill decided to leave football and focus on various other aspects of life. Bill coined the term "system compatible" to describe the personality of most midshipmen. At the beginning of second class year, he began a personal crusade to avoid being system compatible. He began to explore the boundless areas that this world has to offer. With this new change in attitude, Bill attempted almost anything. He pursued skiing, scuba diving, skateboarding, bicycle racing, surfing, and camping. He has gotten the most out of a challenging political science major, becoming an authority on soviet politics. Perhaps the most valuable trait that Bill has developed is his ability to see and accept people as they are. He has positively affected my life and many others'. What's next for Bill? Anything he desires, for in life as well as on the basketball court, he has "more rise than McDonald's has fries." CCJ

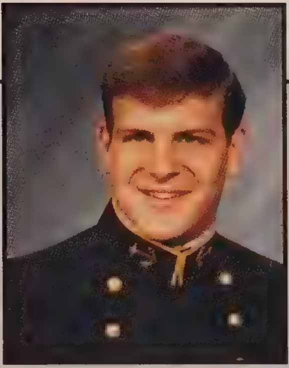
32nd

COMPANY

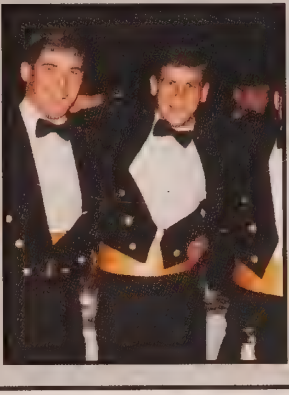


Mark Allen Autry
Troutdale, Oregon
Computer Science
Naval Flight Officer

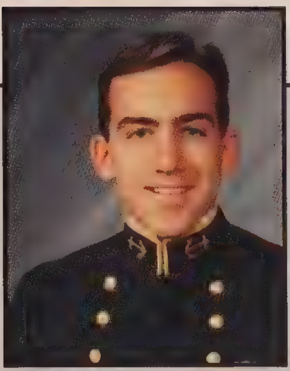
Took six attempts to become a plebe. What dedication! That's why they call him "KooK"...never smiled the summer of 85'. The girls thought Mark was fast, the coach didn't...so he retired from track...and bought a fast car. Test drove the Marine Corps, but humpin' was too slow, so he went Navy and left a girl in every port (Portland x 2, Seattle, Norfolk, San Fran, and of course Annapolis x 7). The only one to kick a Bancroft door off its hinges. Skipped bedcheck for a hot time/tub. Visited the Dant...was confined for ten weeks...missed three stripes. Cruised too early firstie year, stalled for six weeks...tasted unsatness, and then hit zone five. Sis, thanks for the great cookies. Gram and Gramps, hope I made you proud. Thanks Mom and Dad for being there more than just twice a year. MAA RJB



Richard John Brennan
Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania
Computer Science
Surface Warfare

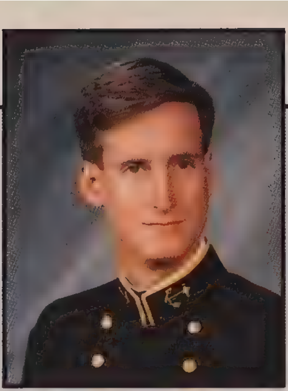


Forced into the Navy, thanks DAD! Fresh into plebe year from NAPS comes Navy's star basketball player, well almost. Tranks, B, Groo, Smalls was his favorite team. Rich opted for seven digits after dialing four...three times. Set record two semesters with KooK. Unsat most of the time, he visited Axe Boards twice, but he had more hooks than a tackle box. Vicki, Bill, and Alex made all four years sweet. Thanks for the memories...X-mas, Easter, Zoo, relocating, ping-pong, decks, and the Corps Four...thanks isn't enough. Stole his heart firstie year... the one with the long brown hair. Weekends were for her...had to be SAT. Carol, too me, you're more than special. Then there was the dynamic duo...kept me steady through the ups and downs. You were always there when I needed you, I wouldn't have made it without you! Thanks for all you have done Mom and Dad. RJB MAA



Christopher Wood Brunett
Amherst, New York
General Engineering
Navy Air

A native Buffalonian, Bruno adapted amazingly well to...the beach. Roaring 20 4/c year, he experienced something that haunted him the rest of his USNA career. A psuedo-Glee Clubber, he realized the importance of this organization. On one of those expeditions he decided the door was not the way to exit a room. Happy landings! 3/c sail cruise: a hook in every port, 'nuff said. 2/c cruise: "Hey, how did your beach towels get over here?...Are you two ladies related?" 1/c year he decided it was time to settle down with his blondie and become a one woman guy? Despite the warnings of friends, he firmly attached the ball and chain, but not permanently. Bruno's lawyer advised him against a June Week wedding. Spring Break: Bago, Cheesedogs, Grinder. 1/c year found Bruno as Co Cdr, a job which was good for his professional development, but bad for his grades. One Ac Board and summer school later he had 21 hours and a coast button begging to be pushed. Being unsat his entire last semester, Bruno proved that you can still have a good time while not being weekend eligible. P-cola bound! Mom, I'm home! JWC



John William Chewning
Key Biscayne, Florida
Computer Science
Naval Flight Officer

Chewy didn't lose the "lifeguard attitude" even on I-Day. Fate washed him upon the shores of "Sweet 16" as a plebe, where he gained his outlook on everything from proquizzes to chowcalls, "...all I need is a cool buzz and some waves and I'll be fine..." Luckily, he came to 32 and balanced a tilted scale. Heredity allowed him to graduate a lazy Comp Sci major who swears, "I'm not smart, really. I just write GREAT code." He worked his way up the ranks to become one of the Brigade's best raquetball players, and has left behind a slew of disciples that will attest to his skill and modesty, "I was ON FIRE!" 2/c summer in Europe with GI proved to be an exciting journey. Army, 2/c year, "...Aw !@#$% Chewy, there's no room on the bus. We'll have to stay overnight!" A great organizer for recreation, we owe him one for being COMWINRON of the cheesedawg bonanza 2/c Spring Break. "Beach, Beer and Bego!" 1/c cruise in Hawaii...surf's up! 1/c Spring Break gave Chewy problems that didn't seem to bother him at all. As you can tell, Chewy is a member of "the order," who chooses to seek his enjoyment outside USNA's walls. Back to the beach to become an aviator like Dad. Can't wait buddy! CWB

John Stephen Coffey
Schenectady, New York
Mathematics
Special Warfare

Coff came to 8-0 with "too much pride" and someone else's uniform. He left with the same, plus three well deserved "N"s, two Black. He wasted no time in following the lead of his brother Andy by incorporating Cinderella libs and class option into the masterplan. Since he vowed to remain faithful to Katie, a lot of hearts were broken in Annapolis, and Bancroft Hall; Curious George had to find other ways to have fun - he did. When he wasn't playing hockey or working out, one could find Coff on the hill with Hoyt, on M.H. with Schaefer, at the Vous with 6th Co., or underwater with the canoe. Coff knew all the mids, a trick he picked up from Marcellino, and all the officers knew him, a trick he picked up from Holt. I'll always remember golfing with Sandy, mourning with Sarah Cates, driving back to see the Dant, filling the bottle with red things, the TGIF's with VanWart, and the early morning grand slams. Just remember, UA, M, and SB are king. Well, we made it even though we tried our best not to. Thanks, Coff. HOP

Marie Ann Demel
Dearborn Heights, Michigan
Chemistry
General Unrestricted Line

Marie arrived at USNA from Dearborn Heights, Michigan. Although she avoided Fabulous Fifteen her 4/c year by spending most of her time in the fencing area, her craziness and spunk shone through more and more every year. 3/c year, being a Chemistry major had some serious side effects on Marie, including Hall Ratitis and a harsh outlook on life in general. This quickly changed when she got a car 2/c year and wore the soles out of her shoes walking to the stadium to park it. Her patience was tested by plebes rather than academics. First class year, Marie got the last GURL billet by the skin of her teeth. Now, with less than 50 days to go and graduation clear in sight, nothing could go wrong...Did you say that you were going to Djibouti, Africa Marie? Wasn't that the only place you didn't want to go? Senioritis has hit pretty hard. At least it gives you time to spend with your friends in choir and time at the mansion. Cinderella libs are awful on the bank account though. We'll remember her for keeping us in line with her down to earth personality, bluntness, her love for Christ, and her incredible laugh. Never lose touch. DML JKM

Anthony Thomas Dickens
Milton, West Virginia
Economics
Surface Warfare

The Blue Cyclone came to Canoe U. from the far away land of West Virginia to do some wrasslin' for Navy. He spent plebe year in 11th Co. where his endless energy earned him the nickname "PEP". He had a few problems with school that first year but by the time he got to 8-0, youngster year, he had mastered the English language. He then became known as the "studying machine". Although he adored classes, his first love was always wrestling. How he managed to get 3.0's while working out 3 times everyday, I'll never know. His second love moved to the area 2/c year. There was never any question where Tony was every weekend. When 1/c year came around, Tony's tireless dedication to excellence was rewarded with a 3-striper staff billet. No question were he was on 3-striper libs. Roomin' with you for two years was the best. Remember Spring Break youngster year and golfing, Hop's bedtime stories, your birthday parties, Gergs, my strange sleeping habits? When are you going to write that book? JGK

James Phillip Edwards
Columbus, Indiana
Political Science
Nuclear Power - Surface

"There's no place like home" is a true statement, but who ever heard of Columbus, Indiana? Perhaps it is the hometown of humble gentlemen who hope to someday become railroad engineers, Nuclear Surface Warfare Officers, lawyers,...or politicians(?) After a tough year in Skate Eight, James teamed up with the 8-0 bartender in 32. A more unlikely pair you'll never find. By then known as Jim Ed and Indiana Jim, he decided that the wild life was not for him and quickly returned to his books. In school he wore stars, due in large part to his extraordinary organizational ability as well as his hard work. After hiding away in sixth wing for a semester with two different characters, he moved back into the mainstream and went on an occasional wild and stomach-testing vodka martini spree. Study hours became engulfed with debates on countless subjects. When the subject was politics, his political party invariably won. 1/c year James became the pride of the Naval Institute after "persuading" the entire company to subscribe to Proceedings. In all the world there will never be another to compare to James. He is to be admired. Fair winds and following seas. TEH

Ellen Stuart Gardner
Sterling, Virginia
English
Supply Corps

Ellen literally "sailed" through her years by the Bay, spending 3 years on the dinghy team--quitting only to get the real Academy experience of drill and formations and, most importantly, weekends. In case she got away with too much plebe year, Ellen made up for it by making "several" tours around the Mitscher L.A. bricks w/ rifle. Youngster year brought the challenge of Statics, which ended her career as an engineer,living with Klepto Carter, and blessing the freeways of PA and NJ after Army-Navy. 2/c year.(No comment.) 1/c summer Pistol detail set the trend for a very memorable and exciting year with a constant companion for drinking at Pete's, Griffin's, Secret's, eating in King Hall, studying in Bancroft--not to mention leave periods in tropical resorts. 1/c year also brought the news that Ellen was NPQ to fly, so she opted for the Corps which thrilled her father, the Lt. Colonel, until he heard that it was the Supply Corps(just kidding Sir!) Beat Army!

Michael Jeffrey Glenister
East Rockaway, New York
Computer Science
Navy Air

Mike aka Glenbo is the product of Chaminade High School. Wrestling accurately describes Glenbo's social skills, not his athletic ability. In the barn as a 3/c, Mike used his adept boy scouting skills to devise contraptions like the coconut macaroon slingshot, and still claims the 32nd Co mouse kill record. 2/c year, Glenbo fell from grace into the grasp of the "dark side." Weekends were spent on the hills of Maryland with his "favorite" classmate. But, this didn't taint USNA's gungiest prodigy. A P-rade judge, 2/c Batt Cdr, Glen built upon the lessons learned, 4/c year, in "Mean, Serene 18." Able to spot an "89" at distances, he managed to be the recipient of an 89/200 on the Calc II final. A sportsman, his contribution to batt fball/lax and co fieldball consisted of punishing the opponent into submission. Mike's great sense of humor and ability to immitate anyone/anything at anytime added to the spirit of 32. Complete with programming goggles, Glenbo sweated through the Computer Science curriculum at USNA, and proudly accepted the reins, and pains, of Co Cdr second semester. Mike travels to P-cola, to turn and burn with the other future flyboys. CWB JWC

Brian Joseph Greeley
Johnstown, Pennsylvania
Mathematics
Supply Corps

Gree came to USNA via NAPS, from the only place in the world where beer is cheaper than water, Johnstown, PA. With Cone and I, he left his mark in Riordans where along with Coff and Hop they'll live forever. He also kicked in windows, fell over the wall and played 150's. Along with Vit, Paul and the gang Pcola, Quantico, Andros Island and Cancun have been assulted, Army and Philly destroyed. My roommate would have it no other way. Five years by a bay and here's to the Corps(Supply Corps), good times, and good friends--many which have left their marks on your Mother's carpet (Big Bob and Goody). I'll never forget you. GUNNY Mom,Dad,Beth,and Colleen thanks for your support, I wouldn't have made it without you. Love, Brian

Brian Charles Grimm
Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania
Mathematics
Navy Air

Brian is a second generation squidshipman who, like his dad (Class of 65), chose to be a Naval Mathematician. Unfortunately for Brian, all he inherited from Pop were his looks! After a stint at NAPS Brian arrived at Annapolis ready for battle. Throughout his plebe year Brian thought he would continue in his dad's steps as a submariner. However, after four weeks of life under the sea during his youngster cruise he soon decided to bet on his eyes and the wild blue yonder. So during his remaining years Brian studied enough to test his valuable lenses, but not to tax them. His most memorable moments were with little Cakes, which he developed a habbit for firstie year. Brian is one of the finest people I have yet met. Like Tennyson he is "a part of all that (he) has met." God speed and good luck. CLM

Terrence Eugene Hammond
San Jose, California
Political Science
Navy Air

Terrence, known to most as 'T', came to the Naval Academy from California after spending a year at NAPS. Fighting with academics as much as possible, Terrence spent most of his time participating in countless extracurricular activities. First class year he was elected Brigade Honor Liaison. The three stripes brought a personal telephone, practically round-the-clock liberty, and enormous added responsibilities. Terrence duly deserved the title "Best Known Midshipman" since, not content with being known by all his classmates, he acquainted himself with many of the officers and civilian Academy workers as well, one way or another. When not on a social foray, Terrence worked to perfect his dancing skills, already so extraordinary that they defied description. A friendly individual, the only battle 'T' ever lost was with 'V'. I wish you all the best. JPE

Christopher Dean Hopkins
Pittsfield, Massachusetts
English
Surface Warfare

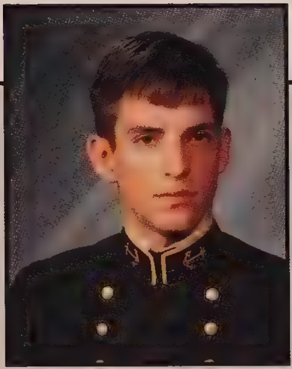
Hop was on his way to UMass when he made a wrong turn and ended up at USNA, home of Schaefer beer and Smoke Hall. Hop, never one to toe the line, ended up with one black N and many green copies. I'll always admire Hop's ability to break hearts, rules, casinos, his head and one missing canoe. I'll never forget the hill with Hoyt, Cinderella libs from plebe year, golfing with Sandy, Spring Break 88 with the OOW, Spa Cove, early mornings at Denny's, falling for green cards, the hat at Riordans, TGIF's, and getting me a ride at the Cellar. Hop was also a P.E. stud, especially at swimming. Thanks Hoyty. What was the master plan anyways? Did it have anything to do with forty year olds or was it just an excuse to find more trouble. Well buddy, there are many more stories but not enough room. It's a miricle we're still here. If they only knew. Thanks. COFF

Gary Lambert Irvin
Ashland, Oregon
English
Surface Warfare

This "Dark Brother" journeyed from over the hills and far away to grace our halls with his amoeba slinky and other "Animals of your Karma." Gary became intimately familiar with japdom and other east coast female ideologies. One that comes directly to mind is the "pie wagon" whose vocabulary consisted of one word - "no" And then there was steinem," whose vocabulary also consisted of one word! Clearly, this grinder had a way with the women. This "sikh dude" is also possessed with a remarkable golf game, as his ace, earned youngster year will attest. Gary is also the "Ernie Banks" of intramural sports, leading all of his teams to the playoffs, but never to a title. All of these dubious achievements pale in comparison to his creation of a religion for our times. As the Cardinal of the temple of sound sleep, "CAT" Irvin set the standard as the leader of the "Four Hogmen of the Apocalypse." JCS CJV

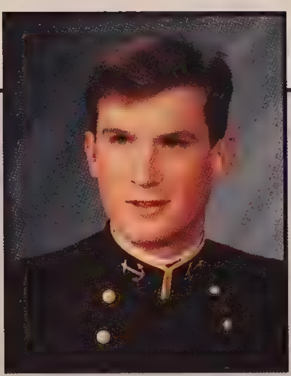
Jennifer Rachel Jaunsen
Oak Ridge, Tennessee
Ocean Engineering
Navy Air

To the unobservant eye, Jenn-Bob Jaunsen seemed merely a mild-mannered Rickover-troll Trident-scholar. But those who spent weekends (and weeknights) with her were priviledged to know the real Jenn. And no, lithium hydroxide canisters were NOT her favorite liquid-filled cylindrical containers!! Poor Joe-Bob and Barb-Bob, his and her eyes should be permanently red from trying to keep up with her for a year. Adak's Tundra may not have been punk enough for progressive Jenn, but anyone who can find slam-dancing in Tennessee should have been able to find SOMETHING to keep her entertained over the North Pacific! Things won't be the same around here without Jennifer, but at least we have some lovely momentos (including a charming snapshot of that Spring Break State Line Smile!). Never fear, there are 7-11's in P-Cola too. And probably a few Depots and maybe even a Hunan or two (and lots of sexy flight instructors). Arts of the world pay close attention, here comes Jenn!! Now get off my ledge, my friend, get up into that blue sky and "put out your hand;" it's what you were born for.

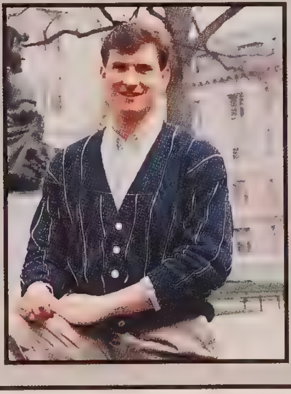


Joseph George Klein
Waterloo, Illinois
Political Science
Surface Warfare

Joe did not make it to USNA based on his athletic achievements in high school. As a 4/c, his slight stature and glasses earned him the nickname "Woody"(Allen). 3/c year, he moved down the ladder to 32nd Co. where he became a hillbilly fan by adopting two West Virginian roommates. He learned the "backhill" language to become a translator between his roommates and the the company. He slept most of that first year on 8-0 but after a 5-grand 2/c summer, he got his act together the next semester which catapulted him into 2/c Co Cdr. After this he set his sights on the office of Commander-in-Chief. As a diehard Navy football fan, he cheered on every play regardless of how the team did. Three straight losses to the Blacknights were too much for the fan as he set the record for post-Army rum consumption in '88. Although never a varsity althete, he was a classic intramural jock. He took the soccer team to a 7-3 record. This would be his last victory as a coach. He went to finals in lightweight fball, but as coach of the slow-pitch softball team he couldn't muster a victory (0-10). Joe, you've come a long way since July 2, 1985. ATD



Robert John Kowalski
Huntingdon Valley, Pennsylvania
Mechanical Engineering
Nuclear Power - Submarines



"Yo dude!", young Kowalski emerged from form 2 as hard core destined for SEALdom. 3/c year in 32 was less intense. Antiaircraft darts and antifirstie slingshots provided entertainment, but the most noteworthy accomplishment was avoiding the black "N" while rooming with Ted. Midnight excursions to Bob's Big Boy provided some entertainment of the year, and who can forget electric seats and multiplying Ghandis. Tara's was the hot spot of 2/c summer, but Secret's is where he took the plunge, finding a 4 digit number to keep him occupied on his weekends. No longer a SEAL, he spent 2/c year aiming toward the corps(CEC). Wed. night Pink Floyd parties helped ease the burden of EE for all. After 1/c cruise on the Greyhounds, Bob returned to spend a few nights in Bancroft during Pistol Detail. Not satisfied with four digits, he directed his attention back to the company. A dollar a pop; isn't that a bit steep? After a romantic Xmas cruise, he returned to 4-1 for his final semester of rogueness. A waiver allowed Bob to go to Orlando, where he'll dive deeper into the naval experience. Good luck. See you in Charleston in 20. WRW CSG

Dulcita Marie Lu
Casa Grande, Arizona
Ocean Engineering
Civil Engineer Corps

"Miss Lu" arrived on a warm day in July in a sailor dress and is still making a fashion statement. Now she's leaving a sailor. One of the greatest mysteries of USNA is how one of the pro-knowledge negats could get an "A" on the fourth class PCR. The answer is: only if your name is Dulcita Lu. She was the most laid back plebes in USNA history. She thought Reef Points was for leisurely reading. The response "I'll find out sir", was the only prerequisite to get through plebe year. During 4/c year, Dulcita had to overcome a few problems. First, it was her hair. No matter how reg it was, it still looked long; until she got the Charlie Brown hairdo!! Then it was cleaning the hair from the shower drain; we didn't know guys shaved their legs?!! Oh Dulcita could always make people laugh without even trying! What about the time at Sandy Point? How many Arizonians go to the beach and sit under a tree in the shade the entire time. Only Dulcita! It is her faith and trust in Jesus Christ which have brought her this far and He will be with her always. Dulcita, good luck, our friend and remember never go into a shower without a squeegy mop! DMS MAD

Charles Lee Moore
St. Louis, Missouri
History
Supply Corps

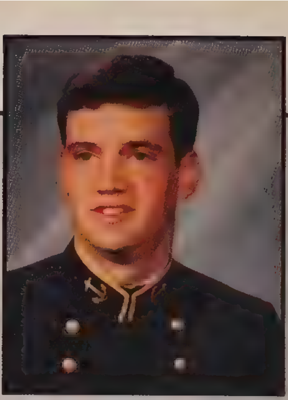
Redemption Song O Pirates yes they rob I. Sold to the merchant ships Minutes after they took I. From the bottomless pit But my hand was made strong. By the Hand of the Almighty. We flowered in this generation, Triumphantly. Won't you help to sing, these songs of freedom. Cause All I ever have, Redemption Songs. Redemption Songs. Emancipate yourself from mental slavery. None but ourselves can free our minds. Have no fear of atomic energy. Cause none of them can stop the time. How long shall we kill our prophets? While we stand aside and look. Oh, some say its just a part of it. We've got to fulfill the book. Won't you help to sing, these songs of freedom? Redemption Songs. Redemption Songs. -Mr. Robert Marley. M-Dog, Rol, Jer, bros. Eyes on the Prize. Peace.

John Morris O'Brien
Charleston, South Carolina
Mathematics
Nuclear Power - Submarines

John O'Brien comes to USNA from many places, including Charleston, Kings Bay, and Washington D.C.(NAVY BRAT). We first came across OB youngster year. Oddly enough, he was in the rack. He spent most of youngster year, in fact, in the rack vice managing the pistol team. The rack, however, did relinquish him second class year, demonstrating (in Company soccer) that he wasn't just the pencil neck that we had imagined. As a first class, he often volunteered for extra duties, such as admin officer (the aspirin's on the sink), and wardroom president. By the way, where did all of the wardroom funds go?! He always set sights high, but come Service Selection, he chose to go below, opting for a career in subs. We'll remember OB for many things...D&D, doritos during exams, and generally being a nuisance during study hour (but maintaining a 3.5). The youngster party, however, will always be the most memorable-but don't tell him that-he doesn't remember! OB will do the submarine community credit-good luck John. By the way, what do you do in there for 20 minutes at a time?! DMR

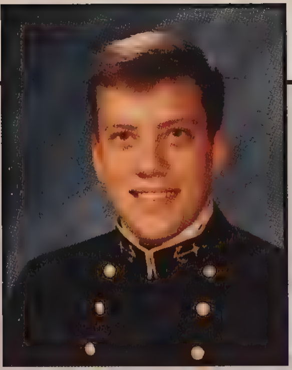
Jeffery Scott Petrie
Eugene, Oregon
Economics
Surface Warfare

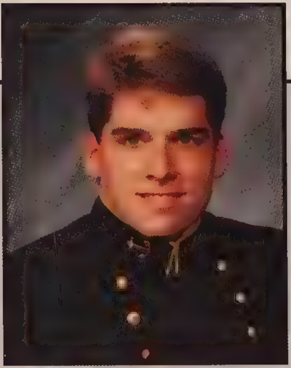
"Why'd you come to the Academy?" "to do gymnasitics, sir!" "WHAT!?" He learned the correct answer to that question! A nationally ranked gymnast in high school, the "Dish" came to the Boat School with the interest of continuing his career in athletics. When he first arrived here, he didn't even know that after graduation he owed five years to Uncle Sam. A severe knee injury 4/c year in a meet against the Black Knights forced Jeff to take a hard look at why he was here. After considerable soul searching 3/c year, he decided to stick it out. By the end of his four years on the Severn, he had become the gymnastics captain and led the team to its best season in decades. Although he was known as the "social butterfly" after 3/c year, he never hung out in Mother B. on weekends. Not too many people knew Washington like he did. When not in DC, he was on his way to NYC to party all night. Jeff was renown for being outspoken in the defense of varsity athletes. Though he had bad luck with roommates, he got it right in his last year. Jeff, I never would've imagined on I-day that four years would turn out like they did but you did well! Good luck! JGK

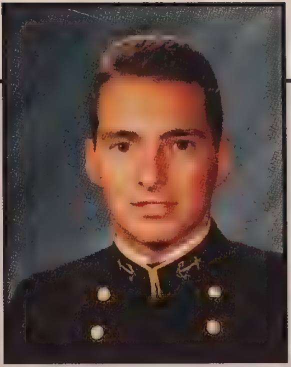


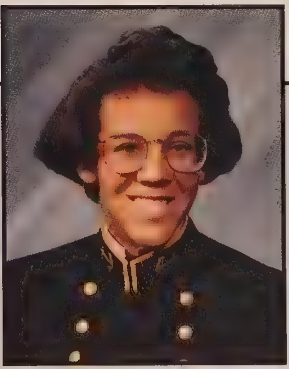
Henry Walter Price
Austin, Texas
History
Navy Air

He came, he saw, he got crushed! He came back; now we're calling it a draw! Hank knows the USNA conduct system better than the rest of us. Touring Germany with Bob, and Hawaii with a bicycle, our 'sensitive guy' is a glutton for punishment. Training for the Moron-athon together, I smoked him in the first 23 miles. Convinced he had found love nearly every weekend, Hank realized his true love was his plain brown houn'-dawg. He came to USNA for reasons other than the education. A history student endowed with the gift of the 'RAP', he and Sky pondered on a frost-ridden pier. With the tact of a rugby player, he made short work of any woman between him and the bar. FF1045 prepared him well for 32, with an over-developed sense of humor, since he was our first glimpse of anyone admitting Texan background. He sought a career wallerin' in the mud, but six weeks of pure adventure at MOCS cleared his vision: Aviation is where the rubber meets the road. With a hearty 'Yee-Haw!' we extend best wishes to our fast-rappin' pavement-poundin' fist-swingin' non-studyin' hog-hangin' tongue-waggin' ... boatswain's mate! TCS









Dale Matthew Rohrbach
Cherry Hill, New Jersey
Systems Engineering
Civil Engineer Corps

Joe Christian Shipley
Kansas City, Missouri
Oceanography
Navy Air

Thomas Craig Smith
Palmdale, California
Computer Science
Naval Flight Officer

Barbara Diane Tucker
Joppatowne, Maryland
Oceanography
Supply Corps

Dale from New Jersey, exit #4 NJ TPK, marked by the water tower that advertises CHERRY HILL so proudly. An MMA grad, he spent 4/c year in Roaring 20. Lo and behold, it was the scene of his "knife-in-the-back" assault on a classmate. Dale's "STAB & TWIST" technique drove his buddy's chin home. Yes, the same classmate that will hold your fiance's ring 4 years later. On to better things in 32. Underestimated by the baseball coach, Dale spent his time more enjoyably. Remember that short love bout with EPE that left you feeble all 3/c year. A valuable asset to 32nd Co soccer, fieldball, and fastpitch (Thanks for the hats Mr. R). Systems Engineering--"I be ennoneerin' systems-n-!@#$%." Adamant work on your 1/c design project still took 2nd to Lisa. Phone bills into four digits; VISA and MC are still searching for you. BMR shopping on the weekdays-...nice sweats! Romance over Spring BReak gave you more than a tan..."congrats Lisa and Dale!" Unique proposal on a train...thought she'd fall off for sure! Now to the Corps...Civil Engineering Corps that is (how's that go?...once a Marine...once is enough!) On to a life together starting in P-cola, Good Luck...Bruno.

One of the Dark Brothers, reared in Kansas City, this cheese-ball boasts of his residence in the "show-me" state; only a certain Tasmanian Devil has yet to be shown there. On the highways he's a holy terror, known to be inverted and known to be more dangerous in the passenger's seat. Joe's always volunteering to join a bacchanalia, evidenced by his membership in the Bago Bunch and his legendary conquest of the Agave beast deep in the woods of WVa. He worships at the temple of motrin-baptised Carnotholics, but is more than willing to leave his sanctuary for the communion of GINGER-ale and AMBER-fluid. Incredibly, Joe made it through USNA without restriction, but he had a habit of sneaking home to see the light of his life which never shined on his parents. The Disk Prince of Percocet is famous for his fine religious statements, "I'm a Pagan for Christ's sake!" and "Jesus Saves - Gretzky gets the rebound - slapshot - SCORES!" Finally, we'll never forget Joe's "Superfly Snuka" imitation after the fball banquet. Ships will be missed by the Bago Bunch, but he'll never be forgotten. Pensacola has truly gained a motivated pilot. Good luck and AMIN! CVW GLI

A desert rat hailing the Mojave as home Tom joined the Navy for the only real reason. T.C.'s (what does that stand for?) fashionable blue headwear and an alert CMOD got him 20 days in the hole, while a later expedition to G-town earned him a field trip to Howard Univ. Mem. Hosp. Much of his off-time was spent with Con and friends, focusing on fluid replenishment. With origins in the 'Happy Shaft' and a true blue polar bear, Tom conspired with three others to hang hawg for that special someone. Then there was goin' south, first in the 'Bago, then in an unprecedented expedition to New Orleans, where Laurel and Hardy performed to the dismay of those observing. Known for his fine taste in beer, Tom (Ol!) could always find the best buy. Unfortunately, he also got a best-buy push-start car. An excellent athlete, prone to working out, Tom competed in the '88 Moronathon, finishing only 108 places behind myself. Almost joining the Silent Service, Tom's faith was restored in the 9th inning, when he chose to "Ride Navy". Tom has a cool head and a steady hand. I'd buy him a cold Dixie any day. Pop me another star, you rugged survivalist! HWP

Barbara, "Barb," spent all four years in the safety of 8th wing...She started out in Club 34 and moved into 32 youngster year. Although she was devoted to the flag line and the D&B, spending many weekends on M.O.s, she managed to find time for V-Day blowouts, tailgators, and parties on the city dock w/ rum and diet cokes. We want Barb to remember: Northway, "Trench," Da Gunny, Lauralyn, Tom and Helen Willis, Hunan, Alysheba, Jenn ba Ben, Dawwna, and Ln Good Luck Barb! ESG

33rd COMPANY

Christopher J. Van Wart
Lanoka Harbor, New Jersey
Political Science
Surface Warfare

EMF! Goodness Gracious Great Bowels of Fire! Call him Cheeseball, call him “***pie, just don't call Officer O'Brien. His Pieness arrived a scant 145 lbs., but since then the seams of his wardrobe screamed for alteration. Chris encountered his first experience with the “dark side” in the form of Marius J. while he and McG applied creative gardening to the Pearman's plant 4/c year. 3/c year brought the perfect sleep cycle. Chris was attached to the elixir with the U-haul gang 2/c summer, and 2/c year offered a Bago pilgrimage with him embodying the Cheese Factor in his only vehicular experience without having his license revoked. Chris related well to the fairer side of the Academy but now he moves on from the philosophical tavern-rap aimed at Annapolis girls to one aimed at the ladies in the Pearl of the Pacific. Chris, there are no whiteworks nor a Klaus Barbie Hall in the fleet but there is always room for a consummate sportsman such as yourself. Rumor Alpha has it that SWOS will be a clean sweep (just watch those spinal taps). “I don't believe it!” is his trademark, and we don't believe we'll forget him. McG, GLI & JCS.

Joseph Fitzgerald Wade
Jacksonville, North Carolina
Physical Science
U. S. Marine Corps

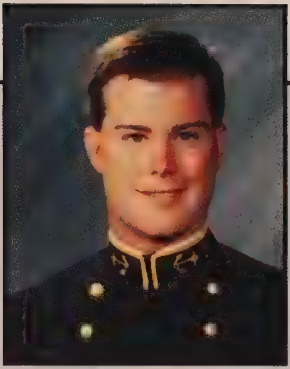
Joe came to the boat school via the North American Party School (NAPS) where most of us learned the art of just getting by. He carried this talent on at USNA by being the last of a dying breed--the Physical Scientist. Born and raised in the Corps, everyone knew he would follow Daddy's footsteps after Quantico. Second class summer brought nothing but good times especially in Pcola where Vit put on a great show for you back in the room, and Andros Island where the Bahama mamas turned you upside down. We let our presence known to all during summer school, while Cone, you and I bared everything on Stribling Walk after we pulled Cone over the wall. We have done it all together, 150's, restriction, unsat weekends, service selection night and our skin heads. I wouldn't have made it without you. Here's to the Corps! After four years together we leave behind nothing but lifetime friends and endless memories. BJG

William Randolph Watkins
Danville, Virginia
Aerospace Engineering
Naval Flight Officer

Bill fell upon the wings of Stalag 17 as a plebe. Still can't believe Jud takes the fall the DAY after graduation. As a 3/c in 32, he became active in the flying club at USNA, and a popular weekend date. 3/c year also meant UVA with TS & JC HOOKS, lines and sinkers. “Walk this way!” V-Day Blowout I at the Thrift Inn. A mastery of organization that led to the abuse of OB. Who could forget the WRNV plug, “WRNV, 89.7, the only rock and roll station in Annapolis.” Amature photography, music mixes, wardroom sports, computer flight simulators, planning parties...anything but schoolwork. How he survived Aero, we'll never know. 2/c summer saw P-cola Beach with GI, JC, Busch and the Blues. Awesome! 2 for 7 with “the Boys” V-Day Blowout II...the last one was a cocktail party. Aviation cruise resulted in severe Bego envy. Ring Dance with Bruno's sis. Tour de Hell with Crash, Trib, Joe and the Dunk. Co Ops 1/c year-organized Gators I, II and III that proved to be humbling experiences; not as humbling as Service Selection. Almost SWO. Extra NFO billets came through just in time. Thought we were going to rip that flight suit off you. Congrats! Good luck buddy. CWB

Craig Arnold Anderson
Terry, Montana
Honors History
Navy Air

Craig Anderson aka POV or Chuck Norris, The ladies called you Hugmonster, or Teddy Bear. You hit the deckplates running plebe summer. You took honors history on as a major because you wanted to know more than what they told you at Montana High School, where you graduated 2nd of 4 in the state. You were the one who told us, in a way only a 3.6 wallflower could, what it was to eat "Rocky Mountain Oysters." When you weren't studying, you were lifting. And you got HUUUGE!, as big as Hulk Hogan, but somehow you managed to maintain the grace and flexibility of Hope (who frequently spotted for you). All your women back in Terry won't recognize you anymore. Now you're a Big Man, who can milk a cow, or order beer in Belgium. You're a hard man, a sensitive man, but most of all, Craig, you're a Christian man. You shared your love with your company, the Chapel Choir, the Navigators, and anyone else who needed a warm smile. You'll be an aviator like the world has never seen. Don't be too cocky; remember you have to land on the biggest target in the fleet sometime. And, Craig, don't let anyone tell you, "The pattern is full." WRG



James Anthony Bell
Arbuckle, California
Economics
Naval Flight Officer

Quality of life was paramount during Jim's USNA career. For this reason, his spontaneous style served him well. He insisted on having fun at any cost. Once when I suggested stopping at Griffins, he had cole slaw thrown at him (not to mention fists) so this detour was possible. Another example of his spontaneity might be his Columbian exploits where he conducted experiments on projectile motion. He was game to challenges as well. I recall the night we went "head-to-head" at Griffins (not bad with the jacket trick). Jim made non-challenging situations difficult such as making Whopper runs at 11pm the eve of an Eco Geo test. I won't mention his position as pres of the Polygamy Club, the Jeep, his baseball career, 2/c summer and tardiness. Jim's "streak" is admirable. Was it worth the 26,000 miles on his Acura? That's what you get for being pres of the Not-So-Foreign-Legion. Jim rarely compromised himself, except when it came to Late Night with Matt and Firetop. Jim showed promise of Jedi abilities, but was unable to master the force. He was proficient with the art of grleeting, a saluatory technique. Grleet! SPOD MGS GCB

Leopold Bernard Blum
Falmouth, Massachussetts
Systems Engineering
Nuclear Power - Submarines

Buck, Hang, Pi, Leo, Wilbur, BBB. He came from Falmouth, Mass leaving the Celtics, Red Sox, and Patriots behind to play baseball at Navy. Well baseball became company softball and football, but not all was lost. The extra time allowed Buck to find his way into the Happy Meal Bunch which provided a variety of exciting experiences. Then came the summer and Buck's infamous vacation in the Bahamas that gave way to a classic, legendary party "Buck's not here '87" (shirts are still available). Then summer cruise in California and a spring break in Cancun and now its time to graduate. Despite his intense nervous anxiety (or a box lunch) Buck always knew he would get nuke power and now he's headed to Florida. He has always been known for his ease of self expression and ability to PI out randomly, but I'll always remember: "You've gotta meet my Mum!" Hopefully someone will give him driving lessons for graduation, but then that just wouldn't be Buck. Good luck Hangar! Don't forget your Pals! DMC

Gary Conrad Burger
Hazel Park, Michigan
Aerospace Engineering
Nuclear Power - Submarines

On first sight, one can see that Gary is a tall, dark, intimidating, well built, handsome man. If you don't believe me, just ask him. No, Gary, just joking. Please put down the knife. Whew! Anyways, rooming with Gary has been anything but boring. With a personality cross between a Grizzly bear and a pussy cat, we never knew whether he was going to kill us or fold our linen. You see, Gary was the epitome of military bearing keeping Sean and me in line with our antics and our slobular(?) lifestyles. While we changed our sheets every time the Brigade returned in the fall, his laundry went out every week. While Sean's notebook was so disorganized that he was unaware of upcoming tests, Gary's was stenciled with a straight edge. When we were up bs-ing all night, Gary was in bed by 11 (occasionally prompting us to go to sleep before part of our anatomy was removed). Though Sean had to wax the floor and name his first born "Gary", and I had to help write his Aero labs and pay a monthly fee, it was a worthwhile price to pay to live with a loving person as Gary. Thanks for a great time, Gar. Will you let me out of the closet now? MGS SPO

Kristen Anne Colbert
East Holden, Maine
English
General Unrestricted Line

Kristen you came to us from a small town in the beautiful state of Maine, population 5. No one would ever think you'd turn out to be a "big city" kind of girl. Likewise, from the back of your company blowing sand to the front of your company belting out commands, you've come a long way and have much to be proud of. As our dear aerobics instructor, you helped us find muscles we never knew existed. Kristen, never forget our early morning breakfasts, our homemade hat racks, Bennigan's and telephone booths, late nights "thank goodness no one had a tape recorder" talks, and especially never forget how much you mean to us. How did you ever put up with the hyperactive conservative and the Cuban radical? Shall we discuss our trips to D.C., no let's SKIP it! Ooh Rah Marine Corps! Most importantly, always remember: the few, the proud, the 3 V's. See you at the Beaches, Curly! Best Friends Forever, Larry and Moe.

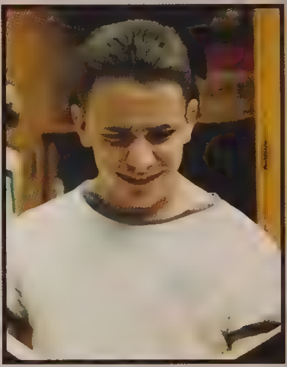
David Matthew Cox
Glen Burnie, Maryland
Political Science
Navy Air

If you hear thumping on your ceiling, your room is probably below "Herb's" room. Matt, is rarely found without a lacrosse stick in hand. He attended Univ of Md for a year where he played lacrosse. Then he came to USNA where he played lax for awhile. But he succumbed to fieldball, the Black Sock defense, and batt lax. When not on the battlefield he was found instigating trouble with the Capt, from Baltimore or playing poker with Q. While at USNA he enjoyed the summer cruises to Europe and Africa. A financial wizard, this Weasley Dude has become a master of Loanofficerese and Creditcreation. However, his driving sense needs help. But you can't hurt a Jeep if you roll it. His personal tastes are not always foolproof. Whether he was eating canned ravioli with cheap wine in the French Alps or dating Va women (or just plain fatal women), he was happy. But his quest for a "friend" and his knowledge of the "forever" store suggest that his desire to Coll on someone may come soon. With ice cream chits and a personal pharmacy, he's graduating with respect and professionalism. He will be one of P-Cola's best, as soon as they let him out of jail. Good luck! KEH

Robert Stephen Duguay
Waverly, Pennsylvania
Economics
Naval Flight Officer

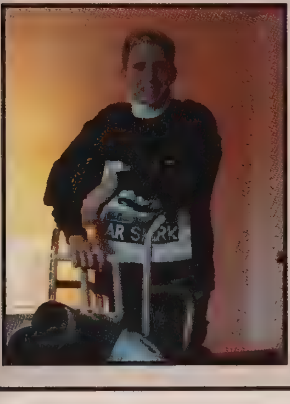
After beating down the admission door for three years, the Academy could take it no longer and Lumpy, the two year W&L Figi, entered plebe year. After 27 was done with him, the old man went down to the sea. Who knows why, but this salty sailor rose above all other sailors by hanging his head over the rail of the "Snake" as it went Translant. This rough ordeal was no preparation for the dangers that lurked ahead up on 8-4. As youngsterdom slid past with help from "Uptown" and the Johnies, the Economist stayed well in control, or was he? Fifty + people in Loyola might disagree after seeing the "treeline" dance on the table. After living with the man we've learned how to tag our towels, buy our own soap dishes, and study over someone snoring. On the intramural field the college veteran never did make it to brigades, regimentals, batt champs,... Anyway, from beaching in Padre, sleepless trains in France, movies in Frankfurt, and incredible Cancun, its all been great! Welcome to the world of Naval Aviation, we know you will excell. Good luck! PKL GWK

Wesley Randall Guinn
Phoenix, Arizona
English
Nuclear Power - Submarines



Wes came from Arizona, which he still believes to be the greatest place on earth, with the greatest-looking women and the best basketball teams. As a plebe, he took over the Masqueraders with a lead in "The Birds," and has continued his reign with lead roles in "Julius Caesar," "Rhinoceros," and most importantly, a part as the dude who got thrown off the balcony in "Life is a Dream." As a 2/c he entered the music department through a hostile takeover, has been in three musicals, two choirs, and has started to sing in the shower. His diversified interests include his big old '65 Cadillac with the complete ESM suite, his liquid-cooled multi-port stereo system, the pursuit of the best SPAM, and of course all of his hundreds of women (just kidding, Jane). It shouldn't take you long to implement a humanities department at Nuke school, Wes, if you can drag yourself away from Disneyworld. Don't forget, whoever dies with the most toys wins. When you read this as an old Admiral, drop me a line, care of the local insane asylum. You can be my wingman any time (sorry, couldn't resist). Good luck, and God be with you always. We gotta stop rooming together. DMS(etc.)

Keith Edward Hicks
Rancho, California
General Science
Naval Flight Officer



Mercury Hicks came to pole vault for Navy. That didn't work so he tried his luck at rugby. 3/c year he expanded his activities to home repair and camping. 2/c year he bought a '78 Camaro and began establishing credit through a series of loans that would make a 3rd world country proud. Since rugby didn't provide enough pain for him he tried lacrosse, a sport that utilizes weapons. Then he spent the summer in Quantico and jumping out of perfectly good planes in Georgia. 1/c year he tried some new hobbies: Cliffdiving into sand and skiing. Off he went to Chamonix France to learn to ski. Service selection found him selecting surface line then marine corps and then changing a few weeks later to NFO. To celebrate he spent spring break in Catsgill Hospital with Kenneth, a man filled with energy and motivation(and wheezes). Now after 6 weeks with a chit for everything he graduates. So if you couldn't find him for formation, class or drill he was most likely at his home with the Freulein of his daydreams. "Ask me if I care""I never said I didn't like it""Wanna shoot the bull?" and don't forget our oldest and dearest friend the CAPTAIN! Good luck! The party has just begun! DMC

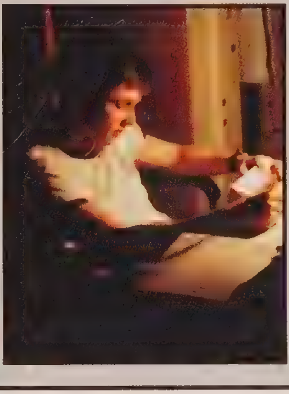
Dawn Ann Hillman
Mantua, New Jersey
Political Science
Navy Air

Dainty? Ha! Straight from the Garden State, complete with that special Jersey dialect. "I don't know whether you have this or not... did I already mention bacon?" And who taught you how to drive? Careful with the clutch on a Friday night. Was this an experiment in co-ed habitation? Notice the ants are always on your side of the room. Well, cleanliness is next to... For a three sport letter winner, I'd say you got more that your fair share of sleep. Immaculate nails. "Hope, did you borrow my gyro compass? It's not in my nav kit." Now I know what it's like to live with Dear Abby, the 976 Partyline Representative and President of Rumor Control Central. So, now that it's over, who gets the penny collection? Fly Navy but pray for an automatic. Call when it's time to dance at the wedding. BHM

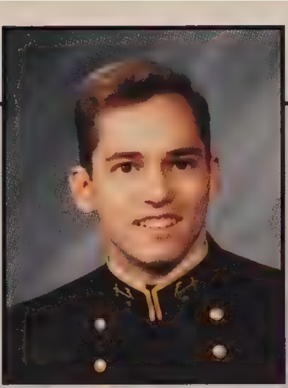
John Leslie Johnston
Elmhurst, Illinois
History
Surface Warfare

John Leslie "Conan" Johnston -- what can we say? With that name is associated so many things. John was Big. John was Powerful. John was ... JOHN. Left Prop on the Rugby "A" side, Power Forward on the Basketball Team, Heavyweight Boxing Champion, and still, John found the time for the finer things in life. He was an active participant in the Scuba club, the Newman club, and the HRC. As a 4-striper, John rewrote the performance system to weed out Glee Club/Masquerader types, the very ones at whom John constantly threw milk cartons while sitting at the football team tables. And the women! John attracted women like Tania attracted men, if you can believe that. John left his conquests throughout the country, and who knows, there may be a John Leslie IV out there somewhere. We love you, John, even if you are our favorite target for our own inadequacies because John, we never could measure up to you. You will do well as the most motivated SWO in the fleet. Keep in touch with us. God be with you. DMS WRG

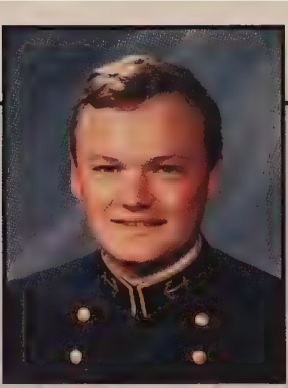
James Thomas Jones
Titusville, Florida
Mechanical Engineer
Surface Warfare



Jim? Jim who? He's that EE major that switched to MECHE because he thought it would be easier. Of course, after having "No Way" Gotay, "Machine Gun" McCoy, "Danger" Granger, and the ROCKET (passed), it's all relative. But none of this stopped his experiments on blast spread patterns of pumpkins dropped from six stories up. There's more to Jim than academics. "Chuckwagon" always had whatever you needed. whenever you needed it (Including a pair of hot Ring Dance dates--Thanks.). You would never know he is a proud Florida resident from his tan. I think he's allergic to warm, sunny beaches. But he showed me that Floridians sure can bowl. Jim was also quite the athlete. He could chase soccer balls into the Severn like no one else. Jim always showed off his grace and coordination on the dance floor--cutting it up. Even though he tried to maintain his roommate attrition record by studying until ungodly hours, it didn't work. I'm going to graduate, Jim. Thanks for everything and good luck. SAK



Steven Albert Kalderon
Little Rock, Arkansas
Systems Engineering
Nuclear Power - Submarines



Jeffrey Scott Kerr
Hamilton, New Jersey
Oceanography
Navy Air

Gary William Korn
Williamsville, New York
Oceanography
Surface Warfare

Peter Kingsly LeHardy
Fredericksburg, Virginia
Ocean Engineering
Surface Warfare

MANNING'S
FURNI
255 LAW RD.
TRENT J.

Steve made a name for himself early upon arriving in 33rd company. As a 3/c he fried more plebes than all of '88 combined. 1st semester he studied hard and finished with a 4.2. He then discovered that academics weren't everything and decided not to study anymore. He decided that the Marine Corps was the place for him. He had a wonderful time at Bulldog. That 35lb radio really developed his lats. Steve bought a Midstang. He used it to bring his twin brother to the company party. Second semester he used the 'stang extensively since this systems engineer checked out of school after first semester. As John put it,"There are 3 things money can't buy: a solution to world hunger, making SDI work, and getting Steve a date." His two dates, excluding the ring dance, include being stood up by a blind date and a panting German Shepherd. The girls in the company knew he was a sucker for a smile, and he ate it up. At service selection, he wasn't motivated just greedy. That nuc bonus was too tempting. You were a great roommate and friend. Who else could sleep with the lights on and the stereo blaring at three o'clock in the morning.

Jeff had the usual 4/c year in Skate 8 except for his starring role in the ever popular "Plebe Spots." After a relaxing and educational summer in GTMO on board the USS NO LIBERTY he came to 8-4. He found himself rooming with "The Dogger", was subjected to the random ranking system, and set his eyes on a future striper position. He came out of his shell after spending the summer with a mid who was the reason for his induction into the halls of Sainthood. 2/c year found him and "The Dogger" parting ways. He lost rationality and roomed with the conduct case he befriended the prior summer, a decision he regreted. He popped the question to Barb and found his calling in life at VP-5: P-3s, reinforced by his tour of duty aboard the USS DORK. How about those Reservists!? 1/c year found him in charge of a platoon, coasting to a degree in Easyography, getting his pilot billet, and acting like a married man a year before his wedding (stupid question-"Jeff what are you doing this weekend?") I never could have made it without you! (I do like 94 Lite.) I hope you become the best P-3 pilot ever, but you'll never find me. I'm going to miss ya. LBB

Coming from a large family, The Dogger was more interested in sports than school and had to join the brotherhood of the Severn via NAPS. The promising prepschool QB soon found himself in the unfamiliar position of "pine rider". As the sixth company plebe CO, he worked hard at his duties, which included helping the future M/Capt get through the year. Arriving in 33rd, Gary left the gridiron and headed for a starting position on the Heavies. What a golden arm, JK would have been proud! Turning to academia, this oceanographer had a reserved cubicle in Nimitz. Its amazing how much you can learn with your eyes closed. Let's talk EE, well maybe let's not, that's all right Gary we can't talk about it either! Lacking weekends resulted in the famous Gilligan-Skipper sprint. From skiing off the bunny trail in Vail, to a close relationship with the basement bathroom the break was awsome. Remember witnessing Elvis in concert in Cancun. You don't fool us with that bachelor talk, what-up with the four door? This SWO daddy is headed to the West Coast, I hope there is plenty of golf courses, perfect women, and tons of scream! RSD PKL

Being an Army brat, Pete saw the better service and chose Canoe U. Joining the sailing team as a plebe, Turtle, rose through the ranks to obtain command, first of the barnacle barge, the 'Nipper, then on to the big leagues with Conquest. Thanks so much for those fun sailing parties in 8415? However, he also found time to major in engineering, put his knees in the breeze, redecorate a YP's quarterdeck, and become an international playboy. Thanks for the vette rides with that priceless front bumper, and that great Physics gouge. Always remember that service selection dash (good thing SWO is unlimited), the big tree at St. Johns, skiing in 'Rado, the Ring Dance (Oh, we'll tell you about it sometime), and being the Aloe King in Cancun. Stay optimistic because right now you might be in the basement, but someday you'll surely make it to the attic. Smooth sailing! RSD GWK

Tawayla Mynette Lemieux
Los Angeles, California
Mathematics
Surface Warfare

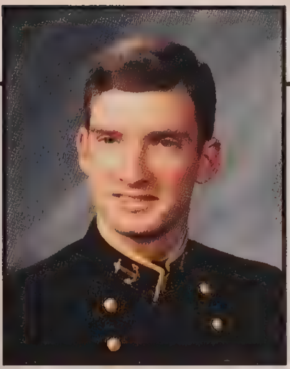
The next time you read this you will be married (officially, that is) with kids and a three bedroom house in Norfolk. Not in Quantico like we thought for so long -- second class summer took care of that, huh? I had a great time rooming with you for 2 1/2 years. I'll never forget walking up to 8-4 and meeting my TWO new roommates. Remember youngster Physics with Herr Professor Doctor? As a Math major you still had time to spend with track, then softball, work with Special Olympics (as a helper, not an athlete), go from MPO to Batt. Staff, and be a great friend. Congrats, best of luck, and BE HAPPY. JKM

Julie Kristine Modlin
Severna Park, Maryland
Physics
Cryptology

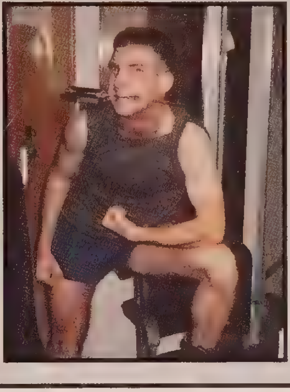
We've come a long way since the first day we met in BWI. Remember the old family station wagon; fencing our plebe year; heart to hearts as youngsters; freezing spring break second class year; finally those weekends and Wednesday lunches as firsties; not to mention 4 years of Sunday morning choir. We finally made it! I'll remember Julie most for her smile, sense of adventure, love of music, and her general zest for life. Best wishes-.Luv MAD. What else to say about Julie K.? She went from being a career-motivated, super-geek, VGEP physicist to a slack firstie who has trouble reading a polysci chapter. As a result, her QPR has dropped all the way to 3.5. She took command of the Catholic Choir and ruled with an iron fist. Life was tough for Julie K. Home was so far away (in Severna Park) that she only got home once a week in her banana-yellow turbo go-cart. Julie K. is off to Spain to break Iberian hearts with her freckle face and to break Iberian brains with her amazing smarts. Crypto will never be the same. We'll miss you. DMS WRG

Barbara Hope Mohle
Rock Hill, South Carolina
English
General Unrestricted Line

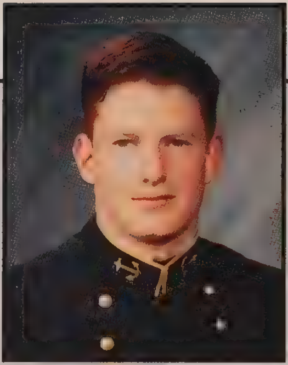
What do you get when you mix a Southern belle with a Jersey girl? At times harmony, at times not but it's not boring. Many words to describe Hope: calm and levelheaded (on the surface anyway), stubborn and fickle. As an English major she can charm you with her words but she can also put you in your place. Her pastimes include working out for hours and sleeping. Don't wake her up! Her dad lived close so her house held many parties. Remember Kelly's birthday 2/c summer? How about the night of the slammers? "Tell me a story." "Someone threw up." Hope was a source of surprises. She was a Marine true and green until 1/c year. Then she was DC until she decided to go someplace warm. Athletically she was quite a studdette. She was a gymnast, then she was a member of the crew team and she finally decided to be herself. She was also the push-up contest winner in Ft. Lauderdale. Anyway she is one of the reasons I'm still here. By the way who was the 3rd roommate? Lindsey, thanks for the driving lessons. Hope, the bugs may have been on my side but you ate them. Take good care of Alex. Good Luck Hopey and thanks for everything. DAH



David Edward Nosal
Lincoln, Nebraska
Political Science
Surface Warfare

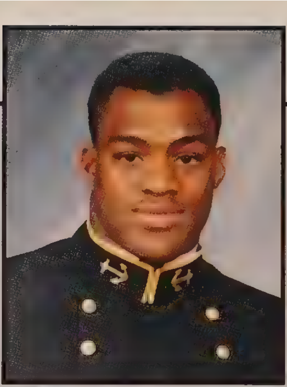


Whether you know him as "Noz," "Schnoz," "Schnosages," "Schnozzel," "Tippy," of just plain ol' Dave, David E. Nosal is a phenomenon that none of us will ever forget. Dave is a force to be reckoned with in all walks of his life. Much like the pigeons which grace our Yard, Dave left a little bit of himself everywhere he went. Fearless and bold, Dave captained the Brigade Champion X-Country team - "hating life" - all the way to the top. Wrestling constantly, he strove to bulk up even more and to achieve true combat readiness. He learned the true meanings of words like "cheese" and "fromage" in his hungry brain's endless quest for knowledge. But Dave also had his selfless, giving side, like when he kept our luggage safe and warm all day in Philly. Whether it was because of his nocturnal bouts with large spiders in search of "THE IDOL" followed by ceaseless days under the influence of the "Z" field, all his hot cars, or his Nebraska corn fed hulk of a body, there was only one Great and Powerful NOZ! JLJ CAA



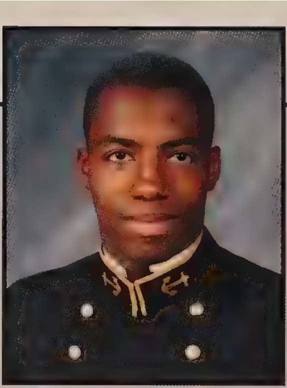
Sean Patrick O'Donnell
Fallbrook, California
Physical Science
Navy Air

Form an image of the ideal mid, a mid who stands on his chair to put on pants, carries 21 hours a semester, and actually wears cufflinks with SDB's. Oh, this isn't Jeff Winter's bio, it's Sean's. OK imagine the opposite. A mid who doesn't get out of bed to put on his pants, had about 21 classes this semester, and doesn't even have sleeves on his SDB shirts. All seriousness aside, though, living with OD has been an adventure. Anyone who met Sean immediately started laughing. But looks aren't everything. This philosophical fire-top's personality was a cross between Socrates and a stand-up comedian. In his every waking moment, those precious few, Sean was a constant source of comedy, storytelling, and sometimes buffoonery. Sean used this talent off duty to become somewhat of an international gigilo. The digitless wonder, cyclops, Frenchie, and the Italian Stallion were a few admirers of the Casanova of fire. We kidded him a lot, but he always had a kind word, sacrificed his grades to help us study, and when times were bad he could always bring a smile to our faces. Looks aren't everything. Thanks for a great time, bud. Stay cool(remember HS) MGS GCB



Albert Ronald Peltier
Dominica, West Indies
General Engineer
Supply Corps

Ye are the light of the world. A city is set on a hill cannot be hid. Neith do men light a candle, and put it under a bushel, but on a candlestick; and it giveth light unto all.(BE IT NOT THE SAME) Let your light so shine before men, that they may see your good works for all light must shine...(DARKNESS-)..MATHEW.5. To what I learned-...LIFE? When you're feeling cold. You are. When you think you feel pain. You do. When you know you're down. You're there. You know what? If tommorrow never comes, it always will. For those who give a damn, Rusty, THANKS! REMEMBER, no matter how close "mighty" gets, we'll always be one step ahead. To MOM AMD DAD. THANKS!



Michael Ernest Sawyer
Chicago, Illinois
Political Science
Cryptology

First, feel, then feel, then read, or read, then feel, then fall, or stand, where you already are. Think of yourself, and the other selves...think of your parents, your mothers and sisters, your bentslick father, then feel, or fall, on your knees if nothing else will move you, then read and look deeply into all matters come close to you city boys-country men. Make some muscle in your head, but use the muscle in your heart. AMIRI BARAKA

Thanks to my parents, my family, my brother, my boys at home and especially the boys here,I would have never made it without you. MES

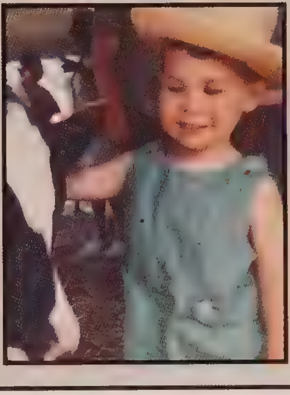
David Michael Shalikashvili
Carlisle, Pennsylvania
Computer Science
Navy Air

Dave Shali, O'Shalikashvilisteinovichski for short. You were born with all the gifts and you milked them to the end. Life came easy to you. How many times have we heard you say, "Gosh, I miss plebe year!" or, "When's the next mile and a half? I need to know when to stop pushing myself so hard in my training." You challenged the comp sci dept to fail you and then laughed at their impossible tests and projects. You set out to be the best, but shielded your gifts with modesty, never putting down others for their weaknesses like "typical mids" might. And you were good; just ask anyone in the brigade. His rack was always so lonely, unlike his women and his 250M-byte, 8900k, water-cooled computer terminal. No one could believe he traded in his 427 turbo-charged, Fireball 8, 0 to 60 in 4.2, screaming copper diesel Dasher, hardtop "Shali-mobile" for an economical, practical, used Pontiac Sunbird. He "just didn't need an image car anymore," he said. "Why Pilot, Dave?" "Well, I wanted Nuke so badly, but so did my cool, caring, wonderful roomate. I had no choice but to go pilot to make room for him!" Thanks, Dave. Hey, you can be my Diving Officer anytime! WRG

Matthew Gerald Soltis
Longmont, Colorado
Aerospace Engineering
Marine Air

Matt is a bright man. Many mids have beckoned his assistance. He is an academic machine that works at low RPM and requires little maintainance. It's amazing how he would tutor for hours in the back closet. What worried us from the beginning was the 8x10 on his desk of his true love: an 8" Brook Trout. He defended this photo and would replace it with other members of the trout family. He perpetuated his scaly affections while camping with Jack Lalaine and a rehabilitated Jeep-stealer. He supplemented fishing with tracking turkeys...not hunting or eating, but tracking. Matt brings to mind only pleasant memories. We could be for hours about everything from the Mid East to the women in our lives, which meant discussions about the Mid East or our mothers and sisters. He's a guy who is respected by all who know him and even loved by some (Ocean City). He has never taken himself too seriously despite qualifying as quite a stud. This is true because he always knew how smart he was. Not to say he wasn't an athlete. He is quite an athlete on the basketball court and on a number of other Courts! Thanks for the great times. Return sabre, young Jedi. Grieetings! SPOD GCB JAB

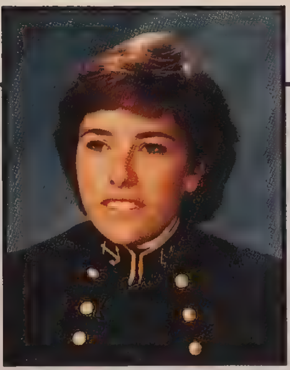
John James Thompson
Parkton, Maryland
Ocean Engineering
Naval Flight Officer



It's 0700, John lies dead still, partially because of his lethargic state and because of his fear of being mown down by me in my morning rush. He brought his strong family values from Parkton and found himself well liked by all. We became roommates since we both had engineering majors and the uncanny ability to sleep any time under any circumstances. As time went on, John got a little wilder but found that not everything goes down like orangeade. These wild times led to impromptu dog beatings and picturesque decorations in odd places: Ward's car, glass tables, and gate 3. What woman could resist this man? Certainly not a P-cola teenager, or a North Carolina based world traveller. I think they see the same things I see - a hard working, well-mannered guy who will do anything for you. It wasn't all light. He did watch some great tennis from 8-4 and get danced under the table once - but remember Herndon. John's presence is something we will always treasure, he could always be counted on to deliver a sarcastic remark about the spooky crew, and he kept me in touch with reality. Thanks to my favorite critic for all the memories. Smooth sailing, John. JSW

Timothy Robert Trampenau
Cupertino, California
History
Surface Warfare

Tim gave up the good life in Cupertino to join us here at the Naval Academy. After spending plebe year on 7-0 in the 13th Company, he had to get used to the nose bleeds associated with living on 8-4. Tim began his drill exempt Naval Academy sailing career with a youngster cruise to the Bahamas. How about those Tasty Cakes? Upon arriving in 33rd Company, Tim was immediately exiled to the colony on 8-3. Tim got along well with his new roommates; however, they did not appreciate Echo and the Bunnymen quite as much as he did. He survived the next three years practicing the Golden Rule - "Be quiet and you won't get caught." After first class cruise, Tim was convinced that surface warfare was for him. Four weeks aboard the finest frigate in the Pacific would convince anyone. Tim discovered girls first semester, first class year, and we didn't see him much after that. Good luck and Godspeed.



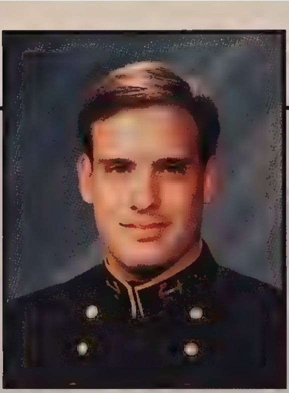
Tania Lisa Viera
Hialeah, Florida
English
Surface Warfare

Ta--nia! Who's the latest man; and just how DO you move your pelvis like that on the dance floor? It's hard to believe that the heartbreaker we know today is the shy, sweet youngster who brought the Three Stooges together. Tania, the technical wizard and romantic fool, is off to Guam as a SWO. No one doubts that she'll be a great success. With her determination, brains, and loyalty, she's sure to win the respect of all she meets. With her hot Latin dance moves and crazy antics, she'll scandalize many as well. Don't forget the night you ripped your leg trying to jump the wall, or the weekend you brought our whoop out for an intro to Georgetown?! (What a mess!) Tania, as you prepare to go far away, promise to remember our late-night secrets, early-morning breakfasts, and road trips when you THOUGHT you knew where you were going. Keep your men in line, protect your toes from your "platonic" friend, and remain in-"V"incible. Above all, dont't ever forget that you're capable of doing everything you dream of. You DID teach us a semester of EE the night before the final! You're in our hearts and prayers. See you on the Beaches. Love, Curley and Moe.

34th COMPANY

Jeffrey Scott Winter
Elkhorn, Nebraska
Aerospace Engineering
Navy Air

Jeff brings to mind a thousand memories. Connect the name with the face and you have as S. Hamilton would say a superstar. The people that wonder where his nickname of spitshine originated haven't looked in his locker.(collar stays in perfect formation) All kidding aside, once we broke Jeff of being a plebe he made a great 1/c. He took these qualities and fulfilled a life dream of stripes, 1st sem. Batt Cdr. Those striper boards don't know about those 2/c Fri. night trips with Dawn and OD. He also knows the entire brigade personally, running with him is like going on tour. His capacity for names and faces further helps him with the midshipersons. You're the Darkside! To walk with him one needs a motor scooter. The guy is always going somewhere and fast. Jeff is in more sports and clubs then most people knew the Academy had. As his roomate I have benifitted a great deal from his ECA's. No need for that second set of speakers - Jeff sings along with all the tunes... outloud. 1-2, 1-2, 2-3, I'm the MC called Ice T. Thank you for all the company and thoughts. And remember, if you're not having fun, you are wrong. I'm still mad I missed the Battle E. John

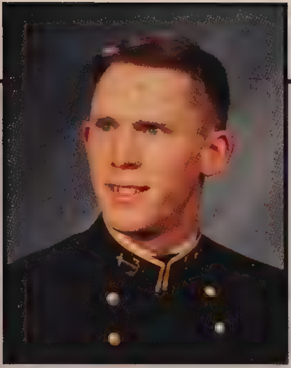


Brian Stephen Adams
Oregon City, Oregon
Computer Science
Surface Warfare

Little do men know that this quiet and unassuming Oregonian has had a femme in every port: Richmond, home, Ireland, and USAFA to name a few. Once an engineer, it did not take Statics long to convince him that his true calling lay in the world of CRT, micro-chips, and compugeeks. "Sluggo" took his ban from subs with good cheer and will now spend some time catching rays (gamma rays) topside. Besides keeping up with a tough academic load (five youngsters second semester) he also contributed mightily to the champion fieldball team as well as soccer, softball, and NAVTAG (the sport of real warriors). A great friend and a terrific guy, the only enemy he made in four years was the PE department. Sluggo's easy-going personality and cheerfulness will carry him far in life. Fair winds and following seas fellow surface warrior! RED

Robert Gay Adams
Santa Fe, New Mexico
History
Surface Warfare

Bobber is an elitist and has every right to be. Although 2/3 of everything he says is fabrication, the other 1/3 that is true is twice as much as anybody else knows. Witness his skill at "Jeopardy." But his intelligence requires that he play life by his own rules and at his own pace. This worked great until the Boat School rules committee penalized him with a trip down the "Long Dark Road." Repo Man he is. Bobber actually revelled in this tense situation, still managed to secure 18 hours of sleep daily, and emerged from the valley of darkness wearing Wayfarers and driving the legendary '73 Buick ragtop--the vessel of serious Blues, ultimate cool, and Key West express. Despite having everything a '90s guy needs, he never found the right gal. He put in his time with some of the resident talent, an actress, and even a Quaker. From these interludes, Bobber developed a sincere fear of women that one day some weird chick will cure and supply him with the one real benefit of marriage--CSOD. Until then, Spitnu, sit in the back when the LST hits the beach, speak German when in Cardiff, and remember, life is just a pale extension of high school. ABC



Daniel Darin Arensmeyer
Choteau, Montana
Aerospace Engineering
Nuclear Power - Submarines

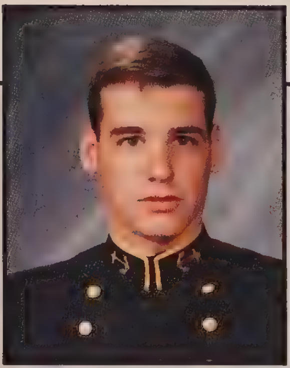
Dan on his way into the wild blue yonder didn't figure on the strain on his eyes from all the studying needed for aero, so our would-be pilot took the plunge from the Big Sky into the Dark Depths lured by fresh greenbacks from Naval Reactors. We knew you had it in you, Buzz. After abandoning the love of his life (the D+B), he confined himself to more relaxing pursuits like heavies, b-ball, and extracurricular geeking(just kidding dude). We do admit we studied more than you, even on weekends! Dan's 3rd year had its short peaks and long, deep valleys. After a long sternchase, Dan torpedoed the hometown girl and sank the Greek navy soon after. A dry spell followed when the targets proved out of range or not worth the ammo. Finally our submariner captured a high value unit. (Two months in AUTEC, such bliss!) Don't forget...Coors Extra Gold, Def Leppard at 2 a.m. (half-lit), blue flamers, shooters, and Rehobeth. What about THAT book and all its guidelines (P-work to follow at Fran's). By his own choice the future is dark and silent. Get some periscope liberty and work on that eyeball tan, buddy. Watch out for midairs with whales. BST RED

Hector Luis Baez
Brooklyn, New York
Economics
Surface Warfare

After a year at Boost he dragged into USNA with the full intention of graduating on time. Of course, after four years "on time" became the important part (Let's hear it for late nights and lots of begging). Does this sound familiar? "It's not a bug, is it?" Louis is proof positive that life does begin after 2300. The rats and roaches probably know him by name now. The "Club Candyman" was always open for business in our room. One step ahead of the bill collectors Louis is marrying a fine girl. Does she know that he's "The Horn Dog?" Check the bottom drawer. Hector to some, Louis to others, and the sock collector to most--his career will be a constant "bag" of surprises! Good Luck dude, Sleeper

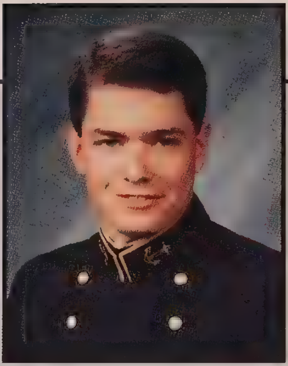
James Joseph Cammarata
Olney, Maryland
Economics
Navy Air

Bulk entered USNA with dreams of flying, and he proved his devotion to aviation by memorizing every line from TOP GUN. Throughout his 3 years in the club, Mort's food supply has sustained all of us, that is when we could get to it before Bulk. The hairy one has had many raging romances: The rugby queen, Buck's UNC treasure, and who can forget watching t.v. on the family couch with the Notre Dame girl. But at least she didn't leave him $300 in the hole. Uh-oh, better call the Colonel. It was always fun to party with James, the only problem was trying to reach him since we didn't know the LT's number. Our little buddy navigated the boat well over spring break, except when it blew up in his face. But that didn't matter because it was our fault anyway. Whether James was playing nintendo or talking in his sleep, he always had someone on his six, HUMMM! The backgammon tactician he wasn't, but the eternal optimist he was. Just remember James, don't ever, DON'T EVER, lose your sense of humor. Thanx to the Colonel and Mort for everything. Good luck in P-cola, get C-130's! OBS CUZ ENGIE



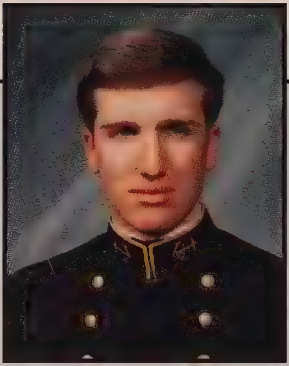
Michael Carter Cousins
Fort Smith, Arkansas
Oceanography
Navy Air

The Arkansian had many passions in his life at the academy, first and foremost was the rack. His second passion was the home entertainment center which went up in smoke right before Christmas firsty year. Homework was always last, since he was either cussing up a storm over another O's loss, or displaying his blinding speed on the turf. But don't worry, the Oceanography click ensured that Cous turned in the right gouge to the right prof. On the weekend, Cuz' heaven was warm lite beer, Popeye's fried chicken, and 7-11 nachos. Of course that's when he wasn't with Julia. Cous has an undying love for the Hogs, the Arkansas football team, and bravo bravo x 5. He also has a love for food, if he can find it under all of the excess salt. "Hey, can I have a bite ?" echoed often in the Club's back shaft. Are the high beams on? "Oh, that's cool." We can't forget Jonesy: nights at the Tune-in, baseball games, and jalapeno peppers. Best of luck in Pensacola and don't leave your wingman, unless its Bulk. A special thanks to his parents for everything! OBS BULK ENGIE



Andrew Boeh Craycroft
Dallas, Texas
Political Science
Naval Flight Officer

It's a beautiful desert sunset, purple and red over sagebrush plains. Off he rides, head low, never to pass this way again, and all that remains is a few glimpses. A cold six-pack of Lone Star in the back of the ol' green Jeep. Knock-down, drag-out fights over something vital, but inconsequential. Not speaking in the morning, at all. Getting rocked in bars from the Village to Key West. Espana--the best seven weeks of your life. Polysyllabic vocabulary and folksy metaphors. An Apollonian frame that always looked better in the mirror. The buzzing sink light. The Black Sock Treaty Alliance. The telephone and the dictaphone. "Jeopardy," "Moonlighting" and "The Wonder Years." Sitting in a bar, sipping beer, checking out the babes. Cruising with the top down. The wonderfulness and the tragedy that was Ern. The only sentient being in the known universe. Take it easy, keep your head down and your powder dry, and don't trust the pilots. RGA



James Patrick Davis
N. Olmsted, Ohio
Oceanography
Naval Flight Officer

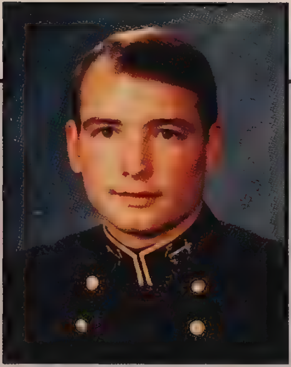
JP--Youngster rack king with Chop and Scro, raculus. The nasty course and trial by fire, Lysol experiments on Duds, Friday nights-colored lights, the original flesh fest, parking garages and back porches--a little comfort? Second class year, 2 for 11--who could figure?, 3 men and an Aunt Jemima, 33 days of continuous "Wall", the Z from home and no ring dance. Plebe detail, air-conditioned suite, Wharf barstools with our names engraved on them, and a tolerance not even Catawba and Jose could destroy. First class year, long weekends (for you), fast cars (for you), fast women (for you), a new CO (thank God), and Larry's. Four roommates again--who could they be? Oh, I don't know, ask the Church Lady! And of course, the Nasty Lunger. Shot down in flames by the Nuke Board--looks like University of Pensacola! Inverted on 301 and handy O's squeeze bottles. Well, JP in ten years we'll hook up on that bait and tackle store in Florida. Hopefully by then you won't be so bored all the time. For now, ride Easy, look for the Cheap license plate, and remember, Beware of bouncing orange Nerf balls. PJZ

Christopher Dennis DeLargy
Stony Brook, New York
General Science
Surface Warfare

The "Commander" was one of the Company's more flamboyant figures. Never at a loss for words, Chris constantly revised Webster's Dictionary. De(Extra)Large was best known for his contributions to Navy Lax. Although Chris left the team at the end of second class year, he still reflects on the good ol' days of morning sprints at 0500 in Halsey Field House. These January morning workouts caused him such anxiety that he would often have nightmares ending in a cold sweat. The memories of the lacrosse team would not be complete without Iroc. The two could be thought of as the Wonder Twins, since both were exact replicas of one another in every aspect. On the weekends it was difficult to find Chris, but you could always follow the scent of burnt rubber from the Mustang straight to Shnatalie's at Hood College. He will be best remembered for his fixation with fast food as well as personally testing every can of soda in sight for any form of toxic residue. D-Large always had a way of making the most stressful times bearable with his spontaneous humor and gesticulating mannerisms. The finest frigate in the Fleet awaits. Best of luck. SAO

Richard Eaton Dodson
Jacksonville, Florida
History
Surface Warfare

Bollard, Bamboo, Rich was destined to be a mid. Plebe summer athletics was the 1st test for our future SWO hero. Modifying his workout schedule, he moved to more strenuous activity, sailing. Our hero's 4/c year included a nationally known 2/c, who held long late night come-arounds. 3/c year, the SWO was lost in the wind-driven vessels of the Chesapeake. One fabled voyage, our hero managed to show a discrepancy in the boat's disposal system. Thank God the voyage was a short one! 2/c year marked a turning point in his social life. Our hero soon discovered the opposite sex. A Texan lassoed him first. Who cares if he was a "prisoner of love". After the short stint with the cowgirl turned sidewinder, our hero realized how many fish were in the sea. The darkside had taken over. I got you Dodson! He looked for new conquest. Opportunity didn't have to knock, he went looking for it. What a convenient place! Airborne! Our hero has had his ups (B2) and his downs (wings), but the future seems to be brighter since he found another influence (151, CL) to help him reach those other treasured spots (PT's, OR). Fair winds, following seas and friends forever. BST DDA



Steven Mark Dudley
Palo Alto, California
English
Surface Warfare

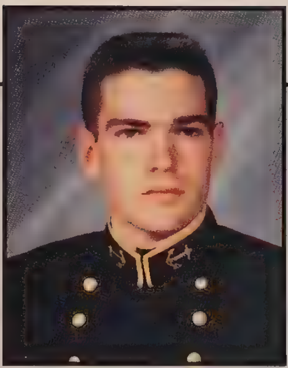
Mark (a.k.a. Duds, Darkness, Dude) started at USNA as a young and eager midshipman. He has graduated, after four grueling years at Canoe U, a hardened SURFACE WARRIOR, ready for the challenges of the "Mighty Mo". When I first met Mark, all I could think of was California. That was Mark. As his conduct record attests, Mark tried to give a little too much of the west coast to the administration. I think it will be a long time before this place "chills out". You can't blame him for trying. For all his attempts at the Californiazation of USNA, Mark was awarded the black "N". Not every midshipman can claim such a valued prize. Mark is one of the privileged few. With two slightly pyromaniac roommates youngster year, he was lucky to get by with only minor burns and a few days of restriction. Second class year saw Mark the veteran of numerous all-nighters. But still, he went on. As a Firstie, Mark managed to make it without adding any extra weekend formations to his calender. In the end, he made it and as the saying goes, "this is a great place to be from." BZ and good luck in the future Mark. PWW

Robert Allen Engle
Fairfax Station, Virginia
Mechanical Engineering
Nuclear Power - Submarines

Shmengle, the man with the best seat in the bullpen, was one of the Club's weekend warriors. His physical condition was never in doubt, the Albatross controlled the fieldball D and the J.R. doo controlled the boards in hoops. How many pullups did you do, Rob? Engle also cruised with us over spring break: Hey VPI, how about a liason in the boat? We never did find out if she was older than Lolly. Whether it was computer games, or cards with Zeke and JP, Slew was never more than an arm's reach away from the Gee-dunk. His wealth was there when Bulk needed it, after all he did have THE TEAM for a bank account. Have you illuminated the hairy one lately? How's the Old Spice?; "You build models, too?;" "Hey Shmeng, get some new shoes!" Finally, some real glides! OBS BULK CUZ

Yvette Marie Gonzalez
San Antonio, Texas
Oceanography
Surface Warfare

Yvette came from Panama in search of another "adventure". Swinging from vines was second nature to her, it was no surprise that our "Mexican Jumping Bean" found herself entwined in a "scandalous" romance. "Airborne" and Jungle Warfare School was a bit of a challenge for her but she didn't stop there! She proceeded to earn her carrier quals and is attending Scuba School after graduation. "Yvette" has yet to make up her mind as to which warfare specialty she enjoys most--she's kind of 'up in the air' about jets but plans to immerse herself in diving. She was the only person who saw more of her "Jolly- Mon" during the week than on weekends. (So why was your phone bill so high?!) Corvette's pride and joy is/was(?) her "cute", red, classic, uh, car. Her favorite parking space was Darden's Garage-- 'cause getting it there required no gas. I'm sure it'll run for at least 2,000 more miles--but isn't CA about 3,000 miles away? (I know..."It's sooo cute!") Throughout her time at the Academy, Yvette's greatest passion was sailing--her devotion to the team was unsurpassed. "Go crazy" in Guam and don't forget you still owe someone a lot of coolers. Ciao! CT HM



Edward Franklin Hiler
San Diego, California
English
Surface Warfare

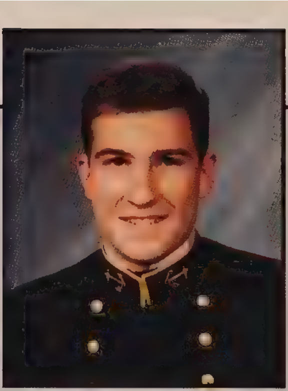
Snapshots of Ed--A steely-eyed lance rolling in from Puerto Rico. A fearless plebe. A terror youngster, mopping up plebes. The Sleeper--Classic stuff from ELP to Triumph. Sleeping through classes. Becoming the last great king of restriction muster. Ellen, for good or bad. The Great Michigan Trek of 1987. Go-Go the Gorilla. Bob, Drew, and Ed? Busting butt and road-tripping with the fencing team. Meeting young women, near and far. Bill the Goat. A laid-back firstie, shoving off plebes. Roy Rogers. Going nuke. Going SWO. Going literary. Getting out and getting happy. RGA

Bryn Laurena Johnson
Spokane, Washington
Oceanography
General Unrestricted Line

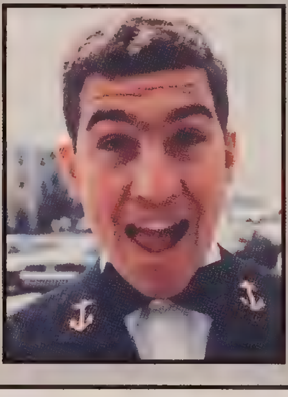
Bryn, my little buddy from S-P-O-K-A-N-E, Washington; plebe year you rowed your heart out. Oh... those hard work-outs! We seemed so motivated, yet we were the first to quit youngster year! That was okay because you were on your way to bigger and better feats. First, you led an almost-Brigade championship racquetball team. Little did you know that your winning strategy would land you in Salty Sam. Second class year you became known as Little Rocky, defeating opponents tougher than Mike Tyson. First it was EE. You spent so much time in EI, they almost made it your intramural sport. Then, it was the Marine Corps. Need I say more! And finally, the O-course! Ah, the thrill of victory! Your only defeat came at the hands of the BIG BLUE MAGNET. But even Tyson couldn't beat that one. Bryn, good luck, my dear friend. I'll cherish the great times we shared. May you forever enjoy your cranberry juice and zesta crackers! DMS

James Michael Keller
Catonsville, Maryland
General Science
Surface Warfare

Apparently Zog (use 2 g's for the European spelling) didn't understand us right. He moved into 34, we got one look at him (that maniacal cowlick of his that's about as discreet as a rhino in heat did it for us) and said, "Jim, you should be an electrician or something. Why not a plumber?" Well, he thought we said "electrical engineer." That curriculum had its way with him, as well as a couple others; nobody's really sure how many majors and ac-boards he's seen. He's the greatest guy that's not from Ohio, though. To quote our fallen roommate, E.P., "Zog, I wish you were a girl so I could marry you. You could fix everything around the house. It would be great." He's a general scientist and an ensign now. We've got him convinced that Maryland really isn't the center of the universe (Ohio is, mind you) and that the GTO would be much happier in San Diego. So he's packin' up his John Lee Hooker records and makin' his way west. Last words: "Put a fork in me 'cause I'm done!" The Commander

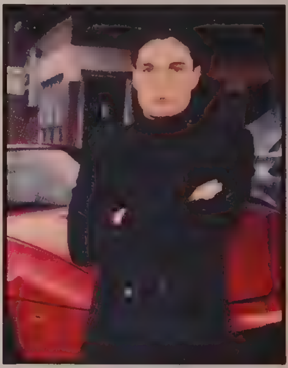


Michael William Leupold
Potomac, Maryland
General Engineering
Navy Air

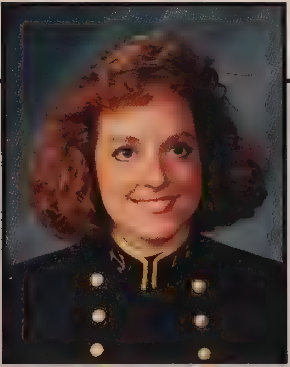


Mike came to us a hyperactive child with an impressive military bearing he obtained from Sea Cadets. Duper had misconceptions about the "Blessed Corps" that ended when he finally saw the light at Bullfrog to go Naval air. Around the hall Loops never took things seriously. He found new ways to drink Kool-Aid, eat jello, wear saran wrap, and a secondary prupose for halloween pumpkins. Duper did a lot of crazy things, in fact he would do ANYTHING for a beer. "SUMYAZ" He didn't take school seriously either. When he actually got out of the rack and went to class he did ok, but he rarely got out of the rack. Mike did not have a lot of weekends, but when he got out on the big night he went for the big targets that always looked smaller through his weekend goggles. Duper did mature a little when he bought the delta x-ray after failing the D.C. O-course in his Stanger. Mike's double claim to fame was the coveted horizontal bravo bravo award and his special deliveries on Pennsylvania Ave. Good luck Mike-- airforce

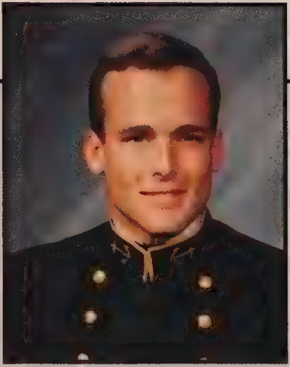
David Samuel Lopez
Fullerton, California
Physics
Nuclear Power - Submarines



There's no place like Fullerton. At least they can predict the weather there. But Dave always wanted to be from Ohio. Not live there, just be from there. It was about the middle of youngster year when he realized that this was not Stanford where people wore black suits. Either E.P. Reed or genuine reality set in. He now swears that if he knew himself in high school he would beat himself up. The brutality! Dave made a mean change on us. He used to be a member of the 45 pound bench press club. Now his workouts are limited by how long the batteries last in his box. He's the second best dresser in the company. Co-conspirator in the bull roast '89. You'll make the big bucks one day, Dave. Hopefully wisely spent on expensive toys that gobble irreplaceable fossil fuels at ungodly rates.(If you know what I mean) Lets not forget to play loud rock and roll music and waste Goodyear Eagle rubber everywhere. ZOG



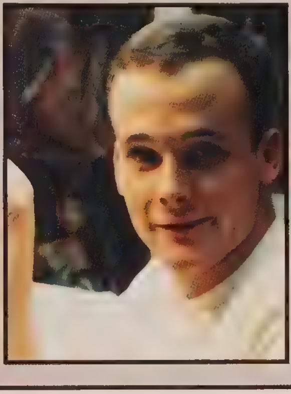
Heidi Maley
Irvine, California
Political Science
Surface Warfare



Jeffrey Dale Oberg
Glen Ellyn, Illinois
Computer Science
Nuclear Power - Submarines

Stephen Arthur Obsitnik
McLean, Virginia
Electrical Engineering
Nuclear Power - Submarines

Donna Marie Stephenson
Wheaton, Illinois
Political Science
Naval Flight Officer

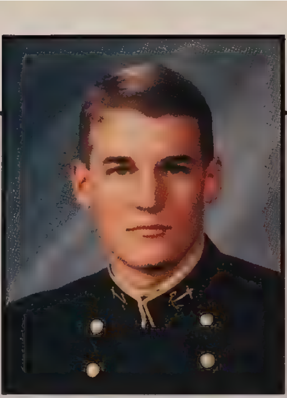


Our California girl came to the US Naval Health Spa in the pursuit of Life's finer pleasures: tennis, 13 minute facial bathes, long naps and other Riches she had always dreamed of treasuring. Bubbling with perfumes of youth, she loved the outdoors, cherishing the moments when she and her supply of tennis chums could create chaos at the local Wild Turkey Shoots. She did very well at her anti - Policy Science classes and dreams of returning to teach a major's course (or is it a 2nd Lt.'s) on either bankruptcy for beginners or hair shrinking, having excelled in these areas while at the Spa. She's very proud of her beautiful Golden Probe and is ready, willing, and Able to give rides - as long as you don't mind Patriotic music blaring from her CD. An ardent supporter of the military, she has put in for an interservice transfer - 4 times. Army, Navy, Air force, Marines - it's not just an adventure, it's a job - or maybe a ritual? Red In The Head, cheers to one scoop of vanilla, SK salt shakers, Jack the Ripper, Youngster breakfast dates, I am the Man, and all the wine coolers you can win. Fire In The Hole and pixie stick memories - YMG.

Obs, aka mix master J, became a novelist first semester firsty year with letters to his little China girl. Since she came back, Obs has stopped being "on line," and now just practices his escape route along 50. Obs became a Comp Sci for the simple reason of getting a great education, or was it for maximum rack time? We're still not sure. Obs' physical stature is dominated by mid-ocean ridges and his forehead. "Come on, it's receeded, not receeding!" Obs could hold his own in sports, especially hoops and fieldball. But it was best not to be around when the "flying Illini" crash-landed, because objects tended to crash into the wall at high velocities. For Cammaratery and fellowship, there was nothing better than a friendly game of backgammon. Obs' battlecries consisted of, "You'll go nowhere!" and "Go join your buddy behind the Maginot!" After the Navy, Obs could have a sucessful career as Secretary of the Treasury. With lines like "You fly, you buy." and "Where's my soda change", there would be no more national defecit.Thanks for all of the Pitter packages that kept the back shaft healthy. CUZ BULK ENGIE

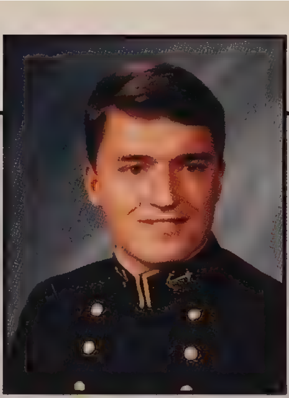
Steve Obsitnik started his career under little stress as his brother paved his way. The smartest man in the company had a knack for avoiding military duties. His sophomore year instrumented a transitional period for at first, he encountered sleepless nights as his roommate played plummer and ended up seeing more Piezano pizza than he did. His intra-brigade transmissions with "Big-Ben" set the stage for an relationship with circuit analysis, which emcompassed nightly journeys to 4-2. This workaholic soon eased his load to become the "RAGER" of 34. His participation in the UNC and Delaware fests sharpened his suave tactics in communications with the opposite sex. The "Lone Thrasher" was short lived, for it was discovered under his level-headed pragmatic exterior, there lived a warm, sensitive individual known best by his newly acquired family. Steve is best known for his diplomatic negotiating ability for he freed many that seemed destined for Smoke Hall. He possesses a well polished articulating skill that one day could become the foundation for his future political campaigns. Good luck in nuc school and the best of luck in 1994. D-LARGE AND THE BOYS

Hey Goose, how's it going? Must be going well because we never saw you without a smile. Even your roommate wonders if you ever had a bad day. She saw you as a source of inspiration who never failed to brighten a dreary day with a joke or a smile. Little Rocky really appreciated it. You've left your mark on everyone. We don't know, however, if we'll ever forgive you for making us toast to friendship with orange juice down at breakfast. CHOCOLATE milk would have been more appropriate. Always remember, prayers before P.E. tests, EE (good bluff), bagle day, Navy Basketball (ooh that's nice), and there's more to life than penny loafers. By the way, who was that nut who put us together on first class cruise, the USS Nassau has never been the same since. Keep working on those singing lessons and hot dance moves. Donna, "seriously," we have been blessed with your friendship and strength. Goose, you're gonna set the skies on fire. See you at the Beaches. Best Friends Forever, Larry and Curly



Roger Paul Suro
Tampa, Florida
Aeronautical Engineering
U.S. Air Force

Rog arrived at the Academy in shackles (June 10th wedding) hoping the Navy would acquire the F-16. When service selection came around the Navy still didn't have the F-16 so he cried "but father, I wanted to wear powder blue!" He's always had admiration for bus drivers. What better way was there to prepare himself for the rigors of the Air Force than exercising his finger with the famed pistol team. Rog always wanted a sportscar, but as soon as his loan came through so did his family truckster and a diamond. Once the wife moved to his house so did his, I mean their car. Rog, whose name is really on the title? Roger always wanted to show his diversity which amazed the Ac-board-- a barn low 1.26 SQPR when they saw his previous SQPR of 3.39. He also had a passion for drill. He was often seen fixing bayonets but not always to his piece. The football coach should have recruited Rog to be a place kicker because he was often seen kicking trash cans a good 50 yards as he left for drill. But his leg still wasn't strong enough to break the ball and chain. It should be an easy transition going from one club into another. Good luck in the Air Force. Duper



Brian Steven Tait
Moyock, North Carolina
History
Surface Warfare

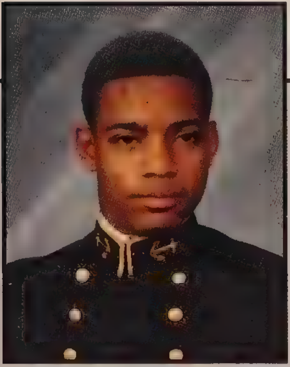
From the lowlands of Moyock (near Elizabeth City!), Brian came to USNA via a long and distinguished route: EF-land of the greasy GAR, NUKE school and prototype in potato land, NAPS, and lots of broken hearts. His services were always in demand. Whether he was upholding the honor of our school at away football games as Bill-the-Goat, working out for long hours (after practice) on the squash courts, or keeping the civilian populace downtown well-informed as to the ways of midshipmen. Who will forget the BATCAVE of youngster year, and what about the lure of Bushnell's room (anyone for the Gate One O-course)? Time, tide, and true love at last (she's so incredible!) did however take their toll. Remember LFN, Margarita Bars, Montego at spring break, 3-striper libs: "Hey Rich, where is your roommate?", the walk on the beach that never was, she's married: "I'm gonna kill you Dodson!" The author of Grease's handbook and the instructor for the innocent. Fair winds buddy, I'll see you out there. RED

Christine Yukiko Tanabe
Colorado Springs, Colorado
Computer Science
Surface Warfare

Chris "I will never get married; I will never have children" Swonabe, has been destined since Plebe year to become the Navy's first Admiral Emeritus upon graduation. She never made it to the Orioles game but that didn't stop her from taking a turn at bat. Blisters can be bliss! Tans retired to the Club House where she was welcomed as one of the boys. Despite her passion for baseball, her attentions were diverted 3/c year to track. We couldn't figure out which Club sport Chris enjoyed most. Must have been fieldball--she managed the Brigade Champs. She never had trouble arranging her finances, especially after unloading her "small change" (i.e.--that three-dollar Bill). As a Comp Sci major, she sacrificed many weekends relocating the entire populus of Ethiopia on her Zenith lap-top ("Why don't they just all move?") Chris, a workaholic perfectionist by nature, has always been harsh on herself that she finally took out a "Shelf" insurance policy. There was no question as to which company she would choose-- "Get a piece of the Rokke!" San Diego should prove to be fulfilling for you (Teacher's pet?!) So "Aloha" for now! May you never stand aLono. YMG HM

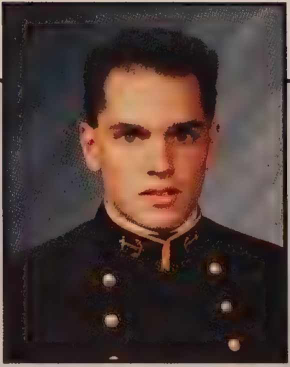
Paul William Wehner
Towson, Maryland
Aerospace Engineering
Cryptology

Willie to his dad, Paul to most friends, MIDN Wiener or Whiner to most CMODs for at least the first two months of the last three years, but always "My Damn Wojo" to me. A true-blue Marylander (Democrat and all) from Towson, Paul is a die-hard Lax man, joining the JV team as a defense-man and leaving as a goalie, finally settling for nothing less than captain of our Battle-lax team, following in the great tradition of Lacrosse-playing Wehner brothers, one of whom is now a Sierra Hotel Navy Pilot (Go Orions!). Wojo, as much of a frustrated fly-boy as he is, is getting gungy for Crypto (because of his eagle-eyes), for he still gets to don his bro's line officer shoulder boards at graduation. Paul has been a great roommate for two years now (the longest time I've shared a room with someone since I was six). His family has been wonderful also. Memories: The Beatles, The Who, Notre Dame party, Crackerjack tattoos, Christmas Decorations, Wojohowitz tie, orange fights, the battlelamp, tailgaters, Wellesley with Cousini, the Shellmaster, the Wojemobile, the Rain Tape, Piezano's, Aero vs English, Watney's, Ramshead..." Where's my damn Wojo?" DUDS



Clarence Earl Willie
Fayetteville, North Carolina
General Science
Surface Warfare

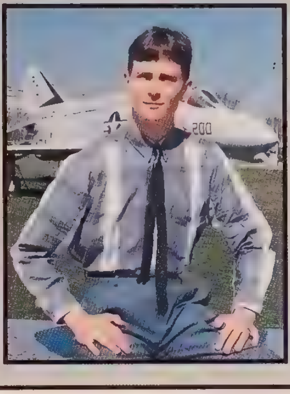
Clarence came to the Naval Academy because he thought he saw an ad for it in GQ (or was it Men's Fitness?) As the best-dressed midshipman during study hour, he always had a certain air about him. He definitely knew how to make the most of his free time -- it's been rumored that he has perused every book in every library between here and Georgetown. His all-time favorite book, however, is Winnie-the-Pooh and Tigger Too. ("Their tops are made out of rubber; their bottoms are made out of springs") Armed with his genuine Rolex, Ford "Porsche" and gold chain, he had to beat off all the international models with his "Alabama." On any given Saturday night (as long as it was before 0045) one could find him tripping the light fantastic at any one of DC's hottest night spots -- it was hard to keep Trax of him. Clarence may find he will have to postpone his modeling career, however, till after his days in Guam are over ... but, of course, that's entirely his "perogative." So, "Anchors Aweigh!" our scholarly friend (or, is that "Danforth Adrift?" Why don't we ask your new CO. CT HM YG (WUBA'S CUBED)



Lance Jon Wood
Midlothian, Virginia
Economics
Navy Air

L.J. thought about a major, but then decided to go Econ. Lance never had it hard at the boat school. He N-starred is squash, but always ended up on the tennis team during drill season. In addition, L.J. always played with the boys in the barn, but never saw smoke hall. Lance bought a 911 because it was the quickest way to go south on I-95, but then he heard the whip and the 911 began to pick HIM up on the weekends. By the way, his tarheel must learn to sing into the microphone or the 911 may go north. "Guys, I know it is in the encyclopedia, but it must be outdated because I'm right!" Back to the 911-- do you have to be right handed to operate a cassette player? Lance's claim to fame was being the first to bed and getting up a 0725 and still making it to formation on time. (He even put on socks!!!) L.J. saw the light and picked up a leather jacket on service selection night. He will have to wear hats to the beach soon, but don't worry--the P-cola flock will go for anything. Good luck. DayGo

Peter Jay Zameska
Woodbury, New Jersey
English
Navy Air

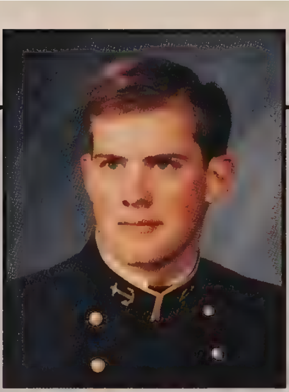


Zeek was first introduced to me through the LT's order, "BREAK THAT ROOM UP!" It was my duty to move in with this poor individual possessing the extravagant stereo and disco light to straighten him out. What followed was a whirlwind tour of endless Smoke Hall musters, X-mas in the Mediteranean, a suicidal roommate that shamed Richard Pryor, comforting parking garages, marathons of Apocalypse Now and The Wall, forced to withstand Luka in the gravel pit, the barren tundra, and a revolving door of civilian roommates including the Nasty Lunger and Beelzebub, the trusty shower companion. How he ever survived the terrible pain and ordeals of Lunger harpooning Elmo and countless women burning hot holes of passion in his back will always remain a mystery. With hatred being the fiery emotion holding the Cheap and Easy team together, I'm sure Pete will never forgive me for not letting go of Mark's ankles. When will Boris be out of the shop. That's O.K., he didn't have any weekends anyway. After four bitter years in prison, one can only recall Ed Reed's immortal words: "SUMYAZ!" You never did tell me who was driving. By the way, tweet - tweet. JPD

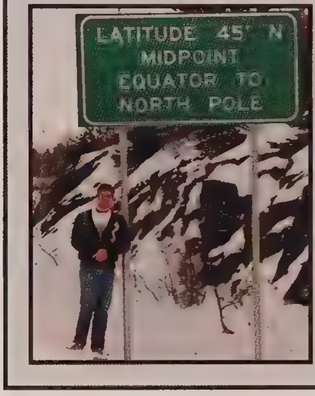
Glen Alan Zurlo
West Chester, Pennsylvania
Gereral Science
Navy Air

Glen arrived in Annapolis a recruited wrestler, but the only wrestling he ever did was outside the walls. The Day-Go always stood tall in performance but was hard to spot looking through his jeep's steering wheel. 'Z' did drive nice cars. They were never his own, but he was sure of getting a BMW or SAAB or MAZDA or PORCHE or SUPRA, "no doubt about it!" The Cheesy one took a strain at USNA, getting two hernias, how did you get those? "Hey guys, do you want to come to the wardroom with me?" Glen always did fine in academics, besides having a gouge file bigger than the football team, he managed to rate Supt's weekends even when he was unsat.Glen made a name for himself with the big Brass, especially at Mess Night when he became the Hero! Whenever he was out of the rack, he was on the phone, trying to raise his stock in MCI. There's no need to compliment Glen, he'll tell you he's great, that's why he'll make a great Navy pilot. Glen also wanted to thank his parents. Good luck. LJ

35th COMPANY



Michael McAllister Belles
Portland, Maine
Mechanical Engineering
Nuclear Power - Submarines



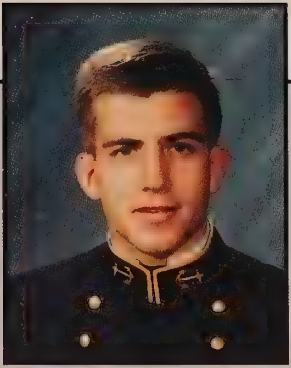
From the Vacationland of Portland, Maine, Mike "Bellestien" descended upon the halls of USNA. He spent his first year in Form-2, but somehow forgot to be Barbon deprogramed. He claims to be the only man in the company who had a real plebe year. We all know that story. You could count on Rosebud (Rosewood??) to take it on the chin, that is if he shaved of course. His ability to sleep is surpassed only by his prowess in financial matters. "Can I finance it?" "I'll take it." Two plebe details took its toll, but nothing like that blonde and beautiful wild thing he met fall of firstie year. She was almost as fast as his Mustang, and certainly drew more attention. He worked hard to be a competent enginere, now if he could only spell it. His friendship will be sorely missed and a better drinking buddy will never be found. Good luck under the waves, and remember, when you push forward on the yoke, the sub goes down. CEN

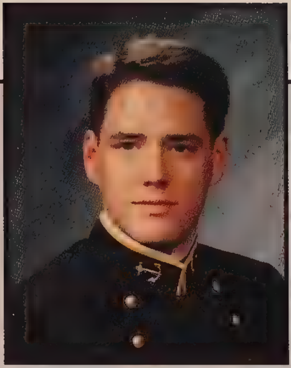
Robert Clark Bigler
Lancaster, California
Computer Science
Special Operations

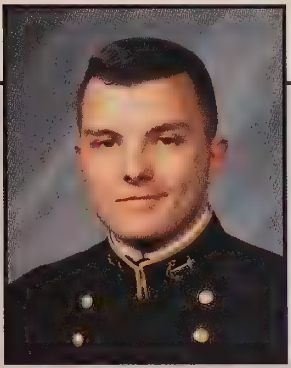
Throbbin' Bob, voted 35th co. casanova of the year, comes to us from the largest pie cherry ranch in CA. The many secrets of T-Bob remained locked up for a whole year as he wallowed in the lap of luxury in skateclean 18. But a new year brought out a whole new Bob. Under the close supervision of his coach/mentor/idol/roommate(s) he was weaned and groomed to eventually rise to the top of our class w/o becoming a striper smoker. With upper-classmanship accomplished, Bob set out in search of eternal shangri-la, and talk about success! Who can forget l,l,l(hubba-hubba!),p,j, and Christie Brinkley? No, it's not the fact that he sky and scuba dives, flies, and has a vette and a t-bird that gets the babes. No, it's definitely his pizzazz! Bob's a man of variety. His musical tastes range from Phil Collins to Genesis, and his clothes - a midstore man, for sure. Bob Rotorhead Pects Kapsterjr Mario Casey Casem Bubblehead-wanna-be Geek Powerpuke Bfcu Boxer rebellion drunkenaaaahhhh!! Bigler. May this world bring you all the goodness you deserve. AAB

Willie DeMoore Billingslea
Atlanta, Georgia
Physics
Naval Flight Officer

Plebe year was rough on old Willie B. Boards, boards of all kinds -- WDB spent more time on both sides of the long empty table than anyone including the Dant. Enough negatives, except the minor friction at the beginning of youngster year - boy we're sure glad they scrambled '89 to give everybody a fresh start. On the plus side, we managed to civilize each other. RWS RJC WDB ... who was Moe? Larry? Curly? Grape Kool-Aid, chess, physics, astronomy, classical music, pistol, and the Republican Party. Huh? He was embroiled in allegations of frat. He really didn't "hang around" a certain plebette but simply took the heat off of both the "charming lady" and her beau (Thanks Maj. H.) 2/c year was an experience with Durstball, Bucket Head, Candy - but hey, variety is the spice of life. A comment from half-bro JDO - "Demoore you see him, Demoore you like him." - Master of the obvious, except brake lights; way to go, Mario. "C847!" rough time at pre-airborne as well as Matt Biondi's stunt double at Lejeune. Lets hope the rescue helos get there during the "dead man's float." Keep your head above water. RJC







Andrew Alan Bober
Trenton, Michigan
Electrical Engineering
Nuclear Power - Submarines

Michael Joseph Breslauer
La Jolla, California
Aerospace Engineering
Naval Flight Officer

Christopher Anthony Cantarella
Cherry Hill, New Jersey
General Engineering
Naval Flight Officer

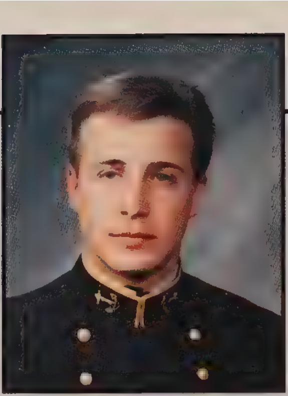
Russell Joseph Coller
Temple Hills, Maryland
Political Science
U. S. Marine Corps

Andy came to the academy from the jungles of Detroit, but he never let anyone forget that he grew up in Hicksville, WV. He brought with him a huge music collection, including such classics as the Anti-Nowhere League, and a laugh like Kermit the frog. Youngster year, Swobes spent most of his time beating up both his roommates, usually at the same time. Second Class year Andy had more plebes outside his door than dollars in his bank account. After pre-comms, Andy was forced to abandon his dreams of Top Gun for hopes of Top Rod. He heads down to Nuke school thoroughly prepared to ram it home by four years as a EE major. First Class year brought the parties that not only impressed the youngsterettes, but helped to prepare him for life as a submariner. Everyone has enjoyed Andy's friendwhip and I'm sure that Nuke school will be no problem, don't worry, it's only a few rods and some more EE. Good luck. RCB

Michael is destined to explore distant galaxies. He spent his early years in La Jolla, Ca. He started as a member of BSTS and built a reputation as one who could explain things better than most profs could teach. 3/c cruise consisted of a couple of weeks on the connie, ported 10 miles from his house; and a MAC trip to the Far East, from which he still gets letters. With his induction into 35 came his new roomies, me and Cinderella. The room became famous as the room of engineers who slept more than anyone. Then there was the night of the 3/c party at which Mikey hit on everyone's girlfriend and almost electrocuted himself in a way that would hurt. He spent 8 weeks in the Royal Navy, ravaging bars, both on and off the ship. Too bad he didn't stay, or I could have gotten the stereo we bought together, and the calenders. This last year he has gained a new car, a girlfriend, and an addiction to computer games; the 2/c with the computer almost gained a roommate. I lost all respect for his major when he started to complain about Doc Adams. After four years I still look at the door to spell his name. When you make it to Mars, send me a postcard. RPS

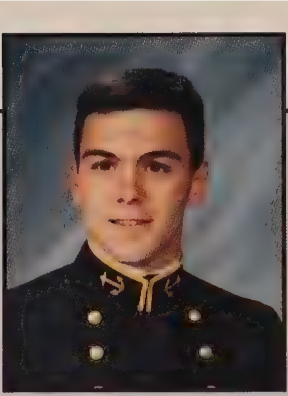
Cinderella, or known to most of you as Candy, joined the Mikey and me youngster year. After tiring of football he joined the crew team, being the only one able to bench a boat and eight rowers at once. You couldn't miss him at practice- the huge guy with the smoked geekers. Mikey and I appreciated his love of expensive stereo equipment, except his tendency to leave the CD on all night playing the same disc. He still owes us for all the messages we "lost" from the #'&#$. An Aero until meeting the Admiral, Chris got a 3.5 the next semester as a General, until weekend trips to Virginia took their toll. In the 2 1/2 years since meeting her, he's not seen her maybe 10 weekends. He is also a generous giver of jewelry, having bought enough opals to pay for his car, well not that much. Above this it says NFO, but in the beginning he was all Corps, then Air, then NFO, then on the big night SWO chose him, but those extra billets saved the day. Now the bet will be that he has twins by the end of AI instead of TBS. RPS

Rusty Colon so loved repressed HS life that he graced us here (via NAPS). Sm. Man - Loner til 3/c Booze ... (cruise ?), flirted with respectability (M & M), but began chewing the fat. Russ got by the dry ('87) winter by hibernating - alot. 2/c P-Cola more BAD weather despite Battle of Manila Bay. Dahlgren showed neither promise NOR conquest and the heathen found it a tough PILL to swallow. Cold winter ('88) broke with the crack of dawn warming his "roomy" 280ZX. Gus' WALL STREET stock rose post Ring D., but crashed with a 6 month "BEAR MARKET". 3-Marathon man ran from "Angus" to "Jerry's Kid". Neither Salty's Cutie NOR the Devil sank to #125c - others were destined. Pre-Army ('88) with JOakes in AC- No drought in Roulette (Gamble?) Red? Black? - Brown. Post Army was cheaper-/cleaner & ended famine. The 17 Mar 3-Hr. Rap was ECONOmical & "classy". "Papa Smurf" @ Qtco/ AIRDOG fame, "He hated it" - No frys in 4 years - How ? Poli Sci QPR hi. LWT Crew "N" with 1 shirt? "What a long strange trip it's been." Have DANGEROUS fun in the Islands. Stand by, FMF. For now AMF, Keep in Touch. JDO



Christopher Cross
Phoenix, Arizona
Aerospace Engineering
Navy Air

Plebe year with this Arizona kid started with Drinkfest '86 at the Virginia football game, and was followed by chaotic weekends snowballing and a model shoot for Chris in GQ. Plebe year was topped by 4 days of sun and 4 hours of sleep in Key Largo. 3/c year brought memories of him driving 30 miles to Georgetown at 10 pm, and me driving the 200 back at 3 am. Second semester was his 4.0, and the $1 checkered 'vette (which he shrewdly sold back 1 1/2 years later for $25). 2/c summer was a blast, with Chris showing me new and exciting ways to meet (and treat) girls. 2/c year included many road trips, and along the way this Jack of all Trades impressed me with his skill in football, baseball, dancing, hitchhiking, and surviving Mexico for 5 days on nothing but beer. 1/c year he showed me his serious side, and during one fateful road trip, he met his wife-to-be, (despite my pessimism) which finally meant our separation. The 4 years I grew with Chris can be stated "I see some of me in him, and some of him in me". I never had a friend like Chris, and never will again. Thanks for letting me be a part of your life. Good luck as an aviator and a husband. I miss you already. JJM



Dwight Darvin Dick
Sunray, Texas
General Engineering
Navy Air

Born with a pack on his back, a fishing pole in his hands, and a "little girlie" on his lap (say, Dwight, why did you get put in hack on firstie cruise?), Dwight Darvin Dick from Sunray, Texas has somehow found a way to succeed at the Academy while reading, speaking, thinking, and dreaming of nothing but the great outdoors. I mean, who else would spend a weekend driving up to New Jersey to buy a backpack and thereafter display it like a trophy or a pin-up of a bathing beauty? Dwight stayed away from the Bermuda triangle his last semester to concentrate on his fishing strategies and focus on flight training at Pensacola. I don't know how Dwight will fit his pack and pole into his F-14, maybe his rio will have to stand down. JSN

Florencio Abalos Dictado
Virginia Beach, Virginia
Chemistry
Medical Corps

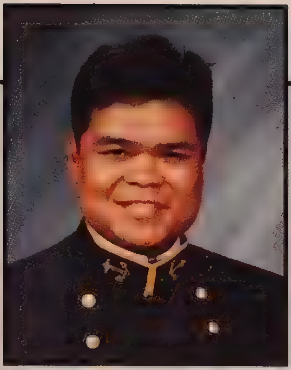
Ronnie came to us from V.B. and was faced with a horrible youngster year-rooming with BUCKET! Fortunately 2/c year saw the advent of nightly card games. Homework and EE became minor inconveniences. That year also saw Ron at the movies in only his shorts due to spilling coke on his uniform. During the year, Ron became so attached to the Academy that he gave up leave to take NL303 in summer school. Of course he still managed to play cards and avoid studying. 1/c year saw Ron continuing to play cards-/computer games to avoid homework. Now he's off to medical school courtesy of the U.S. Navy. Hopefully he will receive more respect and girls won't thank him for being "such a nice, sweet guy"! Cards and weekends will never be the same. Thanks for all the memories and best of luck always. KLD

Kevin Lee Dippery
Cincinnati, Ohio
General Engineering
Surface Warfare

From humble beginnings in Cincinnati, a legend was born. Legendary in the halls of Rickover so much so he decided to help them out by switching from Mech E to General. Kevin almost left these hallowed halls youngster year for greener pastures, but he stuck it out, finally realizing that getting the gouge was the key to good grades. Second class summer was spent sleeping and playing cribbage. Hearts, spades, and poker were nightly fare during second class year. They were a diversion that year, but first class year, we were on permanent vacation anyway so the cards were no longer needed. That's what this year has been, a permanent vacation. Hockey was his passion, and the Capitols were always his favorite. But in trying to see every NHL team play, he came up short. But how will we remember Kevin? Years from now will Room 8227 become the "Dippery Room"? Probably not. Personally, I will remember him as one of my best friends, a real nice guy (HA HA), and even though he barely passed three semesters of Double E, the best Electrical Officer the Shreveport will ever see. RAD

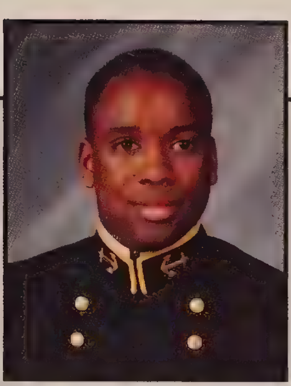
Michael Don Durst
Mason, Texas
Computer Science
Naval Flight Officer

Michael Don Durst, there's only one -- that walk, that talk, "She Was Only Seventeen..." Always a snappy dresser -- creator of WUBJ (Working Uniform Billy Joel). Known plebe summer for his helpfulness; removing shoes underway, dodging meadow muffins, and rising quickly to MIDN ENS in only a few short weeks. A financial wizard, 35th Company lingerie rep., Mike was always very active in the company, lettering in both varsity and JV Bible Study. His influence as company wardroom rep. interrupted many a late night training flick, and spurred The Great Chair Wars. Durstball's achievements have paralleled those of many famous Americans: Tony Dorset(look out, Walter Payton), Benedict Arnold(Sir, I've always wanted to be a surface warrior), the "Snooze Alarm King"(Out of the rack, Mike.), and Michael Jordan(Air Durst). Mike is known for his steady hands and firm control of low-flying aircraft and amphibious crew shells("Way enough, 6th. Batt!) But (partly) seriously, we love ya, Mike! Best of luck in P-cola and beyond. Thanks, Keryn. ILY. AB BB RS T



Dale Emmanuel Fajardo
Virginia Beach, Virginia
General Science
Surface Warfare

Dale came from that Navy town known as Virginia Beach. His plebe year was an experience to remember with the highlights of ORF night at St. Johns and his famous exploit of commandeering a drilling piece with him on Youngster cruise. Youngster year saw him hopelessly lost in the late night world of the EE department. Escaping that dilemma and falling into another one in the magical world of Physics, Dale finally found his niche in SGS. Life with Delmont (a.k.a. the man, the MYTH (in more ways than one), and the legend (in many more ways than one)) was an experience that deemed no comment. Life with Cinderella included scouting treks to find that red give-me-a-ticket sports car with Kerin and the question, "How's Dawn?" Life with that crazy Texan, was a most rewarding experience for Dale, for those weekly Bible Studies in the Company Officer's office and the Open Door helped Dale truly see Him. Brigade Training will never be the same after the introduction of DST (Dale Standard Time). Lastly, "Yo, Culver, the phone booth will be open next year if the asbestos doesn't get the phone company," and to Mike-- "Amen."--(So be it.)



Patrick Simon Griffin
White Plains, New York
History
Surface Warfare

Patrick Simon Griffin, aka Spaceman Spiff, arrived on the banks of the Severn from White Plains, NY clueless but determined to leave his mark on USNA. Weird how Medical turned out leaving more marks on him. Always living in the past he chose History as his major and found it tough, or maybe he was tough on it. Reprived from the Ax (and stuffing the 'Dant in the process), he has gone on to distinquish himself as the preverbial Brain Surgeon / closet philosopher. Pat always has a smile and a joke to brighten the day. Choosing Surface Warfare (or was it the other way around?) he's heading out West for adventure. Remember Biscuitheads, RJC escapades, bullets for WDB, gaters, hoops, rappin', Big Feet, Moons, free beers at Fran's, loosing tennis with GRB, photocopies, shoot a redneck. Your the best friend anyone can hope for. BSS

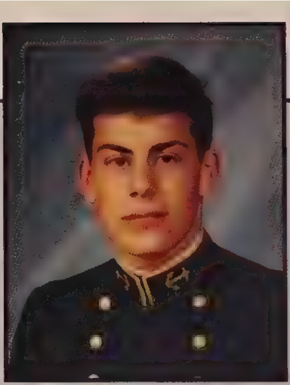
Richard Andrew Guth
Atlanta, Georgia
Ocean Engineering
Surface Warfare

Andy came from the Real South, but his heart never left it. After a Playboy tour in the Barn, he won an all expense-paid vacation to Hawaii. Moving to the 8th wing outlands, 3/c year brought fun with Wild Bill, banana wars and the Green Machine. In one of his rare periods of weekend eligibility he found himself a girlfriend at the local college, a mistake he soon remedied. 2/c summer was one long road trip: Pensacola, the lake, Panama City, Philly. Acyear, Andy discovered EE, a course he enjoyed so much he took an unprecedented third semester. NL303 Mess Night filled him with enthusiasm for NAVY that he blew it all over the desk. Basketball games, study hours spent ransacking lockers and drawers, sweating finals with four D's. 1/c summer, Andy went to the fleet to improve officer/enlisted relations and to learn command responsibility with the W. Bird. In the home stretch, Andy found himself still in his major. Precoms blew away the Delta dream so Andy will be forced to pick up the coffee mug and tough it out in Hawaii. You were a good friend, always there with a loan or a joke. Good luck with whatever your future holds in store.

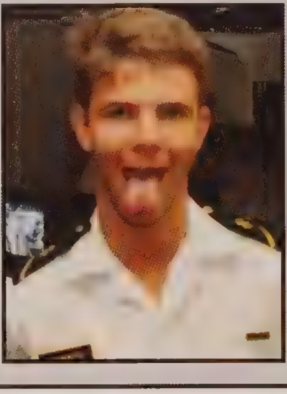
Eric Jonathan Hannum
Fork Union, Virginia
Aerospace Engineering
Navy Air

Thomas Patrick Hare
Pittsburg, Pennsylvania
Mechanical Engineering
Civil Engineer Corps

Christopher Michael Jones
Dunedin, Florida
General Engineering
U. S. Marine Corps



Anthony Peter Menzl
Clio, Michigan
Aerospace Engineering
Naval Flight Officer

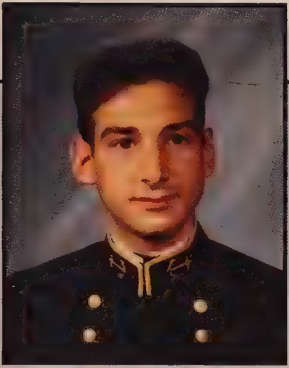


Eric Jay Hannumberg, our company flyboy, hails from Virginia via the great state of North Carolina. His enjoyment for late-nighters is only surpassed by his love for gadgets and toys. He's got more gadgets than Radio Shack and more toys than Playland! When asked what he likes, he replies "Does it fly?" yes. "I LIKE IT!" After many titillating tumbles with women of questionable backgrounds, he remains a confirmed bachelor despite meeting(?) more than a few women trying to get onboard. Why is it that we only chase the ones we can't get? As Eric heads to Pensacola to become an 18 jock I have no doubt that he will be back to visit his old haunt - inverted, 500 knots, his hair on fire and a GO NAVY sticker on the fuselage. If only we all had his passion for fun and frivolity. 89 is finally here, even though we didn't reach it. You were a great company sub commander, a fantastic roommate, and a best friend. Good luck, Godspeed, and I'll see you among the clouds. CEN

Hey, need a roommate. Remember me from History class. Sure. 22 to 15- 6 year gap. I don't care. Chocolate candy, they're my favorite. Hey, what's that smell. They're my socks. When's the last time you changed them? Six days ago. Why is you're pillow yellow? Security. Big man, big fall, big noise. Wardroom workers-wanna date, how about some food? Tall and skinny to tall and thick-- thanks Joe. Girls love it. Slam dance,break dance, Elvis' dance. Wait switch! We shouldn't be doing this. I'm 22 now, take care of me. Smile with you're teeth clenched, girl's love it. 22 to 19, High School-big Edie ideas. I think I'm in love. Never a BOOW, never an all-nighter, never unsat, never missed a weekend, what a pair. Hey Hare! Hey Tom, who cleaned the room? I did. You've changed. JMV

As swarthy mediterranean types go, Jonesey is intellectual, temperate, clean shaven, meticulously organized, and calm during tense situations. Legendary NAPS& plebe year with the jail bait, although his HS days in Dunedin, FL insured discipline & good grades. Born on 2Jul(I-day),he excelled in Sat-noon drill all year. Reported 2.5hrs late to 35 as 3/c,missed 1st Sat-morn lecture. "Jones, Sir, Jones", 20demos, 4days. "I'll give you ARMY(86)wknd, just don't get in trouble." 5000,4000,... "Brown Sugar, how come you taste so good?" My, My. Pre-airborne-wacky fun. Car loan policy: "Yeah,I'll save $3000 for uniforms. "QTCO/Benning=Airdog'88. 1/c New Year's-seedy bars in Tampa-$, "-but she really liked me..." RJC-great chaperone. "J.D." 'nuff said. LPD's and Firetruck((s)-yes,lots). Michelle - "Who dogged whom?" Chris-only member of 35/'89 to make TAPS every nite... what a concept of duty. Cinderella libs-Thurs nite's Main Event: WDB ("Junkyard Dog")V. "Tapper" Jones on8-2&IndeEpo on 8-1. 2.0&go to QTCO. Don't want to talk about it. Just give him a rifle platoon in the FMF and no liberty port will ever be safe. See you on the beach, Lt. AMF RJC

The shy kid from Michigan: Who'd ever have thought Annapolis would be "home" for four years. Plebe year - this is tough? Company dining in, chugging pure grain, jumping the wall (to get in) with vodka and coke in hand, hospital point fiasco, the morning after, Moose is born. 3/c summer: Rota, Spain, Trans Atlantic on a gator freighter, CIWS wardroom, 8 1/2 weeks leave. 3/c year: new roomies, friends for life, labor day weekend restrictees, Supt's list? Don't ask me how. Wind tunnel, sleepless nights, me and Dean harassing Dana. 2/c year: phone in room, what a hook, Aero bites, grades fall to all time low, spring canoe trip, naked frisbee, too much beer? Is that possible? Euchre with '88. 1/c summer: Aviation cruise, VA-72 "the boys", Attack mids, SDI, per diem, Chicago's every night, our own place, volleyball gods, I wanna be Steve. Plebe detail: awesome, Mike co cdr, the Dole sticker. 1/c year: VTNA Skipper, Mr Four Stripes, Molly, true love? definitely, UA for Molly, the betrayal, room 8239 honor board, true friends? I guess not. Chris and I alone on 4-1, Cross, restriction god, both P-Cola bound, one NFO, one pilot, P-3's for Molly.



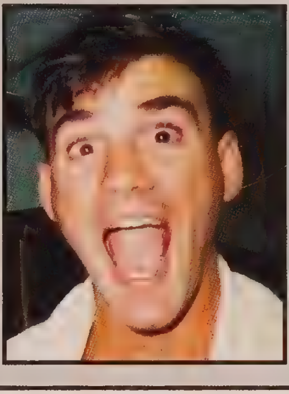
G. Mark Minotti
W. Orange, New Jersey
Computer Science
Nuclear Power - Surface

Mark, from the little state of Jersey, just a hop, skip and a jump from the Big Apple, has made the most out of his time here at USNA. He is a devout varsity athlete, especially during drill season, making sure every sail is functional out on the good ol' Severn. 3/c and 2/c year he studied intensely every night (spades or hearts?) & complemented his computer science major with a rack minor. 1/c year was even tougher in that occasionally he was still awake and working when taps went down. M became one of the best persons to go to for computer help, and put up with a lot of late-nite computer negates, like me. He did an outstanding job as President of ACM coordinating all the presentations and activities. This great Italian roomie was extremely polite to everyone - even to those of us who were quite irritating. Best of luck on the ole Mississip. BDS

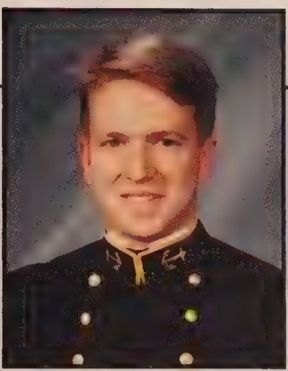
Joseph Stuart Navratil
St. Petersburg, Florida
English
Surface Warfare

Nav had it all worked out. Join the Navy to get his dive quals, then off to Exxon oil rigs to be a millionaire commercial diver. Along the way he wooed a famous actress or two, but somehow stumbled and ended up at Naps and USNA. Ah, the memories: 37 extra special study breaks at NAPS, getting more dates plebe year than most firsties, wearing dress whites to see Top Gun and meet girls youngster year, turning gungy and thinking Corps, then dropping everything for a lovely airline stewardess. A very expensive ring followed only 6 months later as Chief settled down his last two years by seeing Paula every weekend and dreaming about her all week. Joe stayed close to the Corps and close to the shore by picking LCC Stayhome on service selection. Nav longs to be a writer when he grows up, and why not, he met most of his girlfriends that way! Our final word of wisdom for you, Nav, is that if you are going to use the bathroom, don't forget your wallet. JR DD

Carl Emery Newman
Linville, North Carolina
English
Naval Flight Officer



The man, the myth, Newmanowitz. Hailing from Linville, NC, Carl took tree-fife by storm. First roomies were Wash and Dain-Bramage, followed by Joe Nav and 3D. Talk about versatility! I guess he never did get to quench his desire for Sweets that year. 2/c year, Carl shacked up with Soiks and Holmes W., though he probably spent more time on I-270 than in the room. Always the "greasiest" at formals, COMNAVSWEATEX was also the quintessential Renaissance man, tackling every endeavor in sight with blustery enthusiasm (including that mid-January dip in the Severn). Firstie year brought three stripes as company commander, and then Supe's stars (Gektroid!), so Carl had his share of liberty, with a little help from his roomate. No, seriously guys, a brain is a brain, but you have to take everything in the Navy with a grain of sand. Remember, there's a fool born every minute, and most of them live! Carl is no fool, though, and when service selection rolled around, he made the good call and picked Navy NFO. Carl, you've been a great roomie these past two semesters and I'm looking forward to our "third" in P-cola. May your skies always be CAVU.



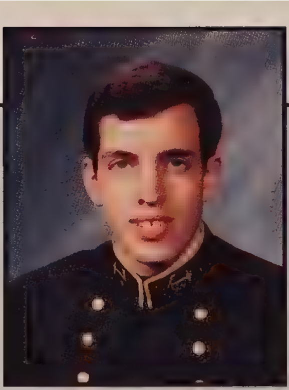
James David Oakes
Margate, New Jersey
Political Science
Surface Warfare

Oakesie came to USNA from the Jersey shore destined to be the only mid to be axed, waxed, and maxed in 24 hrs. Thanks Sean for the appeal. (John 11:43-44) Speaking of the needy... "Little too tall could have used a few pounds". Plebe crew created a "Moral Retards" & BAD VODOO, RC was loomed on the horizon. (3) NASP for the terminally unsat. '86-'87 The Anemic Year . 2/c Summer, filled with adventures in at Eastport Red Lights, not to mention Childwood: Fall '87 was dry until he searched for "Red" Army Raingear: sorry, no cigar. Lisa's New Year kiss started the "ball..." in motion toward LOVE (sacrifice & debt). We were all cynical 'till Jim made a true committment: $ and 134.69 The rest is history in the making. Joakes & "Katie" will be married in AC, where he & RJC negotiated, gambled and lost (the Prelude). At least HE still had self-respect. The Bootman made him huge, as all could see "Spook" the nature boy on Shameless weekends. Poli Sci QPR ? 0 Days restriction? Unbelievable! They're goin' back to Cally. See you in the Gator Isles. AMF RJC

Benjamin David Salerno

Rolla, Missouri
Electrical Engineering
Nuclear Power - Submarines

Born in the back woods of Missouri, Ben developed his rugged, down to earth personality. Well known for his electrical and mechanical expertise, Ben is always willing to help somebody with a problem. What's not so well known is all the projects that he built while growing up and accumulating his know-how. CB's, amplifiers, walkmans with "fix me" notes on them, and a complete tool set were landmarks of his room. Ben popped up from the Silent Service just in time to arrive in Annapolis for I-day. "A" school was spent in Damneck, and return visits to Ron's house in Virginia Beach are always looked forward to. With grades always going well, Ben was able to apply his free time to the WRNV sound system which became a regular part of football games and pep rallies. Whether it be installing a new transmission or replacing a car stereo system, Ben could often be found in or around an automobile. Nightly card games and spending time with friends are popular pastimes that won't be forgotten. Best of luck to you and Sam. GMM



Robert Preston Saunders

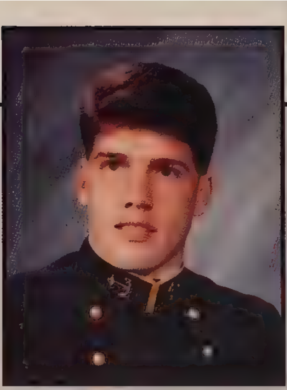
Panama City, Florida
Mechanical Engineering
Surface Warfare

A mechanical genius with the fortune of getting Wild Bill, No Way Gotay, and The Rocket, Rob survived (almost) all the Mech E department could throw at him. The flow of classmates coming for comprehensible help proved that. The Pres of SAE, Rob quickly chose the most vehicular bang for the buck. Nothing like excess-especially when it was with "team overkill." I could have done without scuba in the snow, however. Rob survived nav' books at 3 paces, all of my messed up "california music," and being a light sleeper in a noisy place. Having learned soccer from the Europeans, the opportunities for him to play up to par were lacking, but that never stooped Rob. His biggest problem was deciding what month it was-they all looked so nice. I tried to convince him of the virtues of the West coast, but he is bound for Newport and the "Battle Frigate." From the Big Stix through Tree-Fife, Rob has been a friend, roomate and confidante. Good Luck! Have Fun! MJB

Thomas Edward Slusarchyk

Eustis, Florida
Physics
Naval Flight Officer

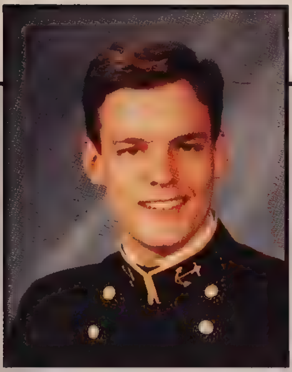
Mr. "S", given that nickname partly because of his unpronounceable surname and partly because of his ever-smiling face over the summer, came to the Academy from the Sunshine State. "T" skated to 35 from the "Sweet" company. The strain of youngster year made him resort to a wholly "Natural" diet, i.e. veggies, fruits, nuts("Good nuts mean good health"), and of course, the grandaddy of all natural foods, chimichangas. Physics proved to be very time consuming but all in all, the best choice of majors. "Mr. Racquettball," the best in the Brigade as well as in certain officer circles, blew his opponents off the court. As you always said, Tom, "It may be the most expensive racquet I can find. But don't worry, my opponent will pay for it." Gus, Rob, and Lazarus always said that "T" would turn green, but all we can see now is the gold of his wings. Rozy O's, the Orchid Ballroom, and a 3-deck shoe helped make Spring Break 1989 memorable for "T". Watch out for that officer frat! Thanks for the friendship and the good times. The pleasure's mine. MDD



Brian Stanley Soika

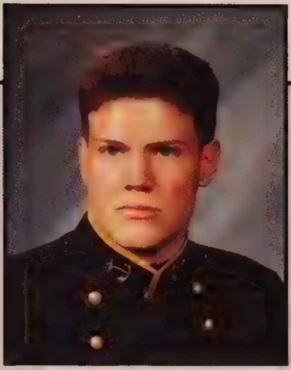
Moscow, Pennsylvania
General Science
Supply Corps

Brian Stanley Soika journeyed to USNA from the thriving metropolis of Moscow, PA, but not after an adventerous time at Penn St. and the prep school. Arriving as blossoming football and basketball star, Brian decided to concentrate on academics after consulting his friends at the Ax board. Brian also found engineering too narrow a subject and decided to pursue the broader subject of General Science, on his way to becoming a SWO. Unfortunately, Brian and the sea did not get along on first class cruise so he decided (or maybe the doc) that he should go corps, Supply Corps. Remember hoopin' in Halsey, roadtrip to G-burg, whaddup wid dat?, Hans, the ball and chain, Franny O's, moons, spikes and having my eye on you. Good luck in the future, you're the best friend a guy could ask for. PSG



Robert William Stauder
Arlington Heights, Illinois
Mechanical Engineering
Naval Flight Officer

Robbie's initial days at USNA inspired him with hopes of joining the Corps, which were replaced by a new dedication that produced a complete collection of Columbia sportswear, BOW! Never fried or unsat through four years of Mech Eng, all roomies, have found their way to the unfriendly end of the long green table. Go Navy, beat CIVLANT! New roommates, roadtrips to nearby educational institutions, along with eye-opening experiences with the Rio and Subic natives, broadened many horizons, 3/c year. Following long rides to Baltimore and Philly were new lows and longer rides back. CRASH-B's, a varsity letter, and post-season parties inspired the "athlete" to add unique post-practice workouts at the famed boathouse. 2/c year brought 2 for 7, Drink-One Wear-One, as well as the first signs of a "Normal" commitment. Although controversial, more than one ring met the seven seas the following May 21st. 1/c year, with roadtrips to Columbus, an early retirement, (Semper Fi?), and "playing games", brought service selection and a new flight jacket. Best wishes in marriage and the skies above. So long and thanks for all the fish. JDO



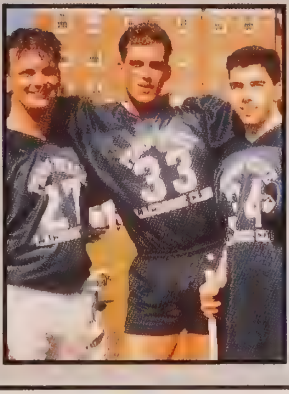
Dean Cameron Vantol
Wyoming,Michigan
Computer Science
Navy Air

Dean is a man of few words. "Oh, sure" and "are you sure we'll be back on time". Definitely the nicest guy in the company, who else would live with me? They were starting to get used to us at Penn State. No fights- too bad! What is that, guacamole dip? I'm glad we brought you're radar detector! Are we home yet?(as he's laying in my bushes) Thanks a bunch for setting me up on that blind date! MERRR! Jose Canseco at softball, Mike Tyson at fieldball. Call him anything you want, just don't call him late for dinner! I had a great year,Dean, thanks for everything. I'll meet you down in Pensacola. CJW

Joseph Michael Vitelli
Roslyn, Pennsylvania
Economics
Supply Corps

Joey Vit, bad as....Yo was the first word you said to me, it'll probably be the last. The road to the Heisman was blocked by many obstacles--all of them on your body. Some fond memories: Private Stock with Coby and Quay; 10 seconds; 25 seconds; Pendulum; uncontrollable bladders; make me laugh; wait a goddangminnit!; the CRUSHER!; Rosamota; switching beds; Go ahead, touch his johnny; big man, big fall, big noise; I don't know what love is; 1. Family, 2. Friends, 3. Girls; showers with the Cat; Dancing in the room; Who won those first round games? It all boils down to two things--I BEAT you in arm wrestling and I am the better lover. TPH

Craig Joseph Washington
Annapolis, Maryland
Economics
Navy Air



Craig is a man of numbers. 10 pugnacity. 0 fear. 11 room mates. 4 tickets. 33 days. Where's I-95? We've got 12 minutes to get back and we're in Fort Meade! We've got 7 minutes to get back. Any cars coming? Only one, and he's turning around and his flashers are on. Yes officer, we've got 3 minutes to get back. One broken arm, one bruised knee, and three facial cuts. How'd you manage that? You were in the library, right? Remember Mexico? You were there, weren't you? Thanks for a fun year. I'll meet you at Dub's pub. You'll be the one in the N sweater (black!). Drinks will be on the house. DCV

36th COMPANY

Robert Alvah Williams
Albuquerque, New Mexico
Oceanography
Nuclear Power - Submarines

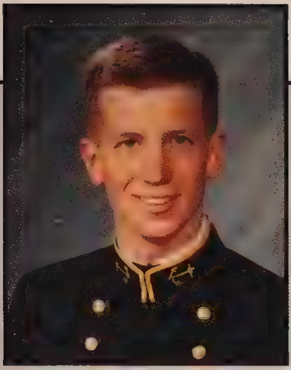
Bob came from New Mexico to receive his "free" education. During 4/c year he found himslef the skate of skate 8. After 3/c cruise he found a change of scenery in hotel 8th wing. 3/c year marked the arrival of his girl to the school across the street and a subsequent disappearing acto on the weekends. Spring brought lightweight crew and the Fridays in the sauna. 2/c summer saw the party animal emerge in all of us. Road trips, the lake, P-cola, Philly, and Quantico all contributed to the profits of Anheuser-Busch. Along with 2/c year came the struggles of academics but the emergence of "gunge", airborne, bulldog, and scuba all at once. His best accomplishment were the 4-stripes the honor committee gave him at the end of the year. 1/c summer he set out to conquer the world first in Italy then at scuba school where he obtained his coveted scuba pin. In the fall he realized he had to make a service selection in which submarines beat out spec ops at the wire. After easter he was engaged and was a member of the 2% club. He graduates with some questions left unanswered - What is afternoon class and reveille? And what do submariners really do? Good luck Bob. AG

Joseph Edward Baumgartner
Ballston, New York
Marine Engineering
Nuclear Power - Submarines

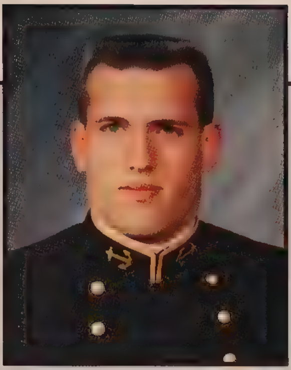
Where to begin. . .Joe "B" Baumgartner: washing cars driving back from Georgetown, practicing karate and sword-drill in the mirror (it's different when you're out in front), and sampling the local seafood in all its variety. Joe was a marine engineer whose dream was to serve in subs; funny thing, really, since sub pukes have little opportunity to put a side over the side in search of local delicacies, but then Joe always had his priorities straight. The harder an exam he might have the next day, the more likely his roomates were to awaken at 0200 to the sound of a vacuum, or of a sponge scrubbing the sink. Joe reached his high point senior year with fireworks displays rivaling the Bicentennial -- a distinct improvement over his window immitation of a reluctant Venus. We wish him good luck and happy hunting, both at sea and ashore! The boys of 6-2.

Steven James Blette
Buffalo, New York
Naval Architecture
Navy Air

Steven has proven himself numerous times throughout his four years as being a kind and caring person. He has always been the backbone of company sports -- never missing an event. Just as Steven eagerly awaited the next. up and coming company activity, he could never wait for the next opportunity to expand his scholarly knowledge. Because of his dedication to school, all of his teachers loved him dearly -- of course sweet sweet chewy chewies favorite was Steven. I am sure she ran throughout Luce expressing her great admiration for this future aviator. I know all of '89 will be very jealous of the person who gets to serve as Steven's wingman. That lucky individual will benefit from his vast knowledge of automobiles, finances, girls, naval policy, world trade, global hunger, Malthusian Principles, plus a free psychological analysis of anyone. His drive and enthusiasm will never be surpassed by anyone including himself. This world would be in complete harmony if only Steven could be everyones' mentor.

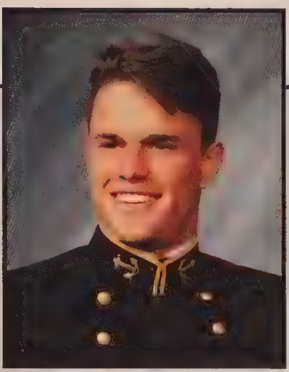


Francis Walter Davey
Lansdale, Pennsylvania
General Engineering
Navy Air

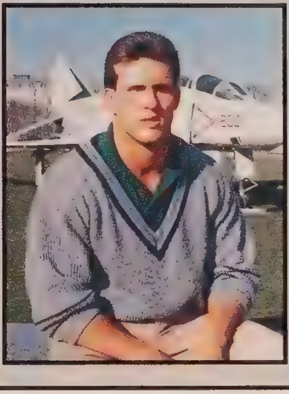


Robert Paul Day
Severna Park, Maryland
History
Supply Corps

Edward Michael DeVilliers
Trumbull, Connecticut
Chemistry
U. S. Marine Corps



Jeffery Thomas Engel
Sacramento, California
Physical Science
Surface Warfare

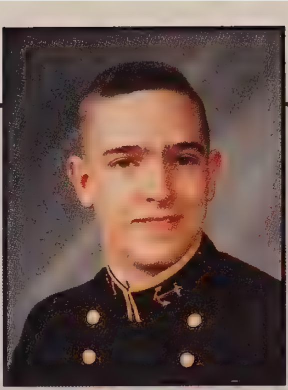


Walt the Wolf, Dub, Schnak entered from the city of Brotherly Love. 4/c year saw Schnak sharing time with DJ and the Main Vein in Form 2. 3/c cruise he spent chipping paint and doing stogies in Jamaica, mon. Happy Hunting! 3/c year put him at the end of the line avec moi et SSWW. 2/c year brought Misty Eyes, the cruising vessel, really dry champagne, and the opal. Too bad you and Lise never made it to the Capitol! 1/c brought good times. Someday we will be a vaunted doubles team. Vaunted parties, however, were a different story. We won't mention swaggering through St. John's with more than rain pouring down. Another fond memory is Schnak's eternal pursuit of honor, which he found in large quantities at a Dogmeat bash. However, he's still in search of that twenty-one gun salute from a comrade in arms. What does the future hold for Bulldog? A lot of warm dinners, 3-degree banks at 200 knots, and, of course, the wood paneled Country Esquire. Well Champ, it has been a great 3 years. You're more than a best friend, you're like a brother, always there and pointing in the right direction. I want that personal tour of the Capitol! On to P-cola and the golf course! JEH

The Severna Park Flash, 2-2, Dagger, is one of those local boys who absolutely detested mids while in high school but soon became one of them. Still, to this day, hates mids. Paul came to USNA by way of NAPS with high ambitions of succeeding academically as well as professionally. These goals soon fell by the wayside, as his primary goal became a fruitful collegiate football career. His successes in love were about as successful as his attempts in EE. Soon after becoming engaged, he was quoted as saying, "I think I made a mistake." Every weekend thereafter, Paul came back with stories reinforcing his initial doubt. Maybe the right girl will come along and be Australian, or one willing to whisper in his ear that immortal phrase." His quest for the Anchor Man gave him four trips to the "Long Green Table," as well as a couple rounds of wires. Cursed with good grades, Paul was faced with the unlikely task of asking his profs to lower them to help him attain the "pot of gold." Paul is going into his long Naval career as a Chop. But no matter what he does, he will always look the best in SDB's. Good Luck, we love you. SPJ GNU

Fast Attack, Special Ed, or Fast Eddie -- he hails from Trumbull, CT. He got a stress fracture the next day that didn't heal 'til second semester. That didn't keep Nerup from his unmotivating antics -- he calls you 'sir' now, Ed! Youngster year brought a deserved change -- this time with dolphins and a patrol pin. Your sweet young thing of old times is still your true love -- Cathy and you will enjoy God's gifts. Never forget the late night labs in 6256. After some struggles and man-to- ———— talks, you persevered, set your sights high, and developed into a warrior-leader. During 2/c year you opted for grunt training and successfully completed the OCS rigors -- '1st Jerk' to Quigley. What progress you made! 1/c year I was privileged to fully enjoy your wisdom and inner fortitude -- I will soon reap benefits of time spent with you. You finally made the real choice for Marine Ground, surprising some but not me. Don't forget to sleep on your sheets, take all of your clothes out of the plastic wrappers, log daily PT, and tell Cathy how much you love her. "Make the days count!" Thanks for a listening ear and your (free) wise advice. FTF

Jeff was probably known best, in the company, for his unending supply of energy. Jeff carrying out his daily duties was a blur to most of us whose metabolisms operated at a much slower rate. His task youngster year was to train his two roomates(Bimbo and Gas) how to study academics instead of looking out the window at Courtney and Saundra. His roomates both recieved over 3.5's that semester. We then began to call Jeff "Professor", as he was well on his way to a Rhodes Scholarship. Jeff with his busy academic schedule was never afforded the opprotunity to sleep during the day like his roommates of all three years. As it turned out Jeff turned down a Rhodes Scholarship in order to live with his roomate who would teach him about Malthus and convert him to Buddhism. He didn't know what to do about service selection, so he began dating the Colonel's daughter. Jeff felt very comfortable with the younger generation and his brother-in-law. For service selection he chose the USS NEW JERSEY because he couldn't resist those big guns just like his(pose baby). May Jeff get bigger and faster and a dog.

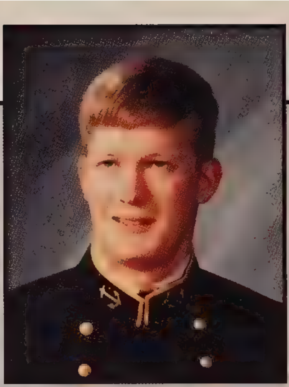


Fred Taylor Fagan
Hattiesburg, Mississippi
Systems Engineering
U.S. Marine Corps

Fast Freddy hails from all points Marine Corps, but with a place in his heart for Hattiesburg, Mississippi. This Marine came to 36th from Playboy 21, with a detour through Airborne. But he landed into a barn of troubled classmates whose pictures and pyrotechnic antics sure gave this Christian the fever. We were impressed with the Supe's star on his chest. But never would he see it again. The life of a Systems major treated him hard, but he kept charging away, with Ronbo, Smudzie, Fast Attack, and his favorite plebes and don't forget his neighbor by his side. The goal of 2nd Lt bars never left his mind. And having Mom and the Colonel living in the yard (and thus dubbed "Col Fagan's son") made it hard to forget. He was made for the Corps, and the Corps was made for him. Who but a Marine would suffer through Bulldog, or call for fire support in his sleep. He led his troops from the front, especially as Co Cdr. Yet, as second semester MIR, "Lefty" earned his nickname -- on the parade deck in platoon drill as guide. But he was a true Marine because he lived up to the motto "Semper Fidelis." Never was there a harder worker or a more loyal friend. EMD

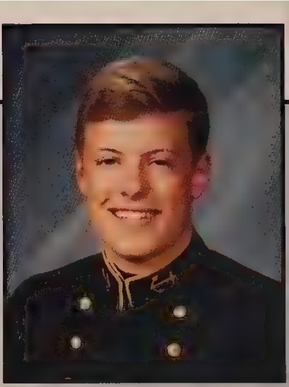
Gregory Alan Gulick
Spring, Texas
Economics
Navy Air

Gu, Gulag, Gulash, War Hero landed in 2nd Company. "Why are they yelling at me?" He thought that the Navy would be a great part-time job but was transformed into a certified, hard chargin', gunge-pup. 3/c year, Gu began the search for the perfect match. A little trouble enabled him to enjoy the best Navy deal--RESTRICTION. That wasn't so bad. He could still see a certain six digit red head. Second class year and trips to a certain women's college in DC (aren't Maryland drivers the best?) to engage young ladies in cerebral pursuits. He left on summer cruise and came back a full fledged war hero with gold jump wings, a scuba pin, and a full row of ribbons. The adventures continued 1/c year. Going out to Doc's, late night cleaning parties, Brigade soccer champs, PT!, getting stuck in elevators and RAANH! are buzz words for this year. Three stripes second semester as battalion subcdr. We still looked for the perfect one but mere substitutes will do for now. He definitely has the jet fever, and fast planes, gorgeous babes, and margaritas on the beach are in the near future. A great roommate and an incredible friend. I HATE SPANISH! Semper Fi. DGM



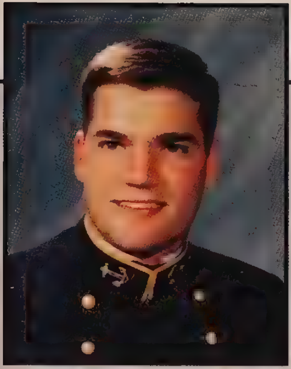
Steven Mark Hilgendorf
LaCrosse, Wisconsin
Mechanical Engineering
Nuclear Power - Submarines

Hilgy. The old man arrived here a day early for I-Day via the breweries of LaCrosse, the University of Wisconsin, the fleet, and NAPS. Although some of the upperclass gave Steve a tough time (they felt uncomfortable with a plebe who resembled their fathers), he quickly gained popularity with them by repairing the wardroom TV with his trusty ohmmeter. The remainder of his days here at the Academy were filled with 4.0's and stars on his collars. While his mind was deriving formulas to change the world, his heart was living at the University of Arizona with the future Mrs. Although the two were made for each other, Steve finally realized that they would be together forever when she consented to say, "Atomic batteries to power, turbines to speed, Batman," as he revved the Topstang's 225 snarling ponys. Ten years from now, as he kicks back with an Old Style, cheese curds, and a thirty pound spare tire, Steve will take pride in watching the little Hilgys follow in their fathers footsteps as they clear mom out of the room with one mighty rip. Good luck, Steve. The sub community needs more men like you. RMU



Joseph Todd Holland
Longboat Key, Florida
Political Science
Surface Warfare

He fought his first battle within the hallways of 17th Company. He will fight his greatest battle on the waves of the Pacific. His name is Joey. He is immobile. Living by the motto succeed or sleep he dove into the blue abyss in full uniform. Plebe year was spent visiting scenic overlook while partaking of spirits. Starting youngster year in 36th Co., he refined the art. Academics became merely an ECA as he claimed never to have cracked the cover of his differential equations book and continued to log record amounts of rack time. He also journeyed North to the Big Apple where he drank blue lagoons with the Frat brothers and claimed descendance from one of the three wise men. Time passed. The blue rims faded and Joe still smiled. Then time began to fly. Life begins at 80 degrees and 20 knots. Joey discovered windsurfing. This new love took him to the deserts of Cape Hatteras in search of waves. Surviving on King Hall cereal and Dinty Moore he discovered Nirvana. He was destined for San Diego in search of wind, waves, wine and women. Joe, once you stop dreaming you stop living. Therefore, don't wake up. RTS

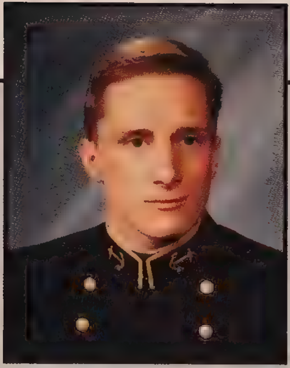


James Edwin Howe
Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania
General Engineering
Navy Air

Bugford, Gordie, Jimbo came to USNA from Bettendorf, Iowa to play football and fly jets. He played football for a month and decided that baseball was the sport for him. Baseball wasn't the sport for him so he tried the cycling team, then tried football again and settled for being the greatest assistant coach in the history of intramural touch football. Jim spent 4/c year having "good times" as one of the Lads or in the hospital getting darts pulled out of his foot. 3/c year was the worst and best for Jim. It was the worst because he spent three months getting over SBFH but it was the best because he got his first credit cards (with dad picking up the tab). 2/c class year was highlighted by Jim painting the side of a blue honda and the Capitol steps a lovely shade of green. He also paid 150 bucks to spend the night of his ring dance on the bathroom floor. 1/c year brought the "Clique Buster", the notorized A&J Partnership, an incredible love for broccoli, the awaited 1989 Corvette (along with his first ticket), and a $400 blue blazer but through it all, he was always there for me as a great roommate and best friend. Love ya buddy. Fly Navy. S.(FWD)

Ronald Joseph Howe
Albany, Oregon
Astrospace Engineering
Naval Flight Officer

A simple lad from Albany, Oregon, "Rock Hard" enjoyed fishhing for blues, salmon, and tuna. He hooked the big one youngster year and "it took alot to keep her in paint and powder." She reeled him in until Christmas first class year. He broke loose, poor but happy, and headed upstream for better days. Now, NFO billet in hand, he has taken to the skies of Pensacola, free as a bird. While at the Academy, he majored in aerospace engineering and running. Both of these kept his nose to the grindstone. He maintained a boyish grin and naive demeanor which helped to bring him through. (It also took him on several fishing trips out in the bay with various profs!) I predict he'll fly navy, become a high school teacher/ track coach in Oregon, and have a cat named bear which he'll torment endlessly. Good luck to my best buddy, roommate, and four year companymate. RTS



James Jerald Hughes
Long Island, New York
Economics
Navy Air

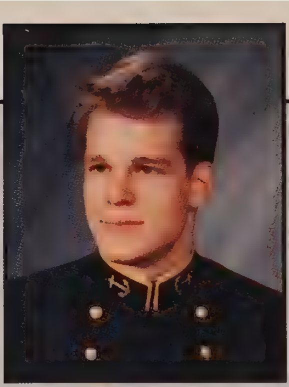
Alias J. Holmes, SSWW, and Buser, came to the end of the line company from Yo! Long Island. JJ's most memorable experience from 3/c year occurred at the Army-Navy game in what is known as the infamous Octoquinn incident. Once 2/c year began, JJ decided it was time to make changes in his life. He hung up his lax stick and took up biking. This sport turned out to be good for decorating the room with the various removeable parts of a bike, bike lube oil, and how can we forget those sexy biking shorts which also serve as auxiliary room air fresheners when hung in the shower. The other major change JJ set out to make was in the academic area. Unfortunately he overdid it a bit and became an academic sweat to rival all others. Once first class year rolled around, JJ had his act together, though not completely as he left a picture postcard out on his desk that certain people should not have seen. JJ also renewed an old romance during his last year by the bay, and who knows what may become of that. Like a "chip off the old block," JJ heads down to P-cola to fly attack planes. Good luck J, you've always been there to talk to and have been someone I can depend on. Good luck and fly Navy! Boog

Marcos Morales Javier
Weston,West Virginia
Oceanography
Nuclear Power - Surface

Marcos came to this fine institution from the hills of West Virginia with a brief sojourn as a Penn State NROTC. He had the good fortune of spending "freshman" year in Skate 28, although the "Bead" probably skated the straightest. Youngster year he joined 36th company, and had the dubious honor of roomming with Gagne(ret). Engine math in the summer of '87 debuted the "Marcos Javier Method". First semester of second class year found "Cos" spending his five youngster afternoons in a horizontal catatonic state of semiconsciousness. His convoluted affair with the "Tooch" in Morgantown made him the victim of many calumnies. Marcos's financial dealings could best be described by Cliff Clavin's "call me Ishmael." Ish's frugality even overcame his obsession for german efficiency when he purchased a Mazda instead of his beloved BMW 2002,and his fastidious room standards even made his cynical roommates envious. Good luck in the nuclear $urface Navy. TAP COB

Sean Patrick Johnson
Arlington, Texas
Mechanical Engineering
Navy Air

Sean Boy came to us from the "Big" state by way of 35th company. He came here to play football and eventually "go mach 2 with his hair on fire." His stint with the football team ended at the beginning of second class year when all the fun of the game had gone. But, he really needed to spend more time in his books if he wanted to do a fly-by someday. Even though he spent most of his time protecting his model airplanes, he remained a Mechanical engineer and took a ride on the rocket 1/c year... We almost lost the big guy to a possessive young lass during 1/c year. But realizing he had a few wild oats left to sow after hittin' the town with the "Redwood", SP hit the afterburners and left her in his smoke. (Especially after eating roast beef au jus.)... The big man's soft side was a prime target for the Annapolis ladies, but he showed his shy side with a bright red blush and a little giggle... Take care SP, and the ladies of P-cola lookout! The Flyboys are finally getting someone with class. EIL



Philip Peter Kondilas
Germantown, Tennessee
Electrical Engineering
Naval Flight Officer

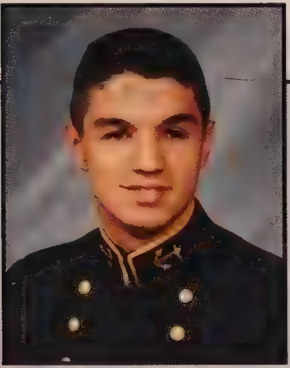
Taki was the guy who brought our Log into the national limelight. He remained a EE and his complaining about the major often made us wonder. He stuck to his studies releiving his anxieties by leading aerobics in tights that would make Clint or Sly smile. He structured we's around USNA, the point, and club med in Co. Springs. His 325is didn't get enough attention during the year. This yuppiemobile was sweet, though many mistook it for a low rider. God did us a favor by introducing him to drums too late for him to damage our hearing. He improvised by using bayonets, trons, and circuits books. He suggested to the Navy that a drum set be installed on every rio console. If you see an F-14 with only one seat, look around for a parachute and a 6'5" NFO wearing a rolex. He left his mark on 36th with his dizzy izzy dance during a parade. He took out an entire rank of classmates and was the first mid to bend a scabbard 90 degrees. His rep with a sword preceeded him and it was common knowledge that he used it to shave at outside formations. Good luck at flight school and hope those aviators don't take his suggestions of temperance too seriously. JEB

Michael Leschinsky
Millsboro, Delaware
General Science
Naval Flight Officer

This is Leschinsky! After hearing that Physics didn't want to get in the way of his commission, Mikey and the Dean chose the general science. This change gave him time to go after the Sheilas, if only he could have gotten past the second date. 3/c year, he followed me to the ski slopes and almost killed himself. Fearing for his life, the next year, he chose Florida and almost killed himself, returning with two-tone bleached hair and bloodied legs from windsurfing. Undaunted, Mike popped a bundle on his own board. Rumored to have offered $15K for a back seat billet, he got to experience another K who escorted him straight to the surface line and a date with SWOS in June. Then, a miracle! Bruce found 20 more NFO billets and a ticket to Florida. After the trauma of Service Selection, the rest of the year was a breeze, except when Ahhnold met with an identity crisis a few weeks before graduation. His "Driver" was able to shake it out of him. Now, he's off to Florida with a handful of Maalox and two questions: does P-cola have a hockey team and what more is there to a relationship than..? Good luck Mikey. It's been a fun three years and always check your six for land sharks!? JHS

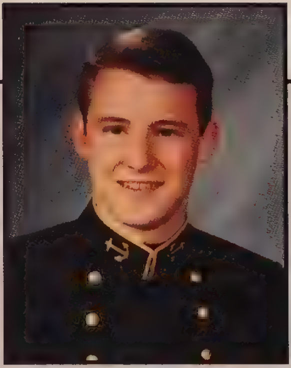
Zigmond Vincent Leszczynski
Phoenix, Arizona
Electrical Engineering
Naval Flight Officer

Zig's life at Annapolis can be summed up by the three letters C, c, and c: Colleen, cessnas, and circuits; she dominated his life, flying dominated his dreams and finances, and EE was his nightmare. In fact, though, when he wasn't sweating his exams or being late to her, Zig provided a model of discipline and hardwork. All those days when he could have been drilling, big Zig worked-out in the weight rooms as the clandestine member of the varsity football team, something which hinted at his secret side. Indeed, Zig disappeared one summer into the NSA, and returned speaking vaguely of the importance and unanticipated rewards of intelligence work. Zig's last semester was marred by punks stealing and road-tripping his camaro (firebird?), but in the end he rocovered his car and drove off into a future around planes, with Colleen riding by his side. Good luck in P-cola, where your discipline will pay-off in all you do (don't) attempt. The boys of 6-2.



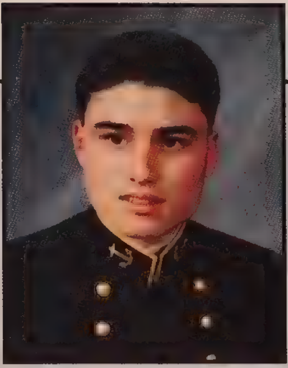
Felipe Amor Luna
Little Rock, Arkansas
History
Special Warfare

Fil arrived barefoot, bright-eyed and bushy-tailed. This back-woods Arky was a SEAL from the word "GO". After a trying first semester as a plebe, he found it hard to "respect" any girl who hadn't gone through plebe summer but he proved to be a quick learner! He was rarely seen without the company of Tom, Tribs or Chaz that first year and the bond grew stronger over the years. As wild as that first year was, it couldn't compete with "the room from hell" that was Fil, Spank, Phambo and the Gul. Poor Bancroft, if they only knew. It was this year that Fil found he had an affinity for fire and woe to those that stood in this SEAL pup's way! The secret words for this year were, "It just doesn't matter". Well, old Fil took those words to heart and found himself on the wrong side of the CO's desk taking it like a man. We remember "Attila the Hun" attacking us in the middle of the night; don't we, Spank? If we'd known that there would be many more where he came from! His dream finally came true and we wish him good luck at BUDS and as a SEAL. One man's dream is another man's nightmare. Just remember, pain is what you feel as weakness leaves your body!



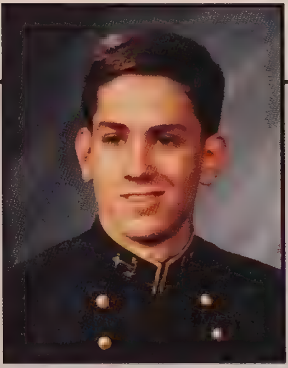
David Giles McCord
Urbana, Illinois
History
Marine Air

Garth, McHomeslice, WT, Changemonger, Rapmaster, Honor Gestapo Fuhrer, Yak daddy extrodinaire and my retard partner who never won retard wars because he refused to drool. After breezing through GAW 24, Dave hit the beach in 36 where he found that Valentine's Day could better be twice named "Dear John Day." His love of history, or was it his dislike of everything else, enabled him to PT in true Marine fashion, in the muddy hills of the endurance course. His motivation was never ending, that is, unless it was early in the morning. He even liked to drill. Service Selection Night was a test to see just how close we could shave Dave's head--REEAL CLOSE! The Trinity tango cast bang, relieving stints to Delaware, a certain fruit hangup, good times at Doc Lloyd's (he's not calling collect, he must want something) and four stripes were all memories of the four years we spent together by the bay. I'm sure that a nicer guy and better friend cannot be found. You've got it together, Dave. Best of luck in the Corps, flying low skimming the trees in your Cobra. Semper Fi! GAG



James Endo Melvin
Concord, California
General Engineering
Surface Warfare

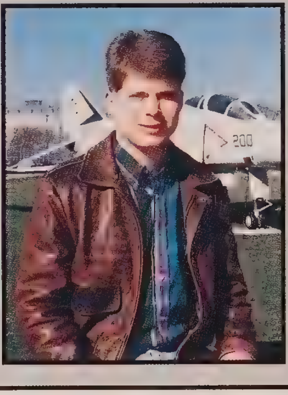
Jim, (alias Melv, alias B fur) came to the Naval Academy from the land of nuts and fruits, a fresh faced young lad. Freshmen year in 22nd Co wasn't to grueling especially if one played a sport. Youngster year found Melv in the company of OB and Taki who graciously allowed him to move in with them. Second class summer ended with Jim's discovery of "the Method" during a session of Engine Math. Remember Prof. "Pee Wee" Herman, and our cries of "Game Over" as we vainly tried to cram for those weekly exams? Second class year, Melv decided to venture into the wild side by rooming with Spanky and Tuna in the back shaft of 6-2. Back shaft, where Melv excelled at "daps", hiding my glasses, and playing Sonny and Cher songs. Jim rounded out his illustrious sojourn here at USNA with a brief stint as a babysitter for the freshman class of '92. Oh yes, remember how much fun we had during P-SEP and during drill with 2nd LT Smith. Well all of that is behind us now and you're finally getting underway. Good luck, God bless, and never lose your sense of humor. COS



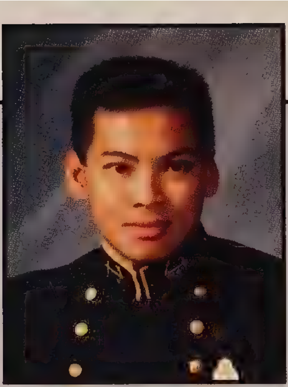
Craig Douglas O'Brien
East Setauket, New York
Systems Engineering
Nuclear Power - Surface

Craig came to the Academy at the tender age of 17. His "All - American" experience as an altar boy, Eagle Scout, and paperboy did not prepare him for the harsh realities of plebe year dealt to him by Greg, "the devil" Glaros. Fortunately for the world, Craig endured freshman year. When "OB" joined 36 company, he quickly found a "Bosom Buddy" in Taki. Systems caught up with "The Blade" 2/c year. He developed the "Craig Syndrome" - studying into the wee hours of the morning and then spending the next day in a debilitating stupor. Craig was convinced his troubles 2/c year were the result of being haunted by Gagne's spirit. Also, Craig's holiness cannot be attributed to his actions but instead to his clothing. His insatiable appetite for the "Greaseman" resulted in countless "Greasemannerisms" to pervade his vocabulary. Ah yes, never forget the natural gas research we undertook and developed into an art form. First class year found Craig and Taki reunited again. Remember the brief but exciting affair with the Vogue women of Georgetown. Well Craig the past three years have been real; real what - we don't know. Good luck and God Bless. MMJ TAP

Todd Alex Pfeiffer
Easton, Pennsylvania
Economics
Nuclear Power - Submarines

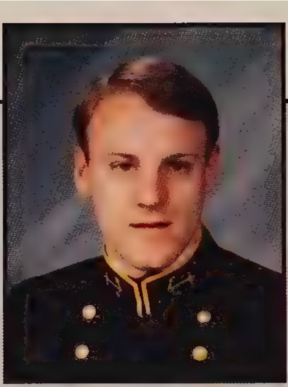


Todd followed in the footsteps of his sister after making a brief detour at Mercersburg. He came to 36 after a brutalizing year in 33rd co. with the echoes of "Coviello!" still ringing in his ears. 3/c year found him in the presence of roommates who appreciated the finer things in life,such as classical music-classic rock that is (Hendrix and Joplin). His fondness for the music of the Woodstock generation revealed his obsession to have it all at his fingertips. Before long, Mr. CD had amassed a voluminous collection of vintage rock. From the Amboy Dukes to Zager and Evans he had it all. And still it grows.2/c year found him in the company of the blaade,who had replaced Capt Evil. Although not one to overindulge in spirits,his fitful bout remains legendary, though a tad untidy. 2/c year witnessed the rise of THE MAP. Who can ever forget his obsession with dirt roads. Deadeye all american pistolman finished his collegiate career in favor of weekends.1/c year gave Todd a new perspective of USNA-through the rear view mirror. Who can ever forget our introduction to Dietzis. Toodle-loo, go with God,and don't take any wooden nickels. Take care of the wife. MMJ COB



Tung Xuan Pham
Milpitas, California
General Engineering
Naval Flight Officer

Tung (aka: Tony, Slope, dy/dx, etc.) is one of the minorities, soon to be majorities, at USNA. Throughout our illustrious 4 years along the Severn, TXP has opened my bloodshot eyes to many new and exciting aspects of everyday life. Ranging from exquisite oriental delicacies (Nuoc Mam) to peculiar musical varieties, he never fails to satisfy my palate for differential. I'm sure he'll make a great "Goose" to that one "Maverick" (aka: An inverse monolithic cactus) that he gets stuck with. Hopefully, his career will be as eventful, as well as uneventful, as his 7 years of college experience. To his future Airdale comrades, look out for the Liberty God, he can party with the best of them, although I doubt his singing ability after three or four Mooseheads. So here's lookin' at ya' Pappy, don't do anything I wouldn't do (which leaves a lot to the imagination!). DET



Gregory Thomas Pusch
Seattle, Washington
Political Science
Nuclear Power - Submarines

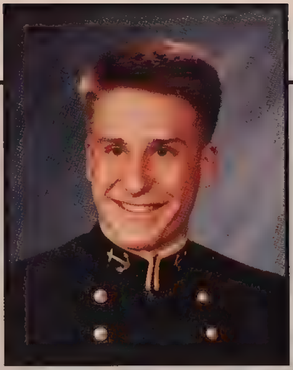
Seeking a law degree, Greg adjusted well to the rigors of military life through the smooth transition from prep school. This bourgeois boy was shocked by the Marine Corps, and then by the fleet as his roommates changed around. Always with him, though, was the Boxman who, among other things, helped make the G-town trips a bit more colorful. He was never much for polishing his shoes, shining his buckle, or sweating room formals; he in tune with the finer things in life to include cultured music, sailing, and gardening. Usually perched near the window with a book in one hand and a pipe in the other, he was always engrossed in deep thought. This sophisticated man taveled to France his 1/c year, where he lost his heart in Paris... his ring in the washroom, his glasses in an attache, and his credit cards, who knows where! Once this submariner had his feet on terra firma, and with Z in the rearview mirror, he stretched behind the wheel of his spotless sports car on numerous excursions North to see his true love. As he prepares for his final excursion, we wish him and Jane the best of luck and the best of wines, wherever their search for the good life leads them. Semper Et Ubique. JEB ZVL MBV

James Harold Schwappach
Lakewood, Colorado
Naval Architecture
Nuclear Power - Submarines

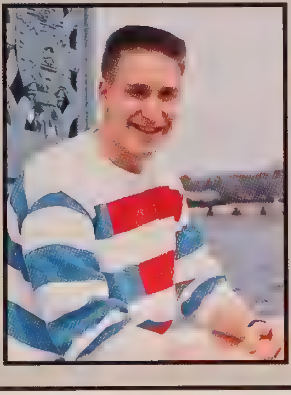
Jim came to us from the Rocky Mountain State. Though his parents have sinced moved to the BIG STATE down south, Jim prefers to call Denver home. In the three years I've lived with him we have done alot. Everything from sabotaging our roommate's clock to sniffling "Red, Red Wine" on a chairlift at Steamboat. In a desperate attempt to maintain the role of a model midshipman, Jim went through great extremes. Who else would spend a half an hour getting dressed and shining his ring before outside formations. The women of Annapolis will miss Jim's "puppy-dog eyes" which he frequently used to lure orange-haired girls away from their boyfriends. Someday I hope Jim's dream comes true: "Sitting with a scantly clad woman in a steaming jacuzzi at 7800 feet, the snow gently falling around, with a cold Labatts in hand." Until then, Jim will have to be satisfied with nuke power school and his submarine. "Dead Man's Party" at 2 AM? Why not. Best of luck roomy. ML

Ronald Thomas Smudz
Medina, Ohio
Mechanical Engineering
Surface Warfare

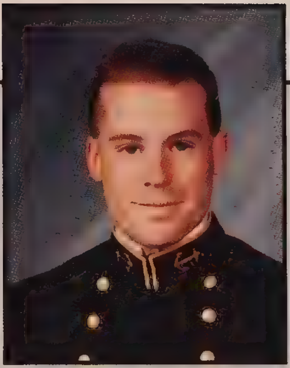
Smudzie, Smurf, and Smuff are all the same guy. Whether it's charming the femmes francaises or practicing desert survival at Cape Hatteras, Ron has fun! Windsurfing, working out, hanging out, and studying took up most of his time here (not necessarily in this order!) Yes, studying to excel in Mech caused Ron to nearly buckle on more than one occasion, and express frustration. Bat cave ?! Names like Skulden (You're flying by the seat of your pants), Read (my back), Blank (this is gouge class), and Jimmy Joyce reside in his memory. His future will be sailing the high seas on the Harry W. Hill. Beyond that, Club Med, The Gorge, and maybe a lady will occupy his attention. (Watch out for the full Michael Jackson!) No one could find a more dedicated friend, and I wish you the best as you perfect the air jibe! Thread an Elixer for me on those midwatches and remember: waiting for waves is O.K.... some people spend their whole lives waiting for nothing. RJH



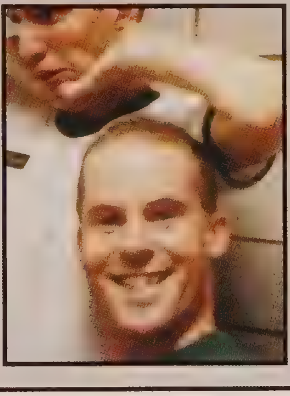
Tom Andrew Svoboda
Bemidji, Minnesota
Chemistry
Nuclear Power - Surface



"Hi, guys. I'm Tom Svoboda from Bemidji Minnesota!" That's the way we were introduced to him, and that's the way we'll remember him. A tall, lanky Chemistry major with Supe's stars, three stripes, geekers, a flat-top, and bound for nuke power school, Booger was THE Admin's Poster-child. But, unlike most geeks, the Boog had a personality. For example, he was kind enough to leave his raincoat with a friend one night. He also had a great sense of humor, and was never afraid to spill his guts - like all over his room after the Chemistry dining-in second class year, and several times in "mental preparation" before Hundred's Night. During the fall of second class year, Tom fell prey to another "T" and joined the illustrious ranks of "the few, the proud, and the whipped." This romance continued on through first class year, as evidenced by his love shrine of her cards and letters all over his side of the room. He will shortly grace Orlando with his presence, where he will no doubt knock 'em dead like he did here. Good luck Booger, you're one of a kind and a great friend. JJH



David Eugene Turnbaugh
Altoona, Pennsylvania
General Science
U. S. Marine Corps



Dave, or more affectionately known as Spanky, comes from a small town that does not have very much naval tradition in its history. However, Dave was lured here by one of those attractive Naval Academy color brochures. Spanky is quite a roomate. With him around, the room is never dull or quiet. He always finds pranks to do, jokes to tell, or weird noises to make. Youngster year we used to stay up until 1 or 2 a.m. to horse around and bother people around us, and then we would sleep all day. Spanky lacks no talent. But there is one that really deserve to be mentioned. He is great at ad-libbing lyrics of songs. He could be hearing a song for the first time, by the time the second verse comes around he would have a verse of his own. His verses are usually extremely funny and obnoxious. With his sense of humor and wits about him, Dave will have fun at what ever he is doing, where ever he is at. Good luck Spank. TXP

Gary Neil Underwood
LaFayette, Georgia
Mechanical Engineering
Civil Engineer Corps

Neil came to USNA like a scared li'l pup from LaFayette, GA. We have concluded that GA. has a smaller humidity ratio than MD. as exhibited by the amounts of perspiration flowing from the brow of our fearless leader. The sweat was the only way that Neil could make weight every Thursday for four years in order to play with the other elves on the Pop-Warner football team. He'll forever be included in the 150 lb highlight films with his miraculous interception and dazzling return against Princeton. Actually, the ball fell in his hands and was immediately tackled from behind for a 10 yard gain. And who could forget that girl that stole his heart and practically Neil himself. If it weren't for those beloved regulations concerning liberty during the week, I do not think that we would have ever seen Neil again. I will have to admit that Neil found a sweet one in Kathleen. She at least likes those station wagons with the wood paneling (turbo charged, too). Neil has decided to go CEC to drive bulldozers and build bridges. At any rate, we all know that both the Navy and the CEC are receiving one of the best. Good luck and take care. SPJ

Randall Michael Unger
Allentown, Pennsylvania
Mechanical Engineering
Nuclear Power - Surface

Redwood, Fyrepi, The B-Hunter. All names that stem from a reputation he claims he doesn't deserve, but we all know better. After all-,"What the hell, you only live once." He came to USNA from Allentown, PA straight out of H.S. where he reigned as quarterback of the Canaries and valedictorian (a well kept secret). The Academy was just about as challenging; he breezed through as a Mech and somehow picked up a few stripes along the way (another well kept secret). Known as the man with big feet, floppy ears, wavy behind, the ability to clear rooms and stop time, but not those gifts of love. Could that be what attracted the "ladies", or was it because he was so entertaining after downing a few. Whatever the case, they always went together, and it was "hila-a-a-r-r-rious." He was happiest in front of the game of the week, especially the Yanks and Cowboys. He was always easy-going, unselfish and a great friend. I know the Navy is getting at least one guy with common sense. Keep in touch. SMH

Michael Burton Velasquez
Phoenix, Arizona
Physical Science
Navy Air

Squez -- a shrewd and canny roomate whose worldly ways always kept his roomates asking one question: who is that little girl in the picture on his desk? Even Tammy, his long-enduring fiancee of lasagna fame never gave us a straight answer. In the end it was animal instinct which caused Mike the most grief -- remember Pretzel at the baseball field? Or midnight runs to Bowie and bliss? Mike excelled at admin 2nd semester -- the sheer volume of paper on his desk proved that fact, but then he was never known to paper over anything; maybe he should get a job in DC, especially since he always liked politics and lawyers. Actually, though, Mike is a career Navy man all the way, despite his noticeable aversion to water, aptly demonstrated by his refusal to liquidate his extensive portfolio rather than borrow from his generous roomates. We wish the best for both Mike and Tammy, and all of their dependents; good luck in P-cola and with the metal insects you love. Manana. J Z & G

On 2 July 1985 the Class of 1989 numbered 1375. However, on 31 May 1989, only 1064 remained. The next page lists the names of former classmates who chose or were forced to continue on a different path than ours. Most will be remembered by many, others by a few, but always at least by one.

Those We Left Behind

JEFFERY ABSTON
DAVID AFSHARTOUS
EDWARD ANDERSON
DOUGLAS ANGELIDES
GEORGE APOLLONIO
MELINDA AULDRIDGE
ROBERT BABCOCK
RAVI BABU
LARRE BACHELIER
JOSEPH BAGGETT
NATHAN BAILEY
ROBERT BAKER
RUSSELL BANDONG
JOSEPH BARNES
NANCY BARTOLINI
BRIAN BAUER
KEITH BELL
BRYAN BENDOCK
JOHN BENNETT
ANDREW BERG
RANDOLPH BERTIN
EUGENE BIRD
TIMOTHY BLANCH
ROBERT BLANTON
DANIEL BOISVERT
JASON BOWIE
TIMOTHY BOYLE
ROBERT BOYLES
HORACE BRADLEY
JAMES BRANDT
JEFFREY BRAVO
CHAD BRIVKALNS
DOUGLAS BROWN
MICHELLE BROWN
HEATHER BRUCE
JENNIFER BURCH
KAREN BURCH
CHARLES BURGESS
DIANA BURKE
AARON BURTON
LEE BURTON
FELIX BUSTILLO
BARBARA CALISTER
LAURA CAMPBELL
JEROME CANN
WILLIAM CANNON
DUANE CARR
JOSEPH CARROLL
LAURALYN CARTER
ANNE CAVEY
PETER CHRISTENSEN
SHEROLYN CLARK
CHRISTOPHER CLAY
MATTHEW CLUCAS
JOHN COFFEY
CHARLES COLLINS
COREY COOMBS
KATHERINE COVIELLO
JOSEPH CRAWFORD
PHILIP CRONIN
TERRY CROWE
MARK CUROLE
NANCY DAIGLER
AMY DALLAM
MATTHEW DAMRON
JOHN DARIA
CARLTON DAVIS
CRAIG DAVIS
PATRICK DAVIS
DAVID DEBOLT
JOHNNY DERRICHO
CLEMENTE DIAZ
JOHN DOROSHUK
CHARLES DOWELL
JOSEPH DUNCAN
ERIC EASTMAN
SCOTT EDMONDS
MATTHEW EDWARDS
MICHAEL EGGLESTON
STEPHANIE ESQUIBEL
GREGORY FARLEY
BRIAN FELDER
KIMBERLY FELDER
NEAL FENTON
CRAIG FERRIS
MATTHEW FINNEY
ROBERT FLOYD
GORDON FOWKES
GEORGE FREIDENBERGER
LISBETH FRENCH
TONY FRUDAKIS
JAMES FULTON
LARRY FULTON
CHRISTOPHER GAGNE
JAMES GAMEROS
CHARLES GEARS
KATHLEEN GEER
PAULA GEIER
DONALD GELGINSER
MICHAEL GERGELY
GARY GILL
JAMES GODWIN
KENNETH GOLDING
GILBERT GOMEZ
MARK GRAY
BRIAN GREGORY
MATTHEW GROOM
CHARLES GRUVER
THOMAS HALE
MICHAEL HANCOCK
MICHAEL HANNA
KEVIN HANSEN
JAMES HARRIS
ERIK HARRISON
TIMOTHY HEATON
MICHAEL HEE
CHRISTOPHER HEMPHILL
ERIC HENDERSON
MARIO HERRERA
WILLIAM HEYSER
ROSETTA HIXSON
JOHN HOGAN
EDWARD HOLT
MATTHEW HORN
MARVIN HOWE
ERIC HRUSCHKA
DREW HYMER
LOREN INGALLS
WILLIAM INMAN
MARSHALL JAMES
MOHAMMAD JAMSHED
BRIAN JONES
PRESTON JONES
JAMIE JOYNER
MICHAEL JULIAN
LIA KAMM
DOUGLAS KANTNER
KIMBERLY KEISER
ROBERT KENDALL
DEGLIN KENEALY
SCOTT KEPLER
MARK KIEFER
RONALD KIMBERLING
ROBERT KLECKNER
MARK KNEISEL
SUSAN KOEHN
JANE KURTZ
DARRYL LAMPKIN
JOHN LARKIN
DAVID LAWSON
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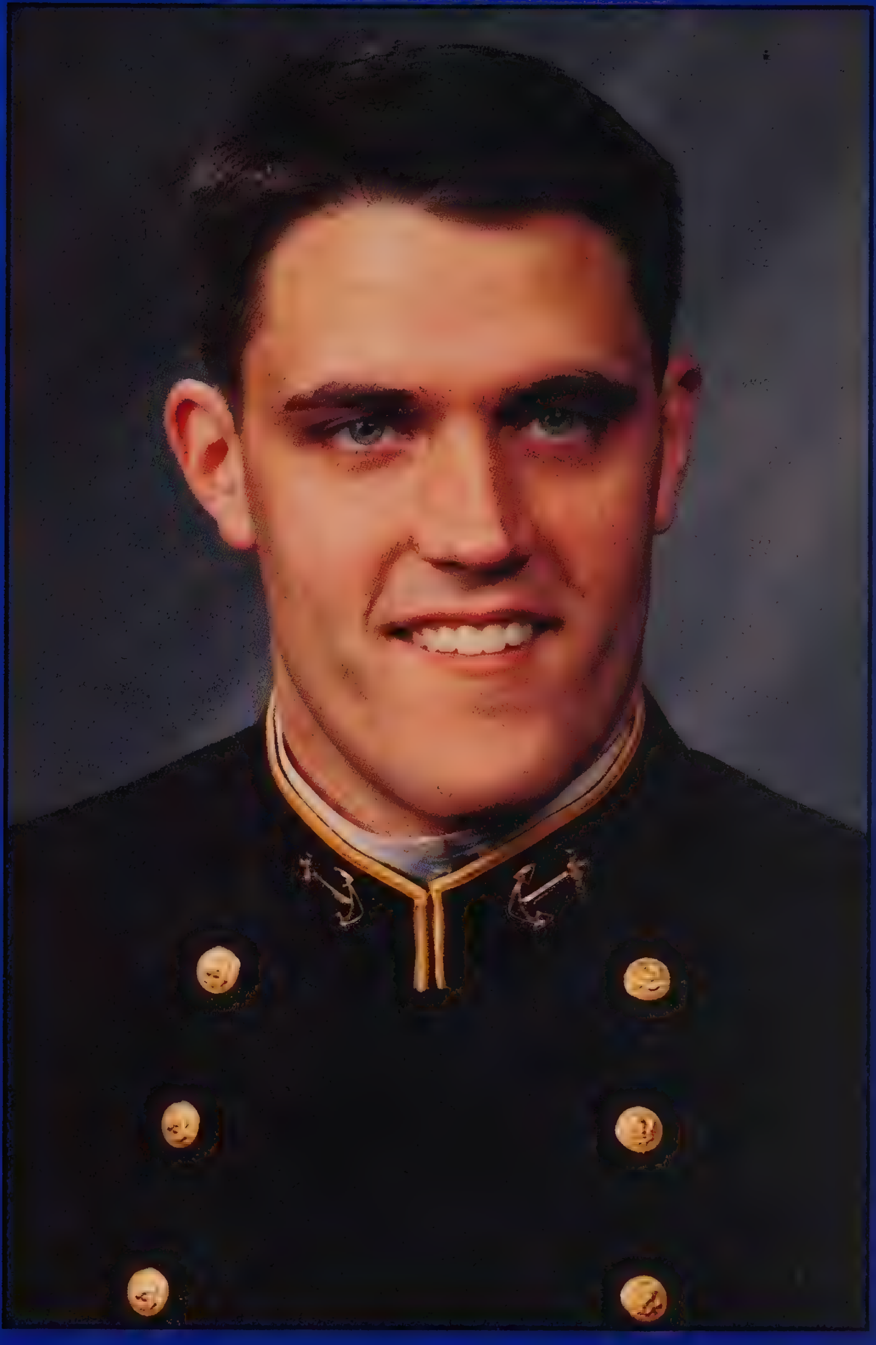
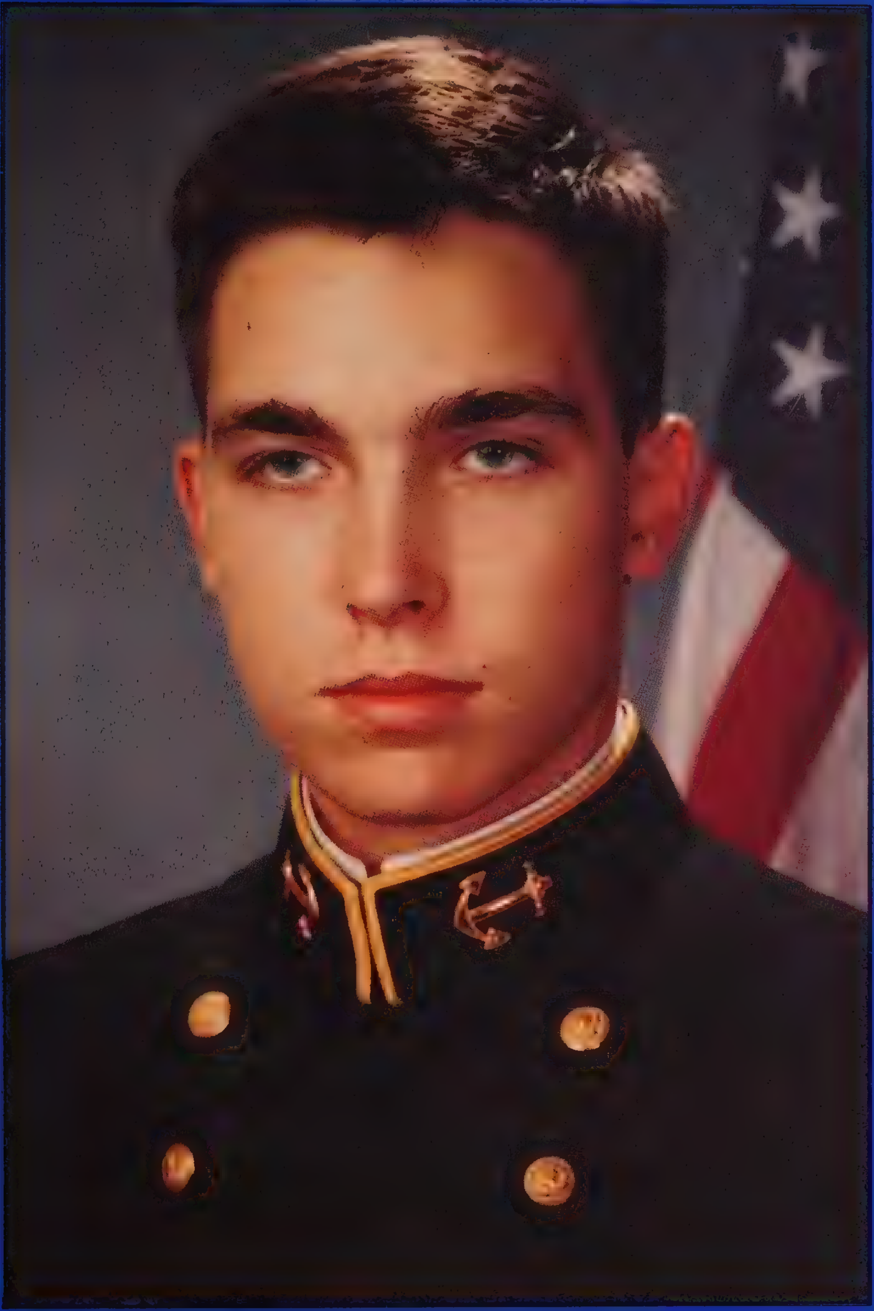
IN MEMORIAM



Robert Michael Floyd

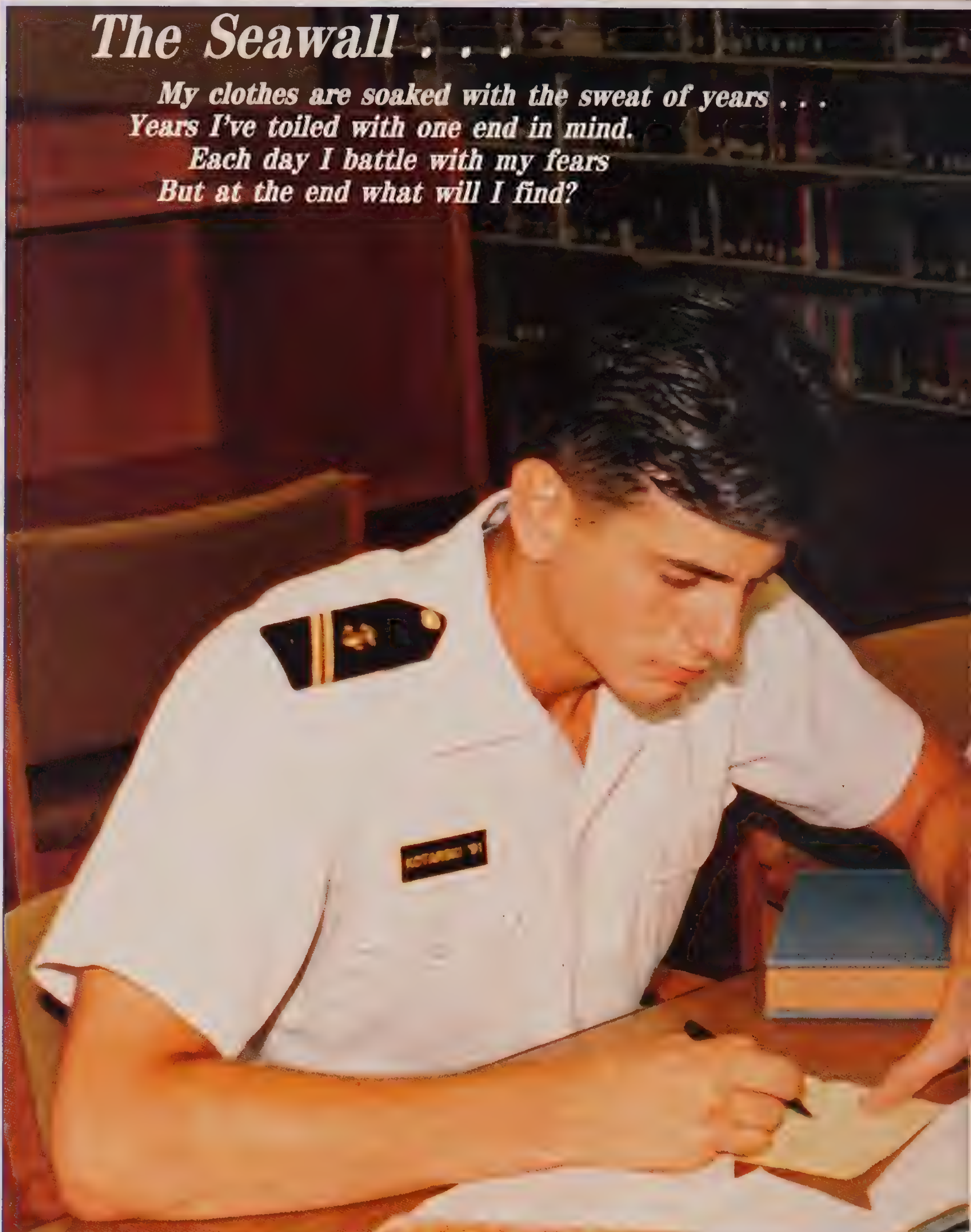
IN MEMORIAM



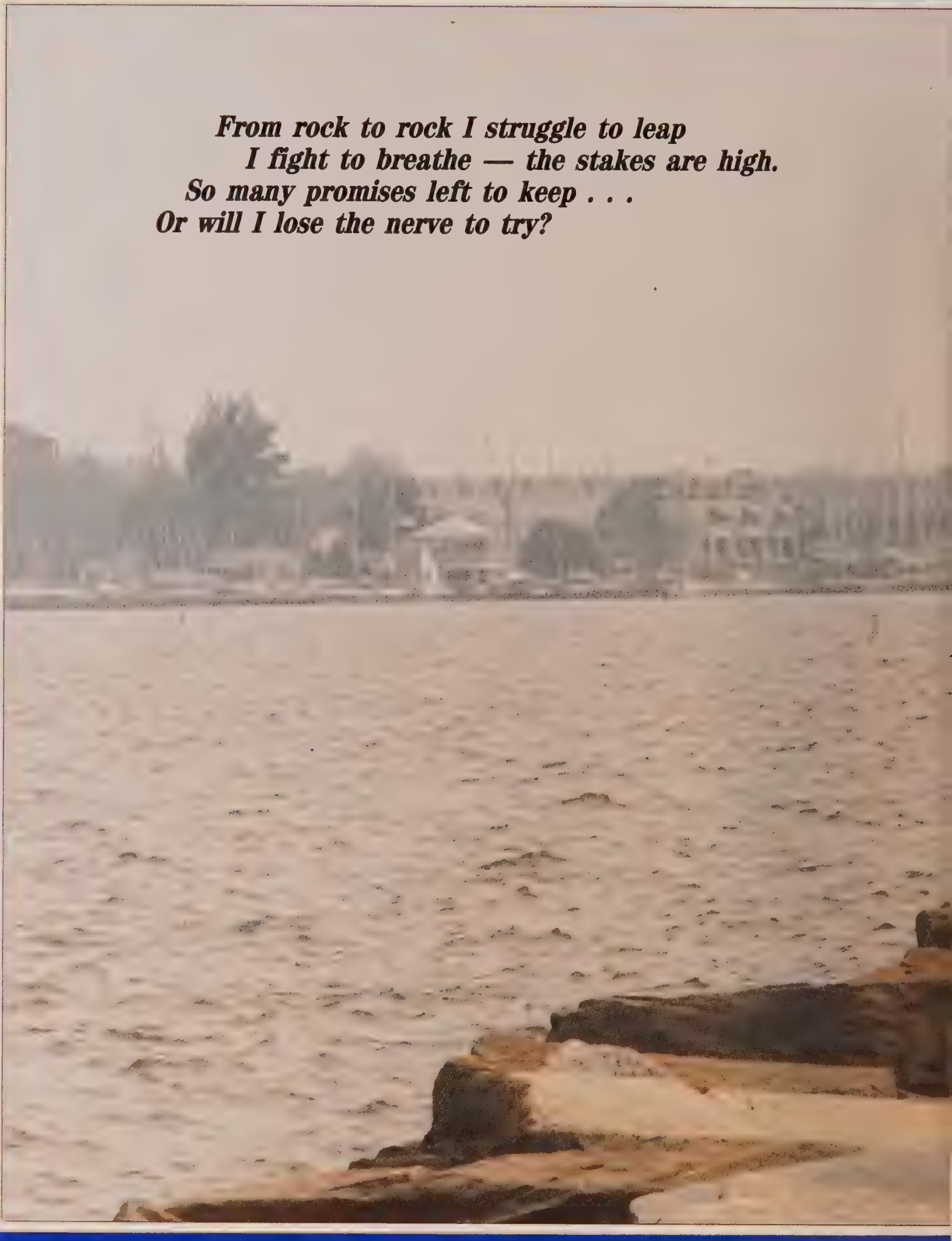
Michael David Rollins

The Seawall . . .

My clothes are soaked with the sweat of years . . .
Years I've toiled with one end in mind.
Each day I battle with my fears
But at the end what will I find?

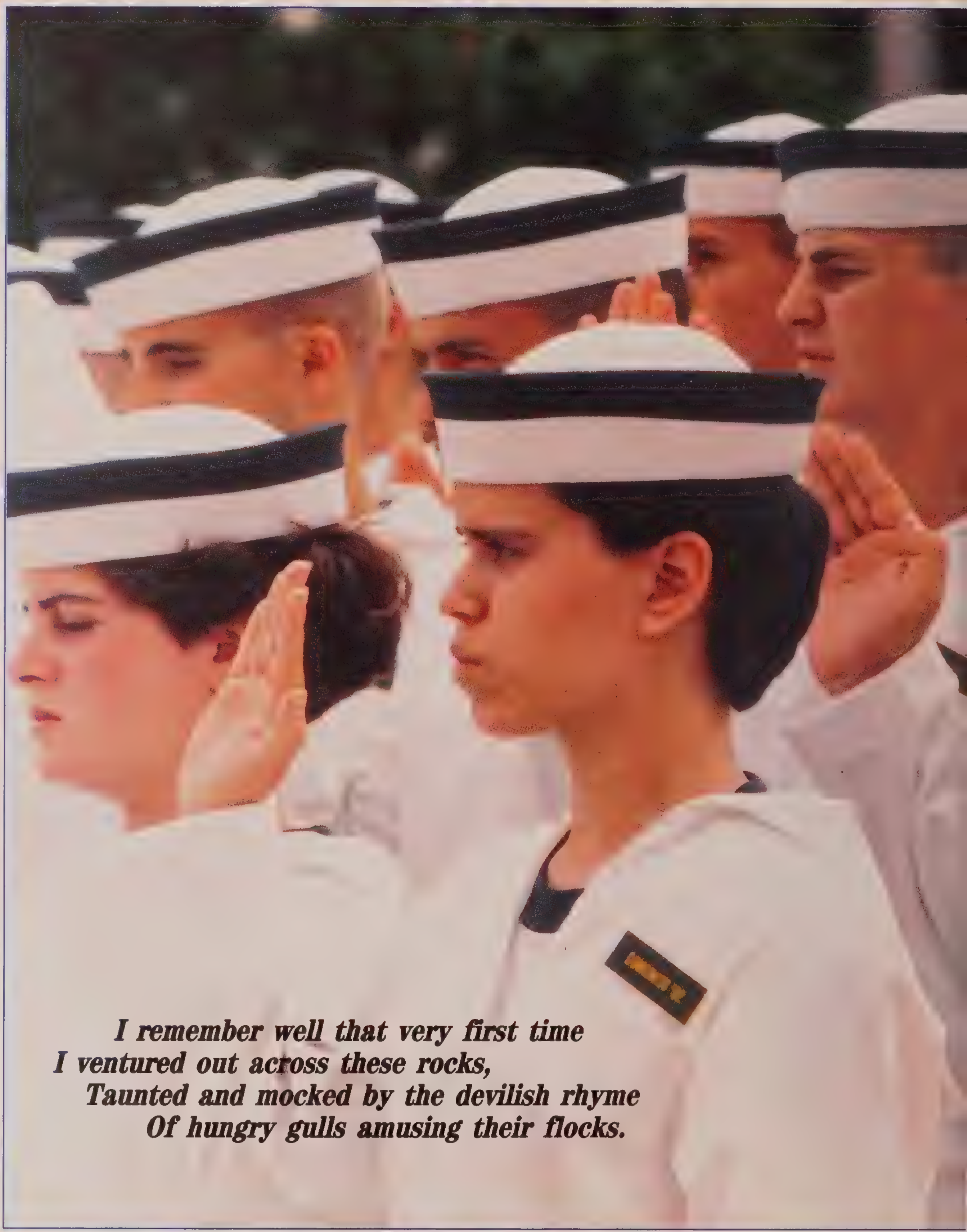


LAFFERTY 91

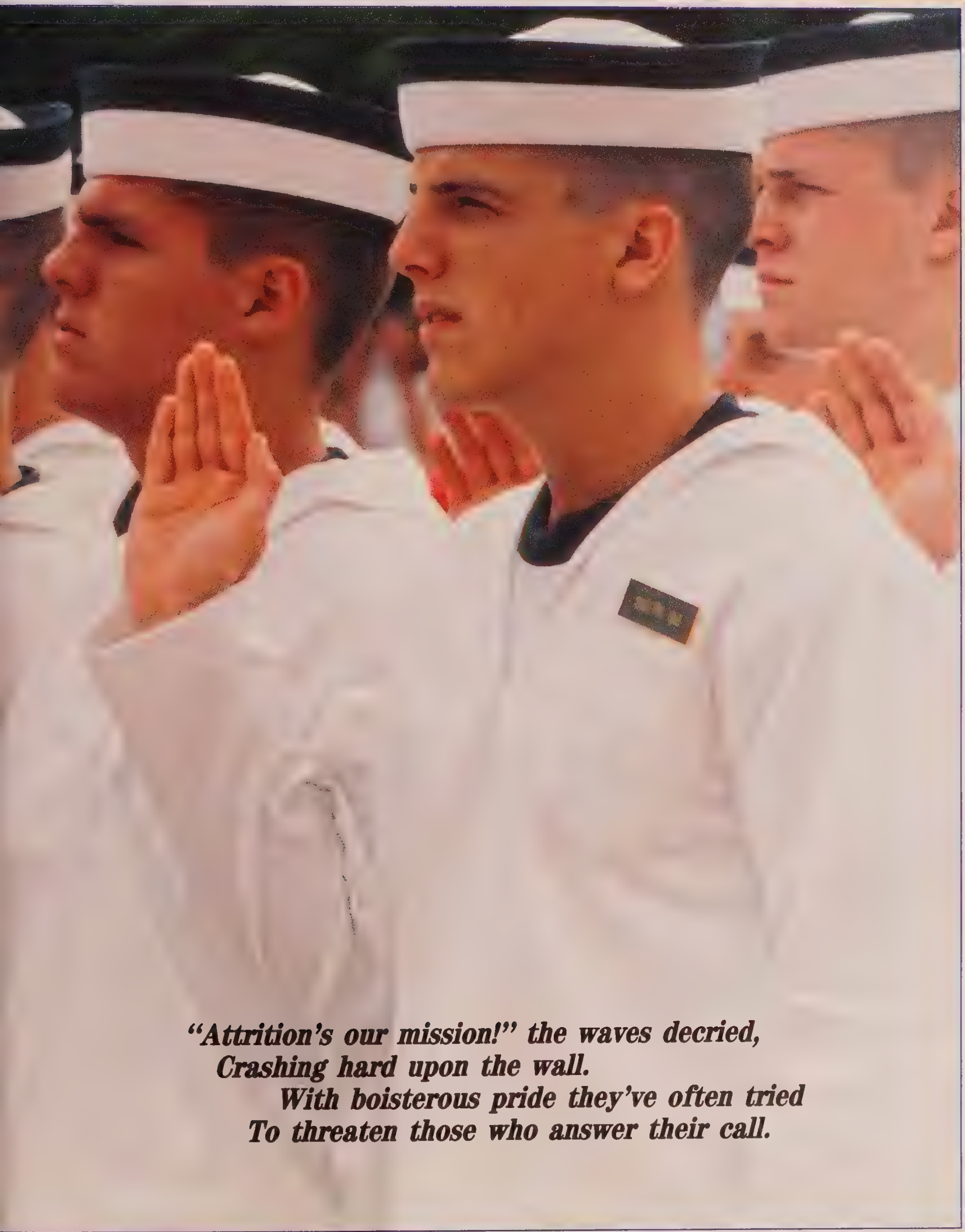


From rock to rock I struggle to leap
I fight to breathe — the stakes are high.
So many promises left to keep . . .
Or will I lose the nerve to try?

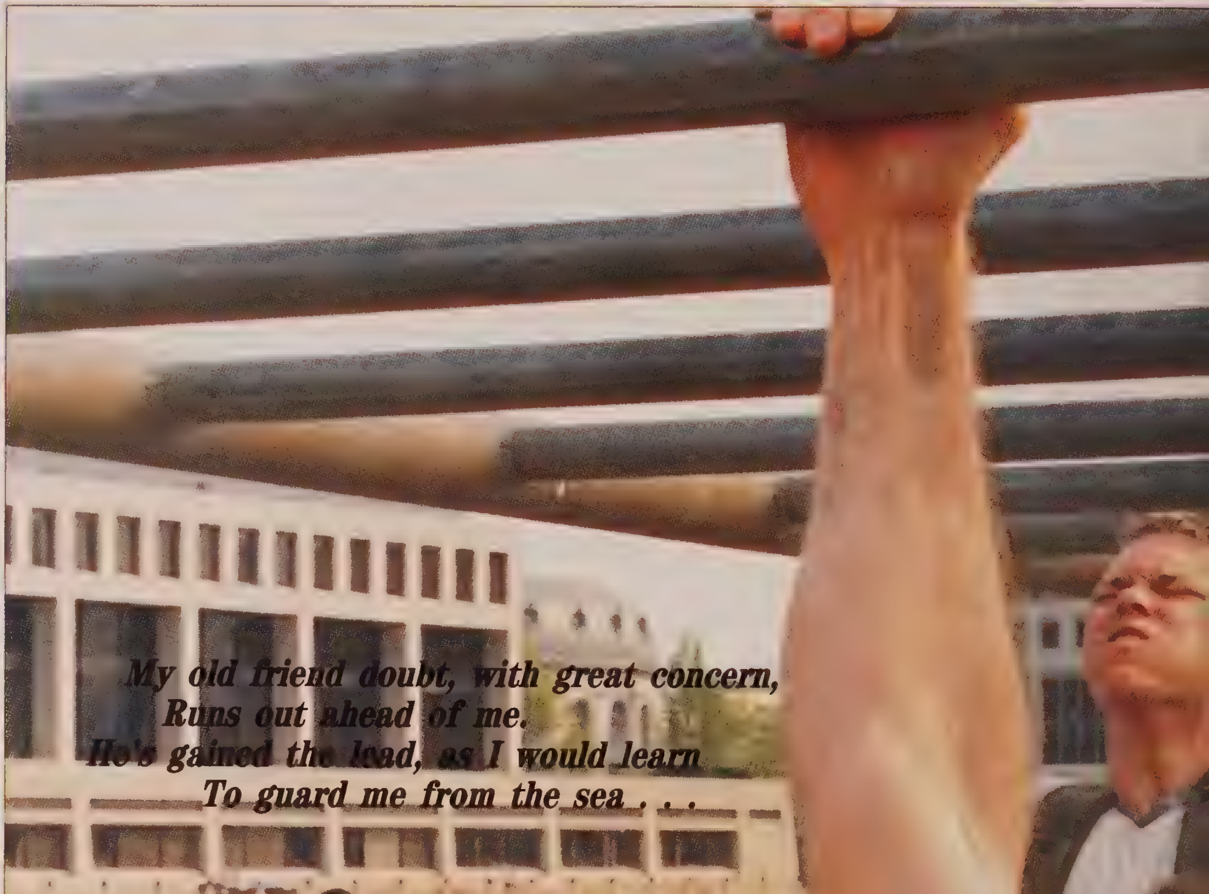
Perspiration drips from my brow
Into my eyes . . . that cursed stinging!
These calloused feet have come, somehow,
To know the steps my eyes aren't seeing.



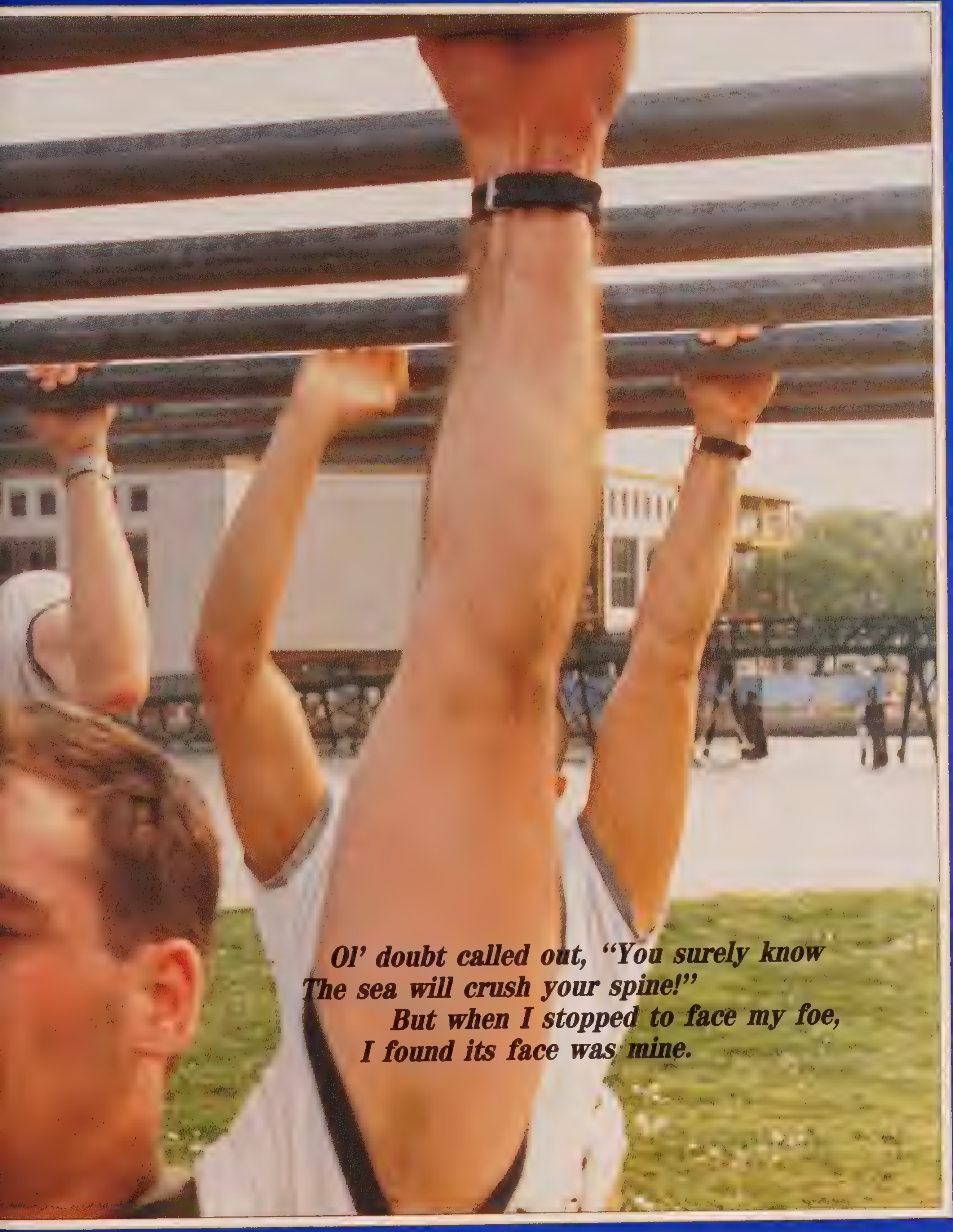
I remember well that very first time
I ventured out across these rocks,
Taunted and mocked by the devilish rhyme
Of hungry gulls amusing their flocks.



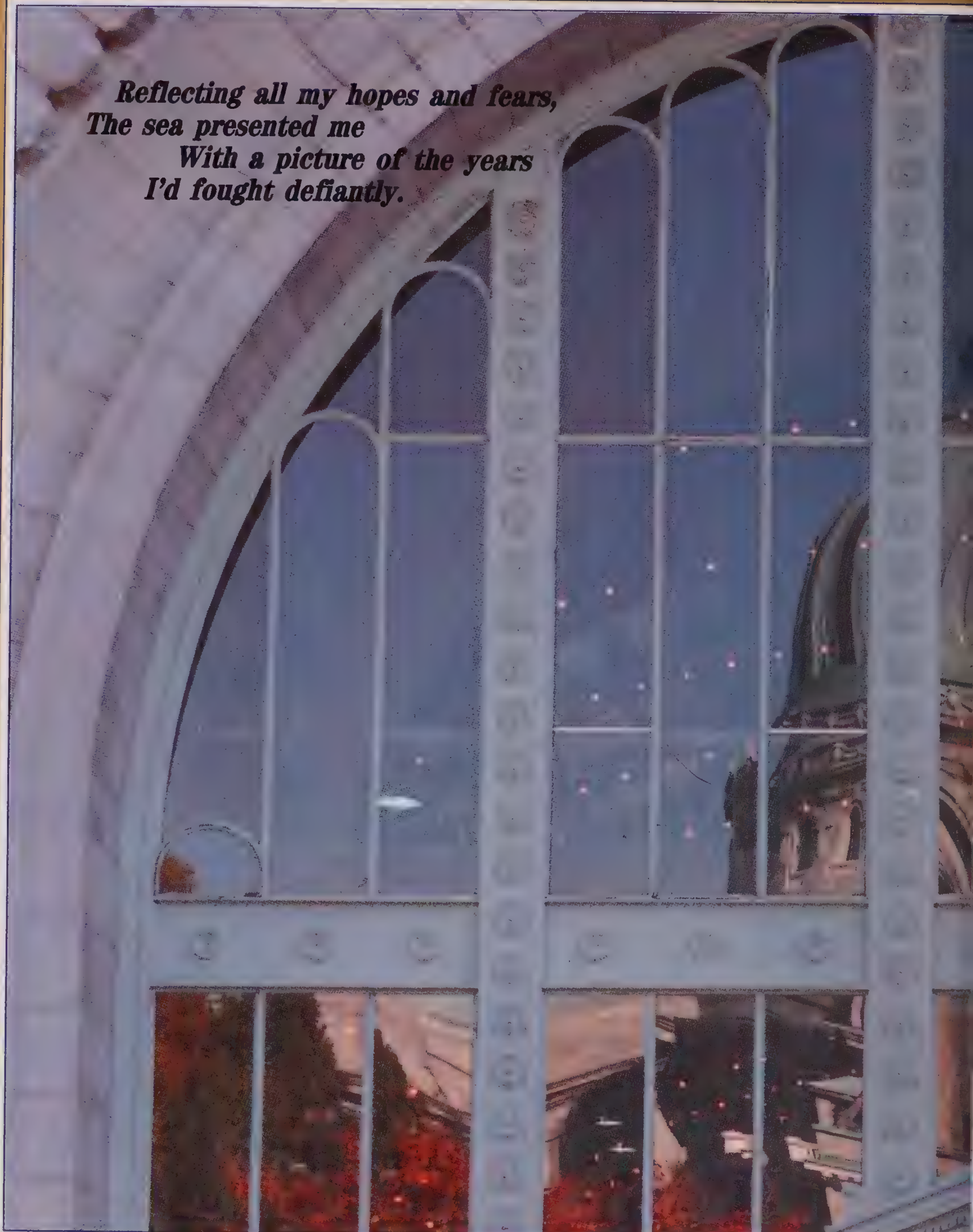
"Attrition's our mission!" the waves decried,
Crashing hard upon the wall.
With boisterous pride they've often tried
To threaten those who answer their call.



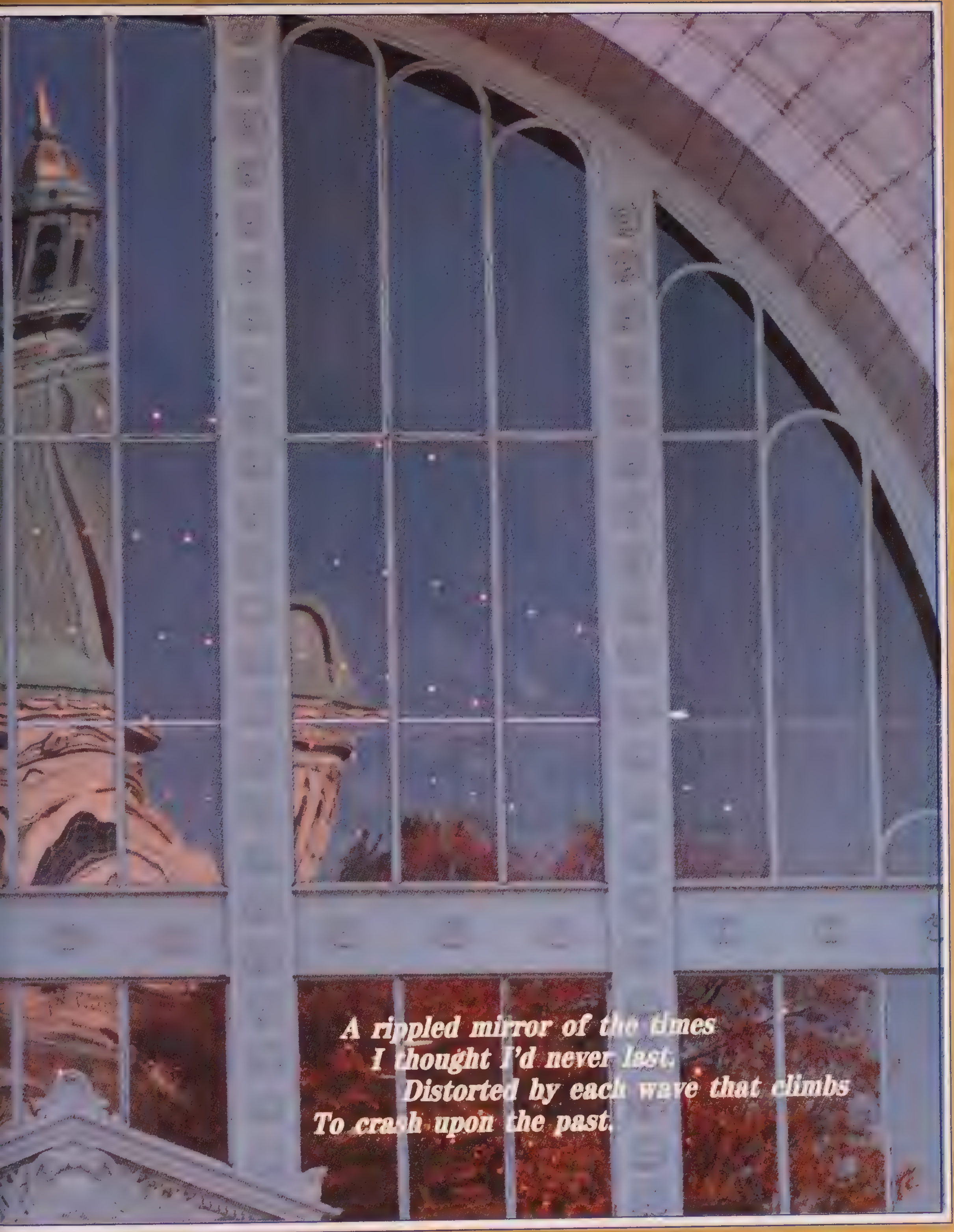
My old friend doubt, with great concern,
Runs out ahead of me.
He's gained the lead, as I would learn
To guard me from the sea . . .



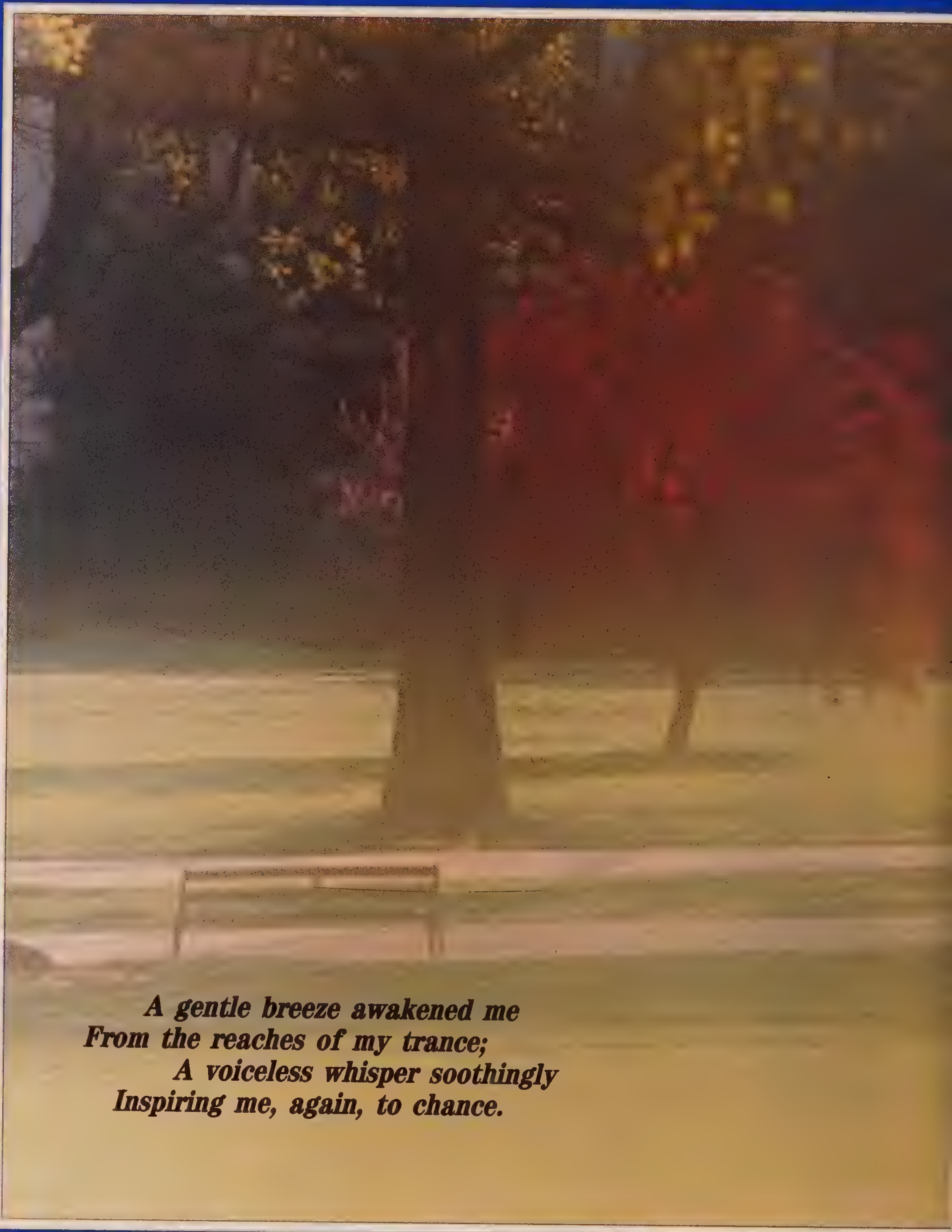
Ol' doubt called out, "You surely know
The sea will crush your spine!"
But when I stopped to face my foe,
I found its face was mine.



Reflecting all my hopes and fears,
The sea presented me
With a picture of the years
I'd fought defiantly.



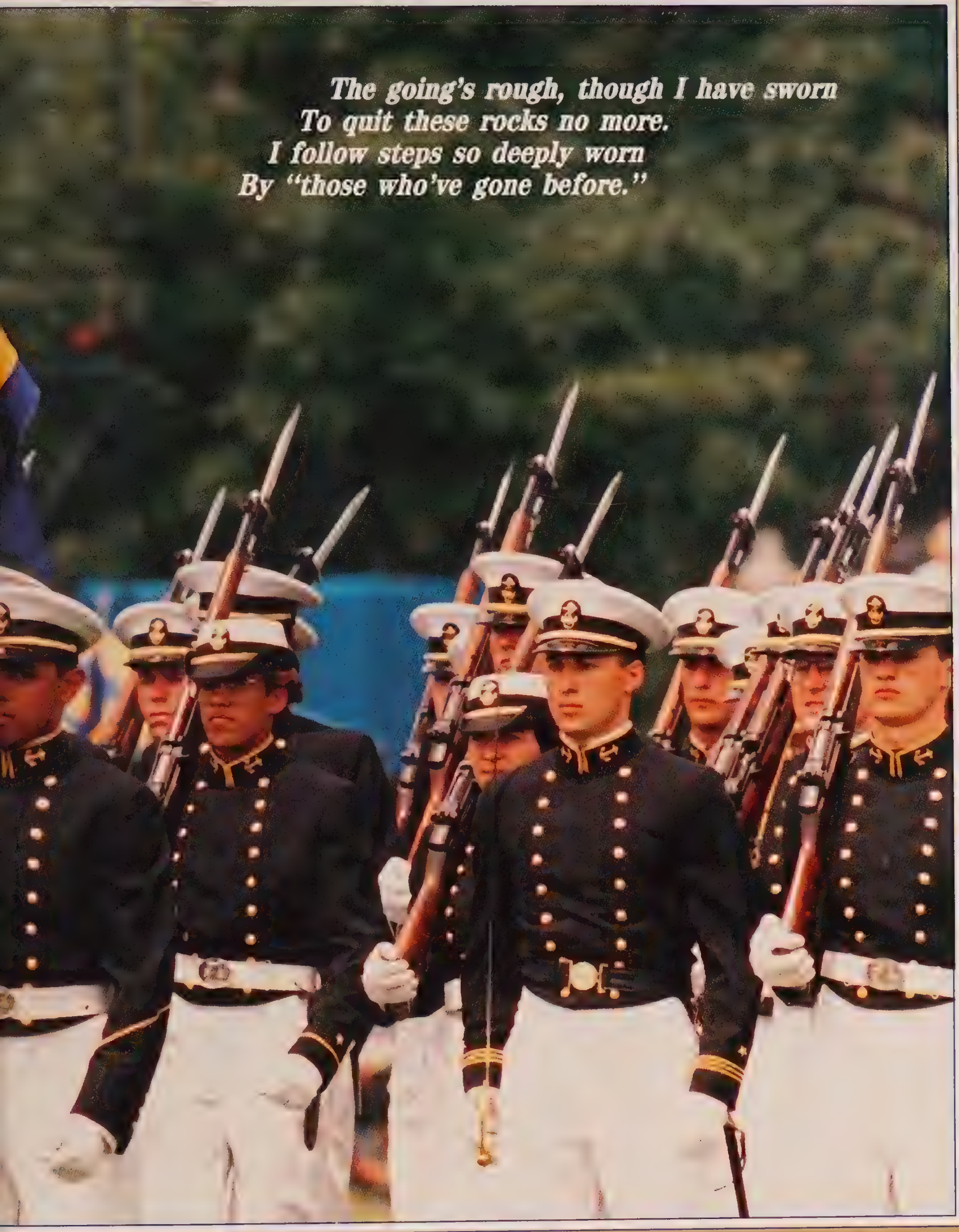
A rippled mirror of the times
I thought I'd never last.
Distorted by each wave that climbs
To crash upon the past.



A gentle breeze awakened me
From the reaches of my trance;
A voiceless whisper soothingly
Inspiring me, again, to chance.

In my mind the chapel bells
Never cease to ring,
While in my heart their echo dwells
Beside the hope they bring.

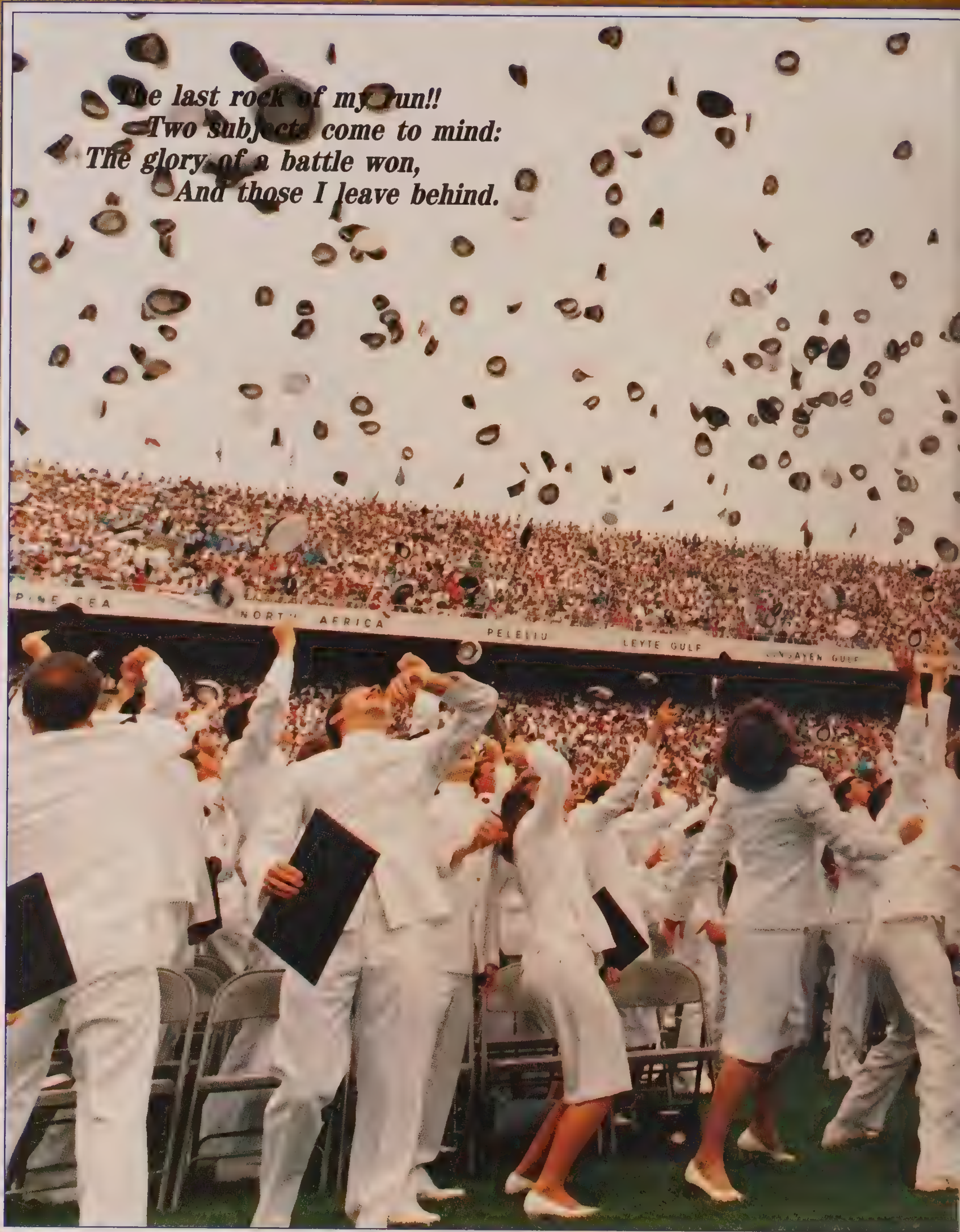
With hope that I might reach the goal
From which I'd gone astray,
I found the strength within my soul
To continue on my way . . . .



The going's rough, though I have sworn
To quit these rocks no more.
I follow steps so deeply worn
By "those who've gone before."

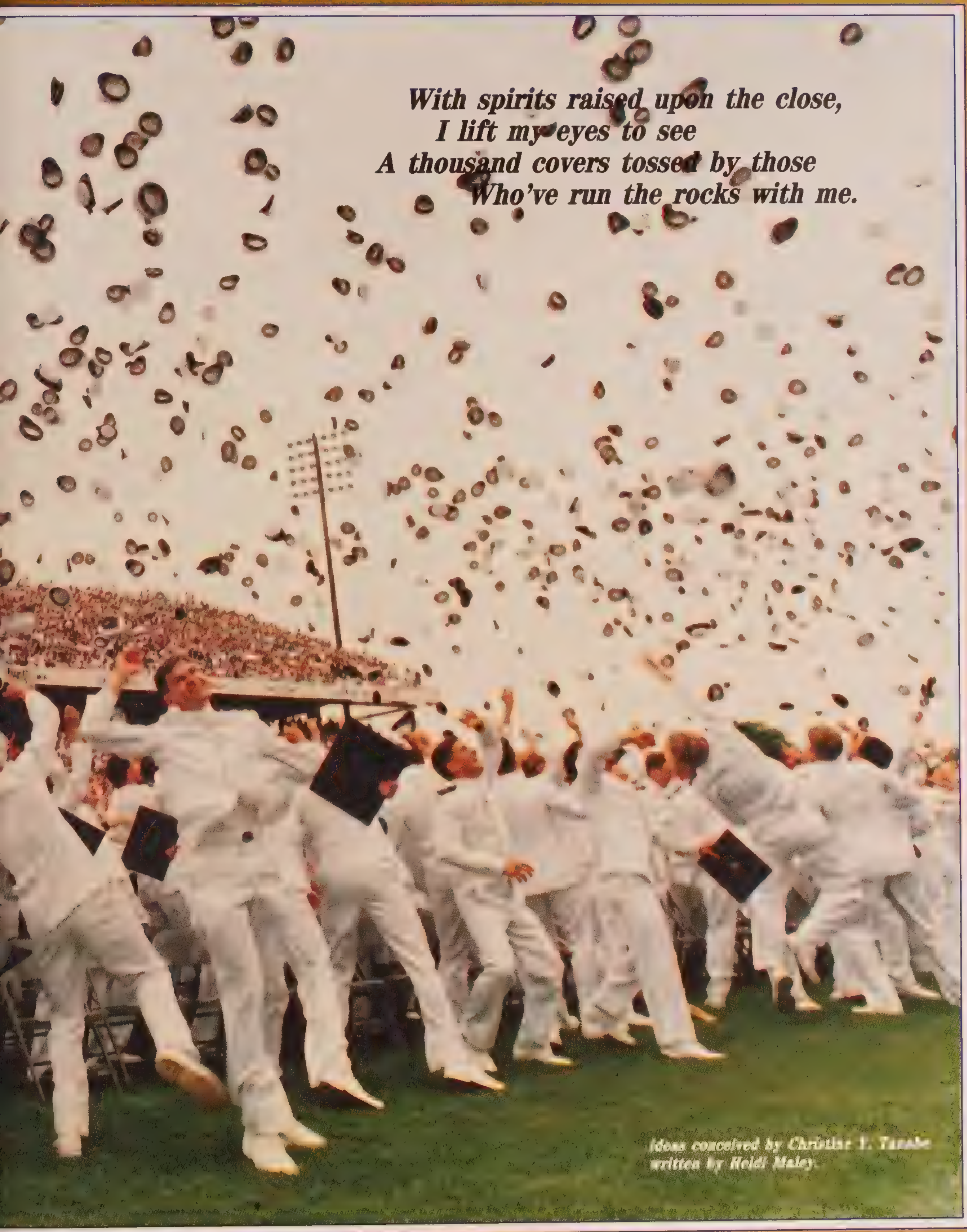
The end is near — I see it now
But still I cannot rest.
The waves are waiting to, somehow,
Subject me to their test.

The golden ring of truth in hand,
I soon will end my quest—
My search for a forgotten land
By independence blessed.



The last rock of my run!!
Two subjects come to mind:
The glory of a battle won,
And those I leave behind.

NORTH AFRICA
PELELIU
LEYTE GULF



With spirits raised upon the close,
I lift my eyes to see
A thousand covers tossed by those
Who've run the rocks with me.

Ideas conceived by Christian T. Tanabe
written by Heidi Maley.

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Pat Liberaski (left): The famous creator of those EXCITING layouts. Really Pat, it's a layout sheet not a sheet of engineering paper. James Young (right): "I'll only take this section if you give me a drill exemption."

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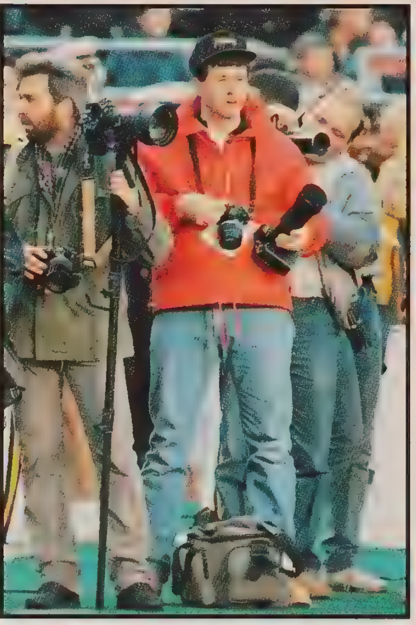

George Rosa: "Grace, what a surprise? You're returning my call. Well I have good news and bad news. The bad news . . ."

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Andy Sekela & Matt Taliaferro: Is it true that the plebes are the only ones who actually accomplish anything at those Friday night work parties?

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Jennifer Taitt: The business manager who has managed to escape the jinx so far. And by the way Jane, don't touch her books. I should have warned you.

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Chris James: "I/c James, may I help you? No she's not in at the moment (she's in the rack). Perhaps I could help you . . . Grace, fifteen people called while you were asleep . . . ."

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Julie Hansen: Progressing from photographer to section editor to section coeditor to fencing model. Good luck with ECA's next year. **John Beach:** Famous last words "Grace, there's no need to hire help. I'll help your editors. So tell me, what sections need help? . . . "

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Stephanie Myers: "EA, I've got a job for you . . . " SAM - "I never thought I'd ever see this section completed."
John Maxwell: "Wait a second. You mean all pictures should be separated by one pica and not two picas? Pat, we've got a problem."

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Christy Johns (Schedules/Photo Editor): "I think I'm stressing. In fact I know I'm stressing. I really don't want this job. Oh and by the way I forgot the first six weeks of winter sports."

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Colophon

The 1989 Lucky Bag was printed by Jostens Printing and Publishing of State College, Pennsylvania using off-set lithography. The trim size of the Lucky Bag is 9 X 12, and it contains pages in two volumes. Pages were printed on 80 lb. stock. Cover design is the original artwork created to the Editor's specifications by Rick Brooks. Cover material is Lexitone Blue with Mission grain. Cover artwork is blind embossed with black 326 overtone. Cover lettering was embossed and overlaid with gold mylar foil. Endsheets are white stock with gold foil stamping. Basic typestyle is plain old Lydian, except for page numbers which are Century Schoolbook. The closing section contains Century Bold Condensed Italic typestyle. Spot color was used as follows-opening and closing: T873 gold and T287 royal blue; year: 143C yellow, 5405C reflex blue, 348C process blue; sports: 199C rubine red; organizations: 123C yellow; brigade: 479C beige; chain of command: T540 blue with texture 7270. Midshipmen portraits were taken by Yearbook Associates of Millers Falls, Massachusetts. All photos were processed and printed by Yearbook Associates. Phil Hoffman, U.S. Naval Academy sport photographer, contributed greatly to the sports section. The Lucky Bag was scheduled for fall delivery, with a press run of 6,500 copies. The content of the book was the responsibility of the Editor and was not intended to be representative of the official policies of the Brigade of Midshipmen, the United States Naval Academy, or the United States Navy. No part of this publication may be copied, photocopied, or in any other means reproduced without written permission from the Editor. All inquiries should be addressed to Lucky Bag Yearbook, U.S. Naval Academy, Annapolis, MD 21412.

With Many Thanks . . .

All I wanted to be was a photographer. I'm sure you've all heard that story. Just ask T Mac. Well, it's done and I can't believe I've made it. How could I, a person with no experience in yearbooks or publishing have completed this book? The answer — I was surrounded by a great staff.

CDR Kujat: He personally viewed all 1064 first class informals and often times allowed me the use of his thick three stripes. Thanks for the support, sir.

Phil Hoffman: Without you, there would be no sport section.

Ed Gray: The only firstie who gave up his Friday night liberty to help me. You're dedicated in everything you do. Stay motivated.

James Young: The index was definitely much easier than the Brigade Section but I had to give you some kind of work to keep you out of the rack.

George Graves: I give you full credit for the sports section. Therefore, people can blame you for the layouts I created, especially the headlines.

Eric Lafferty: Thanks for being my gopher at the end. You kept me from going crazy over the sports copy.

Jennifer Taitt: Don't quit the job. After all, how are we ever going to find that $25 discrepancy without your knowledge of those books? Good luck at next year's audit.

Stephanie Myers: Hey chickie, have fun next year. Thanks for being there for me these past two years. I'll miss our workouts and those late night talks.

John Maxwell: Don't worry, you'll find the right one. You did a great job with the Year section. Come back next year. Christy will need your muscles to move more books and maybe more air-conditioners.

Chris James: My roommate who answered my nasty phone calls and was always there as an emotional outlet. Without her, I would most definitely have suffered from A-Day-Before-The-Deadline-Nervous-Breakdown. Could this be real or am I dreaming? It's a nightmare.

Edward Potskowski: Potts was always there for all the traditional photo emergencies. Only he could make one person seem like three different people in the pictures.

Jostens' staff: Anne and Cindy, thanks for putting up with all the corrections. Rick, you've designed a beautiful book.

John Beach: What can I say? Half of the sections wouldn't be done without your help.

YBA Staff: Thanks for getting all the pictures back to me on time.

George Rosa: You're the best. I know I always had your support and thanks for putting up with my procrastination.

Christy Johns: I never had to lay the guilt trip on you because you've wanted this job all along. I can't wait to find out about your theme. The best of luck and remember, when you think you're stressing, it's time to take a break.

Jane Collins: My Mentor, she gave me the job and without her knowledge and advice, I would not have been able to conquer this challenge. She was the only one who had true faith in me from the very beginning.

Special thanks to **LT Brennan** and his family. I would like to thank my friends pictured above, **Rita Tauber** (left) and **Tania Viera** (right). I couldn't have faced these four years without them. I would also like to dedicate this book to my family: my dad, **Allan Stover**, the only real author in the family; my mom, **Elizabeth Stover**, the best mother a daughter could have; my sister, **Natalie Stover**, another wanna-be-midshipman (good luck sis! - '95); and of course, **Tara**. Let me leave you with one last thought. Thank God it's over!

Good Luck
Class Of '89
And . . .

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